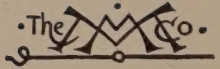
LEADERS OF THE GREAT WAR



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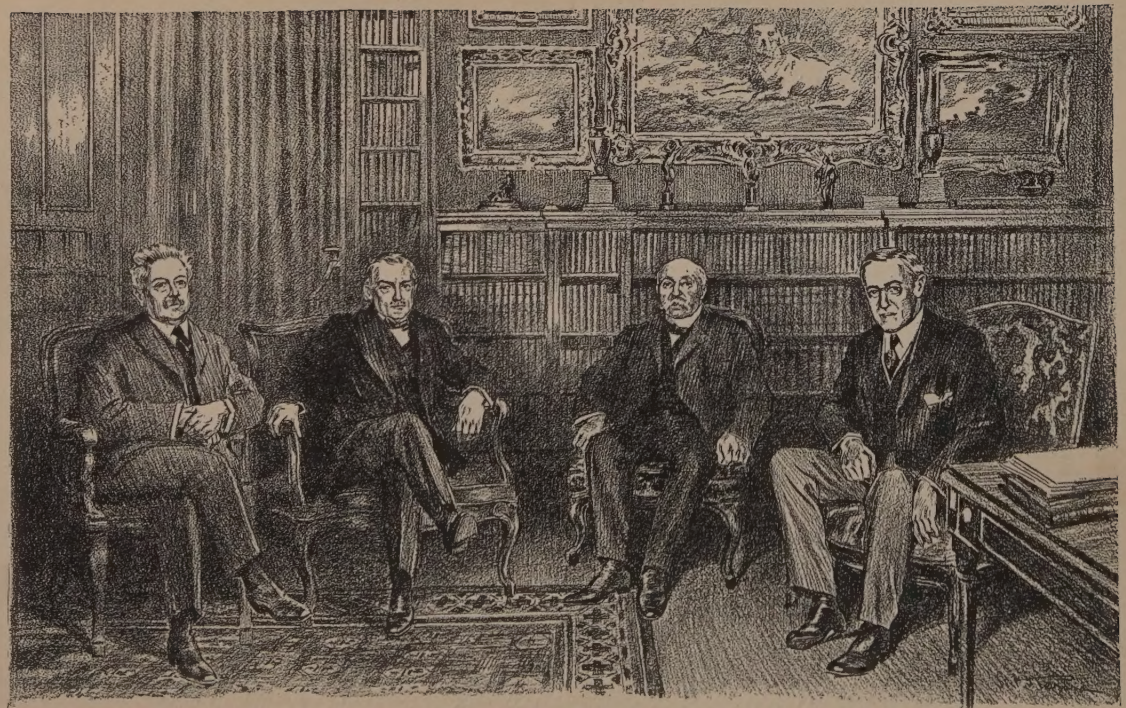

Premier Orlando, Premier Lloyd George, Premier Clémenceau, President Wilson

LEADING STATESMEN AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE

LEADERS OF THE GREAT WAR

BY

CORA W. ROWELL

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1920

New York

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PREFACE

These biographies are an attempt to present to children in somewhat detailed form the life and work of those men who have been the acknowledged leaders of France, England, and America in the Great War.

Although the main purpose has been to show the human side of each man, and to emphasize through anecdote and stories of early life the development of the personal qualities that have helped him to succeed, there is included a full account of his achievements in the war. Taken all together, the sketches cover the principal battles of the Western Front and the work of the British and American navies. The characters of the political leaders have in themselves afforded an opportunity to stress the ideals of democracy.

The book makes no claim to originality. The material has been taken freely from books, magazines, and newspapers. A complete list of sources will be found at the end of each biography. Quotations have been used wherever it has seemed better to give the exact words of eye witnesses, rather than to attempt second hand and necessarily more lifeless

descriptions, and every effort has been made to obtain accuracy.

I wish especially to express my appreciation for permission to reproduce parts of text from the following books and magazines: *And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight,* Floyd Gibbons; *With the Fighting Fleets,* Ralph D. Paine; *Our Navy in the War,* Lawrence Perry; *Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea Dogs in the Great War,* Harold F. B. Wheeler; *Marshal Ferdinand Foch,* A. Hilliard Atteridge; *The Battles of the Somme,* Philip Gibbs; *New York Times Current History Magazine; World's Work; Atlantic Monthly.*

CORA W. ROWELL.

GLENCOE, ILLINOIS,
July 17, 1919.

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LEADERS OF THE GREAT WAR

MARSHAL JOFFRE TALKING TO A LIEUTENANT OF THE FREN
CAVALRY. GENERAL CASTLENAU ON THE RIGHT

LEADERS OF THE GREAT WAR

I. MARSHAL JOFFRE

From the town of Rivesaltes in the southernmost rovince of France all the young men went to war. nly the women, the children, and the very old re- ained to gather the grapes for which Rivesaltes is amed. They went about their work with quiet con- dence. No anxiety for the welfare of France dis- rbed them. "What should we fear?" they said. Haven't we Joffre?"

Rivesaltes is a town of six thousand inhabitants. s streets are dirty. Its houses are shabby and very d. Way back in the Middle Ages the Moors came ver the mountains from Spain, captured Rivesaltes, nd built a bridge across its river. This bridge the only beautiful thing in the town to-day, except e gardens and trees. Magnificent plane trees shade e public square from the hot Mediterranean sun, nd back of each house a little garden hides crumbling hite walls.

The Joffre family lived in a house as plain and abby as all the rest. It was so old that it lacked the

comforts of the poorest laborer's cottage in America yet the Joffres were not poor. By the side of th house stood the father's shop. He was a cooper an made casks and barrels for the wine which was th chief product of this vineyard country.

He also owned a vineyard which brought him small income. Without this income there migh never have been a General Joffre, for the profits fro the business alone were not enough to support, muc less to educate, eleven children.

The third child, a boy, was born on the 12th o January, 1852, and two days later his name was en tered upon the town hall register as Joseph Jacque Césaire Joffre.

As soon as he was old enough he was sent to th elementary school. He did not like school. It wa tiresome to sit all day on a hard bench when there wer so many interesting things to do out of doors. H preferred to run in the fields and play by the river His teachers thought him willful and scatter-braine and dull.

But when he finished the elementary school and en tered the Lycée, or high school, in the near-by city o Perpignan, a remarkable change took place. All a once he became a brilliant student. A great love fo work seized him. He could not read enough. I class he would pile stacks of books between his com rades and himself, lest someone disturb his study During vacations, when he returned to Rivesaltes, h old companions scarcely saw him. The battle of pe

les by the river, which had been a favorite game in his ounger days, went on without him while he shut him- elf in his room to read.

As the time drew near when he would take his de- ree at Perpignan, he began to think more and more bout his career. What was he going to do? To ettle this important question a family council was alled, and it was decided that Joseph should go into ne army. But first he must go to Paris to prepare imself to enter the École Polytechnique.

The École Polytechnique is a training school for nilitary officers. As the requirements are known to e very high, the townspeople shook their heads when ney heard of Joseph Joffre's choice of a career. It's a long way from Rivesaltes to Paris," they said. The boy is altogether too ambitious for a cooper's on." But one day they saw him, a mere lad of fifteen, et out with his father for Paris. The Joffre family ad not been influenced by village talk. They were till determined to educate one son for the army.

The next two years Joseph spent at a private school n Paris preparing for his examinations. France ants only the best of her youth in the nation's serv- e; that is why the examinations for the training chools are made so very hard. Joseph Joffre passed ourteenth in a class of one hundred thirty-two. His apers, which are still in existence, are said to be nodels of "neatness, clear thinking, and precise nowledge."

He was seventeen now, a tall, slender boy with fair

hair and blue eyes, quiet and meditative. He rarely spoke. His manner was gentle, almost timid, and this caused him a lot of trouble, for his standing on the lists had given him the rank of sergeant, making him responsible for the conduct of the classroom. As he was also the youngest boy of the class, he found that he had his hands full to keep order. There were some trying days; then, after a time, things went better. He had worked out a system of discipline all his own. In order not to seem gentle he went to the opposite extreme. He was very strict, sometimes severe, but no one ever complained that he was not fair.

The school to which Joseph Joffre had come was very old. It had been founded in 1794. Ten years later the great Napoleon had given it a motto: "Science and glory, all for country." And in the hundred twenty-five years that had passed since, many boys had come and gone, carrying this motto into many fields of work, until there had grown up in the school a respect for learning that was almost the same thing as love for France.

"If you would serve your country, educate yourself," these beautiful old buildings seemed to say.

A boy could hardly fail to be impressed by his surroundings, for the École Polytechnique is in that part of Paris where, for centuries, there have been schools and universities, where every street and shop and lodging house is associated with men who have made the greatness of France.

Young Joffre, too, dreamed of one day becomin

great. In fact he dreamed a great deal about everything now, and his dreaming interfered with his studies. During that first year at the École Polytechnique he seemed to be a combination of all the things he had been in his younger years. One day he was all for his books; the next day he forgot his books in thinking of what he was going to do, if it was only to plan for his next half-holiday. He could easily have held first place in his class had he wished; but at the end of the first year he had dropped from the fourteenth to the thirty-fifth place, and there he remained. His effort was steady and persistent, however, and his marks generally were high. What he accomplished was neither his poorest nor his best.

It is said that a school day at the École Polytechnique does not differ greatly to-day from what it was at the time when Joffre was a student there, so that one may think of him as getting up at six o'clock and answering roll call at six-thirty. All morning he would attend classes, that is from nine until two. In order to determine who would recite the boys drew lots. In school language those who drew the short straws were called the "fated," and there was a still more terrible name for those who failed in their final examinations; they were known ever afterwards as "withered fruit."

In the afternoon came physical and military training. The students formed a battalion, officered from their own ranks. There were about two hundred

fifty cadets in all and they were very proud of th smartness of their drill.

The summer of 1870 brought war between Franc and Germany, and Joseph, who had looked forward t his first long holiday at home, went instead into on of the Paris forts. He was only one of many youn boys who left school that summer to answer the ca to arms. He did not go to the front, but remained i Paris, helping to defend the capital during the lon siege.

In this war one disaster followed another so swiftl that four weeks saw the armies of France defeate the monarchy overthrown, a republic created, and th Germans at the very gates of Paris. The people o Paris, however, did not give up. With the establish ment of the republic, they took heart once more an gathering immense stores of supplies, endeavored t hold out until the new armies that were being forme could break through the German lines.

The siege lasted four months, but by the end of th second month many were facing starvation. Only th rich could obtain food and they ate anything the could get. Horse meat sold at two dollars and fift cents a pound, rats at forty cents each. Many beau tiful trees of the Paris parks were cut down to buil fires for the poor, for there was neither coal nor woo And all the while the city was being bombarde Every day shells fell in the streets, killing and woun ing, yet the people endured as long as there was an hope of being relieved. Finally, when it becam

nown that the army was unable to reach the be-
ieged city and that nothing at all remained to eat,
Paris was obliged to surrender.

The war over, Joffre went back to his studies, but in
ix months everything had changed. Most of all he
ad changed. He knew now what war was, what it
ould do to people, what it had done to him. France
ad been defeated, humiliated, forced to buy peace by
iving up a part of her soil. He suffered from the
hought as from a wound. To relieve his suffering
e wrote a poem about the lost provinces, Alsace and
orraine. Still the hurt did not heal. His common
ense told him that mere feeling would not help. One
ad to do something. In his quiet way he resolved
hat he would do something. He would learn all there
as to know about war, having seen for himself that
n time of war knowledge is the thing of which a
ountry has greatest need. And, having been born
n the mountains, where people do not change their
inds every day, this resolve is the story of all the
est of Joffre's life.

Two years later he graduated from the Polytech-
ique and entered a more advanced military school to
nish his studies. He chose the engineering corps,
aking a specialty of fortifications. Immediately
ollowing the Franco-Prussian war France began to
uild new defenses for Paris and Joffre's first work
s a commissioned lieutenant was on these fortifica-
ons. He did his work so well that he was made a
aptain at twenty-four. However, he remained a cap-

tain for thirteen years, for he was, after all, only one of many young engineers who were equally efficient.

Whenever he had a furlough he went home to Rivesaltes. Of an evening old friends and neighbors would drop in for a visit, or if they did not, there was his old father, who never tired of hearing stories of army life. Joffre was always a boy in Rivesaltes. One might see him at any time coming out of a confectioner's shop, his pockets stuffed with cakes.

On the occasion of one of these visits he went to a neighboring town to inspect some new fortifications and was arrested for a spy. As he offered no explanation he was taken before the authorities. They desired to know if he was a German. This amused him very much.

"I am a German of Rivesaltes with three gold bands on my cap," he said. (Three gold bands denoted the rank of captain.) He spoke in the native dialect of the country, which was half Spanish, half French. The officers were astonished. He had intended that they should be; nothing delighted him more than a good joke.

When he had been building fortifications for thirteen years he asked for active service in the colonies. He felt that his work had not been teaching him enough about war. After a few years in Indo-China, where the natives of a certain village still remember him as "the man of the eyebrows" who made their village healthy, he returned, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, to be sent into Africa. The

careers of Joffre and Kitchener, at this time, were closely parallel. Kitchener went into the Egyptian Sudan, Joffre into French West Africa.

For a time Joffre worked at building a railroad across the desert; then he was ordered far into the interior to subdue the Arabs who were destroying the commerce of the country by fighting and robbing. With a little army of a thousand men, he marched five hundred miles across a wilderness of desert and marsh to the Arab town of Timbuctoo. Before this time but three white men had ever penetrated the desert as far as Timbuctoo. It was a country of lions, of hippopotami, of fever and thirst.

On the march Joffre was stung in the eye by a poisonous insect and the doctor ordered him to bandage it, lest he lose his eyesight.

"How can I direct my troops blindfolded?" he objected.

"Well then, wear blue spectacles," said the doctor.

As blue spectacles did not grow on tropical trees, Joffre was obliged to disregard this advice also, but after he reached Timbuctoo, there arrived in the mail one day a pair of blue spectacles. They had been sent to an officer who had been killed and they probably saved the eyesight of a future general.

It was following the march to Timbuctoo that the people at home began to take a little notice of Joffre. His name appeared in the newspapers. Many stories were told of that wilderness journey and from them all one important fact came to light — Joffre had suc-

ceeded in reaching Timbuctoo because he knew how to plan. He had guarded his troops with the greatest care, doing sentry duty himself through many a lonely night because he could not trust native soldiers to keep awake. Arabs did not fight in the open; they shot in the back from the shelter of trees and bushes. And Joffre would not be surprised.

When the desert seemed entirely to have swallowed his little army and when the news reached him that thirteen of his fellow officers, who had tried to reach Timbuctoo by a different route, had been killed, he had relentlessly pushed on. Will and method, these were the qualities by which he succeeded when others failed.

But it was not until 1911, when Joffre was fifty-nine, that he reached a position of prominence in affairs. That year he was appointed chief general of the supreme war council of France. On him rested the responsibility of preparing France for the war that those who had watched the preparations of Germany felt certain would come. The government, at last had come to value Joffre's knowledge.

Formerly, any officer who had money or friends among government officials could win a promotion in the French army, with the result that some of the highest officers, on whom the heaviest responsibilities would fall in time of war, were unfit for their work. Joffre changed all this. One general whom he retired, following the maneuvers of 1913, came to demand a reason.

"Why?" he asked. "I obeyed the orders I received."

"You might have done better," was Joffre's answer. Not mere obedience but the ability to think was the rule by which he measured officers. The soldier, too, was made to feel that he was a thinking, responsible part of the army. If he had suggestions to make he was free to make them. Officers often consulted their men and talked over their plans with them. Joffre believed in a democratic army.

After war came his officers discovered how much he believed in it. As often as possible he would slip away from his desk and go on a visit to his poilus. Squatting beside a trench fire, he demanded to know all about them. Were they comfortable? Were their blankets warm? Did they have enough to eat? Did they want for anything? Sometimes they did, and he would take out a notebook and write down these things. It might be weeks before there was any change, but one day there were certain to appear the little improvements they had asked for.

To his men he was always "Our Joffre" or "Grandfather Joffre." They would not think of calling him by any name that did not express their affection for him. "This thing must be done," said an officer one day. "It is Grandfather's order."

It was not alone the army that needed to be completely reorganized during those three years between 1911 and 1914, but the civil population as well.

"The next war," said Joffre, "is going to be a

scientific war. It will be fought by the whole nation. To be ready means to have turned all the intelligence, the energy, and the resources of France toward one object, victory."

The task of mobilizing an entire nation is so big that one can hardly imagine what it meant to think it out. When it came England's turn to unite all her people and industries into one vast war purpose, she had the experience of France upon which to base her plans. America had the experience of both England and France, but Joffre had none. Warfare on such a huge scale was as yet unknown to the world. Who could have said then how many shells would be needed for a single battle? Who would have guessed that the next war would be fought with liquid fire and poisonous gases? To be prepared did not mean actually to have made all these things in advance but to know how and where they could be made in time of war. What factories could be turned into ammunition factories? Where could materials be bought? Where were laborers to be found?

Such were the problems over which Joffre worked in addition to that task, so big in itself, of training and equipping a great army.

He worked so quietly that, until the war, he remained almost unknown. Few school children could have told the name of their chief general. The French people were indifferent. "Why all this fuss about preparation," they said, "when there will never be another war?" Then came the first of August, 1914

On that day France knew that she must fight. She was bound by treaty to Russia, and Germany had declared war on Russia. Two days later the Germans crossed the French boundary and there Joffre's soldiers met them. Then, all at once, it became clear what Joffre had done. France had an army scientifically organized and equipped. It lacked Germany's numbers and it lacked Germany's big guns, but it had one weapon which Germany had not. This was something called moral force. The French believed that men fighting for their homes and families would fight more bravely than the enemy who attacked. But they, and perhaps even Joffre himself, did not know how rapidly Germany could throw the full weight of her armies against them. Before such a weight smaller numbers gave way. Belgians, French, and British, in turn, fought with a courage that will live forever in history, but they could not stem the increasing tide of Germans.

They poured into France from two main directions according to a long-prepared plan, through Belgium and through Alsace. These divisions made the two jaws of the pincers which, according to the plan, were finally to close, crushing the French army between them.

At Charleroi, Belgium, they defeated the French armies and forced them to retreat. It was one of the worst defeats of the war. In another sense it was the beginning of the victory of the Marne, for from that moment Joffre's plans began to take shape.

For the French people, however, who did not know Joffre's plans, some dark days followed. Their feeling of confidence changed quickly into one of anxiety, even of despair, as the Germans overran their villages, burning their houses and killing civilians. On they came with truly marvelous speed, the French and British armies sometimes escaping with the greatest difficulty.

The French begged to be allowed to fight. Officers and men alike grew disheartened at seeing city after city given to the Germans. As each day came they thought they surely would be allowed to make a stand. No more than the people themselves did they know Joffre's purpose. Only to the highest officers had he said: "I mean to deliver the big battle in the most favorable conditions, at my own time, and on the ground I have chosen. If necessary I shall continue to retreat. I shall bide my time. No consideration whatever will make me alter my plans." Therefore, day after day, the order was the same — to retreat further south until the left wing of the Allied army rested on Paris itself.

Joffre's plans for the coming battle included every department of the service. All over France thousands of trains were moving day and night. Troops were shifted from the east, west, north, and south. When the cities of Belgium and northern France fell, Joffre had in waiting several hundred trains with which to rescue the larger part of his armies and supplies. A little later his trains met the refugees

streaming south by the hundreds of thousands, and carried them to safety. Finally, when Paris became a part of the battle line, Joffre's trains removed the government, a large part of the civil population, the treasures of the art galleries, and the gold of the Paris banks. At the same time he prepared the city for a siege. He knew what a siege meant. He did not intend that the suffering of 1870 should be repeated. Huge quantities of supplies were purchased, enough to feed and clothe and warm the city's population if the war should last a long time. All around Paris soldiers were digging trenches as fast as they could and mounting guns.

While these preparations were being rushed, the enemy steadily advanced. Every day airplanes flew over Paris and dropped leaflets informing the people that the Germans were at their gates. It was true that the largest of the German armies, under General von Kluck, was marching straight toward Paris. This army had fought its way through Belgium. The men were tired, yet the situation demanded that they advance with the greatest speed. In spite of the extreme heat of August, they made twenty-five miles a day. A page from the notebook of one of von Kluck's officers tells the story of this advance:

"Our soldiers are worn out. For four days they have been marching forty kilos a day. The ground is difficult, the roads are torn up, trees felled, the fields pitted by shells like strainers. The soldiers stagger at every step, their faces are plastered with

mud, their uniforms are in rags; one might call them living rags. They march with closed eyes and sing in chorus to keep from falling asleep as they march. The certainty of victory close at hand and of their triumphal entry into Paris sustains them and whips up their enthusiasm. Without this certainty they would fall exhausted. They would lie down where they are, to sleep at last, no matter where, no matter how. Only the delirium of victory keeps our men going. And to give their bodies a drunkenness like that of their souls they drink enormously. But this drunkenness also helps to keep them up. To-day, after an inspection, the general was furiously angry. He wanted to put a stop to this collective debauch. We have just persuaded him not to give severe orders. It is better not to be too strict; otherwise the army could not go at all. For this abnormal weariness abnormal stimulants are needed. In Paris we shall remedy all this. We shall forbid the drinking of alcohol there. When our troops are at last able to rest on their laurels order will be restored."

A day or two later found the Germans actually in the suburbs of Paris. The same officer describes the joy of the men in discovering their nearness to their goal. He says:

"One of our battalions was marching wearily forward. All at once, while passing a cross road, they discovered a signpost on which they read 'Paris, 37 kilos' (23 miles). It was the first sign that had not been erased. On seeing it the battalion was as though

shaken up by an electric current. The word 'Paris' which they have just read drives them crazy. Some of them embrace the wretched signpost, others dance round it. Cries, yells of enthusiasm accompany these mad actions. This signpost is the evidence that we are near Paris, that without doubt we shall soon be really there. This notice board has made a miraculous effect. Faces light up, weariness seems to disappear, the march is resumed, alert, cadenced, in spite of the abominable ground in this forest. Songs burst louder and no longer the traditional songs, but Parisian ditties, stupid enough in all conscience."

A little way beyond the signpost over which this battalion had rejoiced the officers made a discovery they dared not tell their men; they were no longer marching toward Paris. Leaving Paris at the very moment when it was theirs for the taking, they had suddenly swerved to the south and east and, though they did not know it, they were marching directly into the trap Joffre had prepared for them.

When the long retreat ended the Allied armies stood on a bow-shaped line, of which the western end was Paris, the eastern end Verdun. This line did not run through the valley of the Marne, although the battle was to take its name from that river. It lay to the south, and it was for this reason that von Kluck had passed Paris. To have taken the city without defeating the Allied armies would not end the war, but, having defeated them, the taking of Paris would be a simple matter. Besides, it would be more fitting if the triumphal entry should follow a final victory.

Consequently von Kluck turned southeast. This was exactly what Joffre had hoped he would do. Ten days before the battle Joffre's plans were complete. It was only a matter then of waiting until the Germans advanced to a point where he meant to strike. That point was reached on the 6th of September. On the 5th all of the final preparations were made. Joffre had attended to the smallest details and given his instructions. Success or failure depended on the intelligence with which these instructions were carried out and on the courage of the men. Joffre himself was confident and unmoved. He sent President Poincaré a telegram to say that, though the fate of France depended on the morrow, the chances of victory were many.

The next morning, along the whole line, officers gathered their men around them and read them the order of the day. The hour for which they had waited so long had come.

"At the moment of engaging in a battle on which the fate of the country hangs, it is necessary to remind everyone that the time has passed for looking backward. Every effort must be made to attack and drive back the enemy. The hour has come to advance at any cost, and to die where you stand rather than give way. Joffre."

Fortunately the German High Command did not discover Joffre's maneuver until it had been accomplished. Their purpose having been to strike the French-British line at the center, von Kluck hurried on

to give more weight to the blow and left his right flank insufficiently protected. Against this Joffre flung a new army. To the Germans it must have seemed a phantom army. They knew that some French troops guarded the region upon their right, but they did not know that an army was there. From various other parts of the front Joffre had taken men and sent them with all possible speed to the north of Paris. Some he had taken from Paris itself, right under the eyes of the Germans, had stolen them out in the night in automobiles and busses. At the moment the French-British forces attacked from the south, the new army would strike from the north. So Joffre had planned, and so it happened that Sunday morning, the 6th of September. Von Kluck, caught between them, was forced to retreat; only by great skill did he succeed in saving his army.

The German officer's description of the utter weariness of his soldiers would have been equally true had he been writing of the French. For fourteen days the French had been falling back, fighting every day to hold the Germans until the new line was reached and the army prepared for battle. Crowded in cattle cars or in trucks, or marching, there was no rest by day and often none at night.

" They had marched," says a French writer, " under a torrid sky, on scorching roads, parched and suffocated with dust. In reality they moved with their hearts rather than with their legs. . . . But when, worn out with fatigue, faces black with powder,

blinded by the chalk dust of Champagne, almost dying, they learned Joffre's order announcing the offensive, then the faces of our troops beamed with joy. They fought with tired limbs and yet no army ever showed such strength, for their hearts were filled with faith and hope."

Von Kluck's army was retreating, but von Kluck's army had held only the western end of the two hundred fifty mile battle line. The six remaining German armies were still engaged in trying to break through. Learning that von Kluck had been defeated, they drove furiously upon the French center, caring little how many lives were spent so long as they gained their purpose. It was General Foch who held the French center.

"A battle won," says General Foch, "is a battle in which one refuses to believe one's self beaten." And that was what happened at the Marne. At the very moment of defeat, Foch flung the Germans back by a skillful maneuver and turned defeat into victory. "Our men hold the heights," wrote a German officer, "but the French have become demons; they charge in the face of machine gun fire, joyfully letting themselves be killed. Their valor is superhuman."

On the 9th of September, three days after Joffre had struck his blow, the Kaiser signed the order for the retreat of all the German armies. Back now across the country that had afforded them so many victories, back from Paris, back fifty miles to the river Aisne before they could again make a stand,

men, weary with fighting, ran until they dropped from exhaustion, throwing away their guns and equipment as they ran. Thousands, too weary to run at all, were made prisoners by the advancing French. Officers, billeted back of the lines, rushed from their rooms with the cry of "The French are here," and jumped into waiting automobiles to escape capture. Peasants living in villages along the line of retreat tell of German soldiers, ragged, dirty, foot-sore, with tongues swollen from thirst, rushing through the streets, the French literally on their heels.

To the people of Paris the news of the victory came tardily. There had been anxious days and long, wakeful nights, through which there sounded a far-off regular booming that seemed never to end. A great battle was going on, that much they knew. But how was it going to end? Would the French win? Could they win?

"Of course! There are no fighters like the French," said those who looked hopefully upon these dark days.

"But you do not know how the Germans are prepared," said others. "They have everything. Their equipment is the last word in science. Trains of ammunition are crossing the border day and night. And the men! Now, at this minute, they are pouring into France by the hundreds of thousands. They are going to wipe us out."

Rumors came and went. Now it was far to the north that a battle was being fought, now it was near

by, not thirty miles away. Was it not clear enough that the authorities were getting ready to defend Paris?

It was true that the streets, which had been more or less deserted after the first days of mobilization, were filled with troops again. Automobiles, busses, and vehicles of all sorts went rumbling by, crowded to the limit with soldiers.

The railway stations swarmed with people, soldiers bidding good-bye to their families, regiments of the reserves, men who had been kept for the time when France would stake everything in some big battle, to win or lose.

Then came the news of victory. The Germans were retreating. Joffre had hit them a terrible blow. Joffre! That name was on everybody's lips. The news spread quickly. One could almost trace its progress by the flags that appeared suddenly everywhere. Finally it reached the home of Joffre in the suburb of Auteuil.

Parisians did not know Joffre until the war came, but the people of Auteuil knew him well. They saw him early in the morning, as early as six o'clock, riding in the Bois with his two daughters. They saw him in the evening taking his walk.

"The general does not want to get too stout," they would say, laughing. "He is very particular about that."

Passing the home of Joffre of an evening, they nearly always heard music, for the man who made of

war a science likes music better than anything else. Madame Joffre plays the piano. The daughters sing. Joffre himself sings, as all the army knows.

"We always knew Joffre would do it," people called to each other when the news reached Auteuil. Then they remembered their gardens and the flowers growing in them, for no other purpose, surely, than to make memorable the day of victory. They cut them and carried them, an offering, to the home of Joffre. They tied them to the gate posts, to the iron railings of the fence; they made a carpet of blossoms that led to the door. It was in this way that those who had not yet heard the news learned that there had been a victory on the Marne.

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One morning in the spring of 1917 a French liner appeared off Hampton Roads, Virginia, and Joffre—Marshal Joffre now, highest officer of the French army—had his first sight of America. It was a clear, bright morning of May, and the sun shone over a smooth sea, stretching away to green shores.

"What a wonderful scene," said Joffre. "I love this sunshine. It reminds me of my own country, the south of France."

A month before, America had entered the war, and Joffre, with several other French officers and statesmen, had come to put before our government the urgent need of France for men. America had planned for large armies, but it would be months before these armies were sufficiently trained to take over a part of the battle line in France.

"Do not wait," was what Joffre had come to say. "Do not wait until the American armies are ready to take the field, but send us as many men as you can spare now. The French people are growing tired of the war. They cannot believe it will ever end. There remains but one hope — America. Nothing would hearten the French people so much as seeing American soldiers in France. Let them finish their training there. Our camps, our schools, our experience — all are at your disposal. Only send us your men as quickly as possible that the people may understand America's promise to end the war."

From the moment Joffre landed, American hearts went out to him. He was greeted with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. French flags waved gaily in every city he visited; thousands of school children, singing the Marseillaise, threw flowers before him; crowds that did not usually give way to their emotions broke wildly into cheers as he passed through the streets.

It was a tumult of welcome to a great man, but, more than that, it meant that Americans, after three and a half years, understood that the battle of the Marne had been something greater than a struggle between nations. It had been a struggle for ideals as well. Military power or freedom — which was to rule the world? Freedom had won the battle but it had not yet won the final victory. Through all the months of war there had been the doubt as to whether it could win the final victory. Now America was the

answer to that doubt. The flag of freedom had become the symbol of freedom for all the world, and Joffre was confident. In presenting a flag to one of our regiments he ended with these words:

"Perhaps it will go to France, there to wave side by side with the flag of France, which for three years has led the onset against our foes. And when our soldiers see the Star Spangled Banner, their souls will thrill. And I am assured it is to the final victory both will go."

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II. MARSHAL PÉTAIN

In February of 1916 General Joffre, the commander-in-chief of the French armies, observed that the Germans were preparing to attack near the city of Verdun. Trains of ammunition were moving day and night from the factories to the German lines. Great armies were being massed and so many big guns were brought up that, when placed, they literally stood wheel to wheel.

But General Joffre could not tell whether these preparations indicated a battle for Verdun itself or whether the Germans meant to attack at that point merely to draw reserves from some other point of the French line, where the real battle would take place. Until he knew the enemy's purpose he could only wait. Meanwhile he prepared his defenses as best he could.

Had Joffre been able to see all that was taking place behind the German lines he would have known. Some 200,000 men had been massed for a single attack on a front of less than ten miles; that is, there were ten Germans to every yard of ground. The strongest men and the best fighters had been organized into companies of shock troops, whose special work it was to break the enemy's line. Shock troops were used for the first time at Verdun. The Germans had

80,000 such troops for this one battle and they had been drilling for four months. Every detail contributing to the success of a great battle had been carefully planned. For instance, each soldier carried a small map of the Verdun fortifications; he knew exactly where he was to go and what he was to do. Finally, when the hour for action had been set, there was a dress rehearsal for the entire army. The Kaiser himself had come to direct this rehearsal and to cheer his men as they went into battle. So confident was he of victory that he also rehearsed the scene of surrender. It was to take place in the most historic spot in the city, a square called the Place d'Armes. There he was to review the victorious armies of his son, for the Crown Prince was to have the honor of capturing Verdun.

The situation of Verdun is in the center of a plain, watered by the Meuse river and closed in by more or less distant hills. On the left bank of the river the Old or High Town clings to a huge rocky mound, from which it looks down some fifty or sixty feet upon the modern city. From the crest of the mound rise the cathedral and the citadel. This citadel, with its great circle of forty-five forts situated on the surrounding hills, has, since the eighteenth century, been known as the most famous stronghold of France. Before 1914 it was thought impossible to take Verdun, but early in the war it was proved that modern large shells could destroy the strongest fortifications, so the French removed the guns from the citadel and turned it into a

bakery. The real defenses of the city were the trenches. These lay far to the north among the hills and along the Meuse river.

At first the French were puzzled to know why the Germans wanted Verdun. It could not be for any military reason, for they knew as well as anyone that the guns had been removed from all the forts. It proved to be for a reason much more subtle. The Germans knew that Verdun, with its great circle of forts, was still a stronghold in the minds of the French people, and they believed that its loss would so undermine the courage of the nation that France would be compelled to withdraw from the war. When the French understood this they decided to defend Verdun at whatever cost.

Early one morning, while the inhabitants of the city still slept, there came the sharp, unmistakable sound of airplane guns, followed by the signal to seek shelter. Instead, people rushed from their houses into the streets to watch the attack. Over the city and far to the north the dim sky was filled with planes of every description. They were engaged in dropping bombs on bridges and fortifications and in destroying French observation balloons. Before the air bombardment ended there came a tremendous roar from the hills and the earth shook as, all at once, two thousand guns opened fire.

All day the bombardment continued, increasing in intensity hour by hour. From the ceaseless flashing of the guns the surrounding woods appeared to be on

fire. Overhead the clouds had turned red and gold. Bursting shells sent up great columns of smoke and left huge black patches in the white snow. There was a smell of burning wood, of hot metals and chemicals in the air. Trees crashed and fell. Trenches and shelters collapsed like cardboard.

It seemed impossible that in the midst of such destruction any human being could survive. It was the purpose of the bombardment that no one should survive. "The artillery," said a German infantry officer, "will destroy everything and we have only to advance as on parade." So they came, marching with the goose step, shoulder to shoulder, "as on parade." Whole companies, including the famous shock troops, were hurled in wave after wave at a single point in the French line. This point was on the right bank of the Meuse, and the Germans meant to drive the French army into the river.

With their backs to the stream, the French faced the terrific gunfire, knowing that they must die and determined to make the enemy pay the utmost for their lives. Throughout the night the battle raged and, when morning came, it brought still more terrible things to be endured. At dawn the Germans poured quantities of high explosives, tear shells, and liquid fire into the French lines. With only shell holes for shelter, without food, water, or sleep, the French fought on, day after day and night after night.

The heaviest attack of all fell on the afternoon of the fourth day. "The German waves came on," says

a French writer, "as though driven by a tempestuous wind." The Emperor was on the ground and the German High Command wished to end the battle then.

The French, outnumbered three to one, clung desperately to their positions, but, little by little, they were driven back. In four days they retreated four miles. The situation was critical for each mile brought them nearer to the river.

Joffre, who had followed the battle hour by hour at General Headquarters, determined to prepare for any event by forming a new army under General Pétain, commander of the Second Army, then in reserve.

As the anxiety was so very great, General Castlenau, chief of staff, proposed to go himself to the battle front to give an exact account of the situation.

It was a sad spectacle that met his eyes as he approached Verdun in the gray dawn of the next morning. The Meuse had overflowed all the valley and was as large as an arm of the sea. Along the road poured a stream of civilians, each with his bundle of personal belongings. They had remained in the city in spite of an order of evacuation and were fleeing now before the bombardment. With them came the wounded, those who could walk, their bandages showing white against their ragged and mud-stained uniforms. In the opposite direction an endless line of troops was going toward the battle. Verdun, bombarded without mercy, was partly demolished. Shells had fallen upon the beautiful cathedral, but the citadel was as yet unharmed.

Meanwhile General Pétain, with the Second Army, was also hurrying toward Verdun. He arrived that night at headquarters and conferred with General Castlenau, who had by that time returned from the battlefield. Seeing him enter, Castlenau said: "Ah, you are here, Pétain. You are to take command. I leave everything to you. You will take command at midnight."

The day before, General Joffre had ordered that the Germans must be held at the right bank of the river *at whatever cost*. General Castlenau now confirmed this order.

"They must not pass," he said. It was the final judgment on the situation.

"They shall not pass," the new commander answered.

It was not long until these words had reached the line. They became the battle cry of the fresh divisions going into the trenches. They gave new courage to the men who had been fighting for days. The French resistance grew stronger. Each brave act meant "They shall not pass the Meuse."

As yet the army had not seen General Pétain. The night he arrived at headquarters in the little village of Souilly, just back of Verdun, he took a severe cold and was obliged to remain in his room for several days. The time had passed, however, when it was necessary for a general to be at the front. Immediately upon arriving, General Pétain telegraphed all the corps commanders that he had taken command.

MARSHAL PÉTAIN

One of them replied, "Oh, it's you, Pétain. Then everything will be all right!"

Sitting at his desk with all his maps and plans before him, Pétain began that very night the difficult task of straightening out the confusion which the terrible fighting had left. The problems he faced could hardly have been more discouraging. The army was in a position of extreme peril between the Germans and the Meuse river. There was barely enough ammunition to last ten days and the only railroad over which supplies and ammunition could be brought was commanded by German guns.

In such a situation General Pétain's now famous words, "They shall not pass," however fine a courage they expressed, would have availed little had he not known what to do.

But immediately he began to issue orders. One of the first things to be done was to unite the forts along the battle front by a continuous line of trenches. His order was that the trenches should be prepared *while the battle was going on.* At the same time an order went out for many bridges across the Meuse, all this between midnight and morning of the next day.

Then Pétain began his great work of construction, the building of railroad lines, wagon roads, canals, reservoirs, stations, cantonments, dugouts, trenches. He has always been a great road-builder. Wherever he has gone, he has constructed new roads or repaired old ones.

In two days' time order had been created out of con-

fusion. The machinery of war was running smoothly once more, and Pétain ordered a counter-attack.

To this the Germans replied with another attack. So the fighting went on, certain positions changing hands many times. During the first ten days of the battle the Germans launched twenty-six infantry attacks. On the 4th of March they took one of the outlying forts, called Douaumont. The fort was without men or guns, but bells rang for an hour throughout Germany over its "fall." With this fortress lost, the Germans said, the French could not hope to hold out much longer and Verdun itself was only a matter of days. On the 9th of March they captured another fort, called Fort Vaux. It was no more important than Douaumont, except that it brought them one step nearer Verdun.

After three weeks, this first great battle for the possession of Verdun came to an end, but no one supposed that the Germans would stop there. Joffre wrote to the Verdun armies in an order of the day: "The struggle is not yet at an end, for the Germans require a victory. You will succeed in wresting it from them. We have munitions and reserves in abundance, but above all you have indomitable courage and faith in the destinies of the Republic. The eyes of the country are upon you. You will be among those of whom it will be said they barred the road to Verdun to the Germans."

Until then the war had offered no parallel to the battle of Verdun. The soldier, going into the

trenches, was certain to be wounded or stifled by gases; he was almost as certain to die. If he lived through the artillery bombardment, he lived only to meet the enemy in hand to hand fighting of the most desperate kind, in deep woods, at the bottom of ravines, in the dark underground passages of the forts. On both sides soldiers fought with a courage that made the word "Verdun" a new measure of things men could endure.

The months of February, March, and April of 1916 were months of continued terrible fighting. The Germans, having failed in their first plan to take Verdun in "a battle such as the world had never seen before," now tried another. This was to lay siege to the city while they attacked alternately on the left and right banks of the Meuse, sometimes on both. For, having once undertaken to capture Verdun, they could not very well give it up. The eyes of all the world were on them. In Berlin people talked of nothing else.

In June they reached a fort of the inner circle of fortifications, three miles from the city; this was as near to the city as they ever got, for then the British began the battle of the Somme, which forced the Germans to withdraw men from the Verdun front. Then, little by little, the French began to thrust them back, but not until August of 1917 did they regain the last of their original positions.

The battle had lasted a year and six months. The losses on both sides were enormous. The cost to Germany was fully 500,000 men, and she had failed

to achieve her purpose. At the end, France was stronger than before. Her great sacrifice had only strengthened her determination to go on with the war. The spirit of the army had upheld the nation, for the men who went into the trenches of Verdun knew what it was for which they fought. They wanted to end all wars that their children might not have to endure the things they endured. And France meant to fight until she had won the victory.

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There was one feature of this battle that made it different from all other battles of the war. That was General Pétain's motor transport system. With German guns commanding the only railroad into Verdun, the French, at first, faced the very serious problem of supplies and ammunition. How were they ever going to feed the men and guns of such huge armies? A single wagon road was left to them, of which only the extreme northern end, the end leading directly into Verdun, was endangered by German fire. It ran southward, in and out among the hills, for thirty miles, to the town of Bar-le-Duc. General Pétain saw at once that the battle depended almost entirely on the use that could be made of this road, and he telephoned to Paris for all the trucks, busses, and motor cars that could be spared. Soon 1700 vehicles were on the way to Verdun. They were the first unit of one of the most remarkable organizations of the war.

Traveling at all times was exceedingly difficult. In

the first days of the battle, the road was covered with snow and ice. Later it was all but lost in mud, and the heavy trucks, crawling slowly up and down the hills, avoided overturning only with the greatest care. Not all of them did. Wrecks frequently occurred, for to the difficulties of the road were added the hardships endured by the drivers, who sometimes traveled for days without sleep or rest.

Soon the road began to give way under the heavy and incessant traffic. General Pétain saw that it would be necessary to rebuild it entirely. More trucks were sent for. They brought stone from the battlefield of the Marne, and ten thousand men began the work of converting an old country road into a broad, smooth highway.

Meanwhile the train of vehicles never stopped. As the months passed, the numbers grew into the thousands. At night their lights resembled those of a long, curving, city street, so endlessly did one truck replace another. Usually they traveled in sections. Each section had its distinctive mark, such as a diamond or a four-leafed clover or the tri-color, and competed with the others for the honor of giving the best service. Going to Verdun, they carried troops, ammunition, bread, and meat; returning, they brought the wounded. Day and night, for month after month, the rumble of their wheels could be heard all along the road. It drowned the noise of even the most violent bombardment.

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Another feature of the Verdun battle was the work of the airplanes. Until then airplanes had not been used very much for fighting; their work had been chiefly observation. What fighting there had been was of the "single combat" kind. Now the battle squadron came into being — a formation of ten to twenty planes which fought as a single unit.

Before the battle opened, the Germans sent all their best aviators to Verdun, and for the first ten days they hung over the French lines from daylight to dark, making observations and directing the fire of the artillery. The French, lacking planes, were unable to stop them.

When General Pétain came he sent an immediate call for aviators. His call was answered by a group of young men, many of whom were afterwards numbered among the most famous aviators of France. Their work was to destroy enemy observation balloons, to drive off German airmen from the Verdun road, to bomb German supply depots, and to keep constant watch over the roads along which German supply trains must travel. Here, too, for the first time in the war, they took part in the infantry fighting; that is, they swooped down over the enemy lines and dropped bombs directly on the troops. The resulting panic and disorder often checked an attack.

Among these Verdun aviators was a small group of Americans. They had formed through their own efforts an aviation unit, called the "Lafayette Escadrille." It was in return for the aid Lafayette had

given America that they had come to offer their services to France. The task which fell to them was not easy. It was to guard the Verdun road. Day and night they were in the air. Combats were frequent. The fighting was severe and many gave their lives before the work they had undertaken was accomplished.

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Some miles behind the lines at Verdun was a village called Souilly, a tiny hamlet of stone houses, built for the most part along a single street, which was no other than the Verdun road. From the muddy courtyard of the Town Hall, motor cars came and went all day, and a sentry stood guard at the door. Upstairs, in a bare room, were General Pétain's headquarters. That is, here was his office, but the place where he thought out his problems was a peasant's cottage near by, in which he lived. It was not a palace, this home of General Pétain. His room was small and wholly lacking in comforts. He wrote by an oil lamp, which also provided the only heat. For furniture there were a bed, a table, and a few chairs. But, plain and bare as it was, it suited the general, for he believed that discomforts and hardships were a necessary part of one's training. If they were lacking in the conditions of his life, he usually invented them. Once, it is said, he stood for hours in the rain, bareheaded and without a coat, to give his soldiers a lesson in endurance and keeping cheerful.

At the time of the Verdun battle General Pétain

was fifty-eight years old. He is not so tall as General Pershing but above medium height, straight-shouldered, in appearance entirely the soldier. It is said that he forgets to count the number of times he tries to do a thing, and his blue eyes express this resoluteness. He wears the plain blue-gray uniform of the French army, with three silver stars on the sleeve and cap. At Verdun it was a stained and faded uniform, from having been worn as much out of doors in all kinds of weather as in his office at General Headquarters.

When it became known that it was General Pétain who had saved Verdun, people demanded to know who he was and why he had not been heard of before.

There was not much to be learned for asking, only a few brief stories connected with his career. General Pétain, it seems, did not enjoy being a hero. He was quite bored by the attention he received. When the newspapers sent photographers to take his picture, he refused to see them. He asked the censor to omit all mention of his name. He never talked of himself and he would not permit others to do so. Nevertheless, the story of his career, uneventful in itself, helped people to understand the man whose personality, like that of General Joffre in 1914 and that of General Foch in 1918, met the crisis of the hour. His full name is Henri Philippe Pétain. He was born in 1858 near St. Omer, in the extreme north of France, and educated in the military school of St. Cyr.

France has several national military schools, which

are very much alike, save that each specializes in certain branches of the service. St. Cyr is a training school for infantry, cavalry, and marine officers. It is near the city of Versailles, not far from Paris.

A student may not enter St. Cyr before he is seventeen nor after he is twenty-two, unless he is an enlisted man in the army. Examinations are held publicly, like those of the École Polytechnique. They cover many of the same subjects and some that are more advanced. As at the École Polytechnique, also, students are divided into companies, which form a battalion. The battalion of St. Cyr, from the perfection of its drill, has become the first battalion of France and marches at the head in army reviews.

Discipline at St. Cyr is very strict. Officers have the authority of police and punishments range from the loss of one's holidays to imprisonment in the military prison at Paris. This discipline, together with the military training, had a pronounced effect on the mind of Henri Pétain. He seems to have set himself deliberately the task of self-mastery. Day after day he persevered in gymnastic exercises that he might develop a strong physique. He spent much time out of doors. He rigorously excluded from his personal habits anything that endangered his health. He also studied hard and read widely. In fact, his chief interest in maintaining his health was that it might contribute to the use he meant to make of his mind.

The habits acquired at St. Cyr he never relaxed. At sixty he set aside a half hour every morning for

physical exercises, as he had done at seventeen. He took long walks. Sometimes he ran for miles. He fenced as well as any of his young officers. He even leaped parapets, to the great admiration of his men.

In the same way he was able to control the energies of his mind. Once, during the operations at Verdun, when the situation was particularly serious, he worked at his desk continuously for five days and nights, with hardly a sign of fatigue.

When he had finished at St. Cyr, he was assigned as a lieutenant to a famous regiment of the army. At thirty-two he became a captain and soon after this he entered the Superior War School at Paris to prepare himself to become a general staff officer. His work in the Superior War School revealed that he had a mind of his own, that he was, in fact, developing a system of tactics quite different from any taught in the school or used in the French army. There is a story that he usually studied subjects in which no examinations were held.

Later, when Pétain himself became an instructor at the Superior War School, his theories began to attract attention. One of them was that a battle is nothing more than an expression of the commanding general's mind. If one understands how such a mind habitually acts, one can know approximately what will take place on the battlefield.

In support of this theory Pétain prepared a course of lectures which were scientific studies of the mind of great generals. They were masterly lectures and

they brought his name to the notice of military men all over Europe. The King of Bulgaria conferred a decoration of merit on him for these same lectures, but Pétain did not enjoy being famous then any more than he did after Verdun. He courteously thanked the king and slipped the medal into his pocket.

In 1914 he commanded the Fourth Brigade at St. Omer, near the place of his birth. He was about to retire as a colonel, when the war called him into active service. At Charleroi, Belgium, he flung his brigade against superior German forces and covered the retreat of the Fifth French Army. In the latter part of August he was promoted to the command of the Sixth Infantry Division. Although he was now a major-general, he still wore on his cap the five stripes denoting the rank of colonel. He had not had time to replace them with stars.

The Sixth Division had been fighting and retreating all the way from the Belgian frontier to the Marne. It had suffered heavy losses. Most of the officers had been killed. The men were disheartened and bewildered. Disorder prevailed everywhere and no one seemed to know what to do. Then Pétain came, and a few days later this broken and disheartened division was fighting splendidly in the battle of the Marne.

At Montceau-les-Provins he conducted an attack which was one of the first of this great battle. Always careful of his men, he insisted that the first part of the battle be fought with shells. Then, after a long and heavy bombardment, he ordered the advance.

The infantry was to move forward to the little village of Saint-Bon and occupy the hills beyond. But the Germans, aware of the coming attack, were covering the crest of these hills with a barrage of large shells such as Pétain's men had never experienced before. They hesitated. Pétain saw that they were afraid. Quickly taking the lead, he marched ahead of them, across the fields, with an even, unhurried step, until he reached the village of Saint-Bon. This was to be his post of command and here he remained all day, directing and instructing while shells fell everywhere around him. To see him there, cool and fearless, though he presented so clearly a target for German gunners, restored the confidence of the men. They took the heights of Saint-Bon.

One of his officers, writing of this incident, tells of the effect it had upon the troops:

"To us who had just passed through the terrible days since the 22d of August, who had retreated with hearts of anguish and without rest, day or night, and who felt that on this day we fought for the destiny of the country, this march in advance of troops, cool, resolute, straight toward the objective, seemed to have in it something symbolic of greatness, and we felt in our hearts hope and the certainty of victory."

In May, 1915, Pétain, now in command of the 33d Corps, was given the task of breaking the German line near the town of Carency in Artois. He was given three days in which to do it. Some thought it could not be done at all. Pétain, however, was not of that

opinion. He went about it in his usual systematic way, instructing each officer what he was to do, personally inspecting all preparations. He always took plenty of time to prepare for an attack, but, when the moment came, he struck like lightning.

It was the morning of the 9th of May that he struck at Carency. The 33d Corps, a perfect piece of mechanism, all parts working together, pierced the German line, and took Carency in three hours instead of three days. Pétain sent back word to headquarters to send reserves, that he had broken through. The answer came back that he must be mistaken; no one could have broken through in that time. And so, for lack of reserves, this attack, which was to have begun an offensive movement along the whole line, resulted merely in a local victory. The 33d Corps, however, had taken 10,000 prisoners and 30 cannon. It was this success that brought Pétain the command of the Second Army.

His promotion was, perhaps, the most rapid of any in the French army. In less than three years he rose from the rank of colonel to that of commander-in-chief. How had it happened, people asked? If he possessed unusual qualities, why had he remained an obscure colonel until the Great War? The answer was in the character of Pétain himself. "He has a hard tooth," the French say, meaning that, if he believes himself right, he goes on his way regardless of consequences. And one thing he believed before all others was that politics should have nothing to do with the army.

Until 1911 politics had a great deal to do with the French army. Consequently the opportunity for which Pétain was so well prepared with his scientific knowledge and his exceptional qualities of leadership did not come until Verdun.

It was Verdun that made Pétain — a battle based on science and marvelously thought out. He left nothing to chance. No detail was too small to be overlooked by him. Not only did he instruct his officers what to do in the first, the second, even the third instance, but he had a way of dropping in unexpectedly to see how his instructions were being carried out. He often paid visits to his officers in the front line trenches, recklessly exposing himself to the enemy fire.

He would rush to and fro from the trenches in an automobile at breakneck speed, for speed was one of the things he particularly believed in. During one part of the battle he is reported to have used up twelve chauffeurs in as many weeks. One of them said: "I don't mind taking my chances of being killed in the trenches, but to drive for General Pétain is to ask for death."

He is not a comrade with his men, as is General Joffre, but "they trust him," as an officer once said "because he sees so clearly."

Like many great generals, he is plain. To meet him walking in the street of some cantonment, dressed in a soldier's top-coat, one might easily mistake him for one of his own poilus, except that he is near

always alone. He goes silently about his work with never a trace of emotion. He is careful. That is why his men trust him so much. And he is daring. That is why they admire him so greatly.

Picture a body of troops on the march. They have just come from the trenches of Verdun and are on their way to their rest billets. But it is a long way, they are tired, their packs are heavy, and they march with dry throats. In the distance they see an automobile approaching at full speed.

"A general staff car," someone remarks. "It is going to bury us in dust." And all eyes look resentfully toward it. Suddenly it slows down, almost to the pace of the marching column, and the men just have time to recognize its occupant, when it turns around and rapidly disappears down the road over which it came. Pétain, having cast a brief glance at these troops, for what purpose no one knows, is returning to his maps. But they, tired as they are, straighten up to the last man and stand at salute. It is a mere incident, but it shows the relation between Pétain and his men.

When the battle of Verdun at last came to an end in August of 1917 and the armies of the Crown Prince had been driven far to the north, a simple ceremony to commemorate the victory took place in the Place d'Armes, the same square which was to have been the scene of surrender. The people of Verdun now came back to pay their respects to the man "who had wrested the victory from the Germans," and to the

army whose heroism had upheld the courage of th nation.

On May 15th General Pétain had been made com mander-in-chief of the French armies, but now th government conferred on him and on the troops whic had won the final advance its highest gift, the cros of the Legion of Honor.

Before President Poincaré and General Pétain a the regiments of that last victory passed in revie Rain fell in torrents, but it only served to make th ceremony more impressive. With the band playin the Marseillaise, and the tattered regimental flag caught up by the wind and borne proudly unfurle above the heads of the mud-covered men, it seeme not the army alone but the spirit of France that passe in review. France had endured. France would en dure until the end. That was the message she sen through President Poincaré to General Pétain and t his officers and men.

"Count on me," she said, "as I count on you an on your soldiers. Together we shall fight to the fina victory. Together we shall work to establish on in destructible foundations the reign of peace and th sovereignty of God."

This ceremony marked the end of a great chapte of the war; the occasion itself was to mark the begi ning of another. Standing beside General Pétai President Poincaré, and the government officials wa a group of American officers. The French peop greeted them with a cry of "Long live America

hen they recognized General Pershing and his staff. our months before, America had come into the war, ut it was not merely because she was now the ally f France that General Pershing had been invited to e present at this ceremony, but because America had nared in the battle of Verdun itself.

At the outbreak of the war many American boys ad left their homes and colleges to offer their serv-es to France. They had driven ambulances and rucks for five cents a day. They had fought with ne Foreign Legion in some of the most severe engage-nents. They had formed and maintained the Lafay-te Escadrille. Some had been killed, many had een wounded, and many stood now in the ranks of ne regiments honored for bravery. Compared with ne vast armies engaged in this great battle, their umber was very small, but it is a fact of which Amer-a must always be proud that Americans were among nose who "barred the road to Verdun to the Ger-ans."

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The withdrawal of Russia from the war in 1916 ad released the German armies of the eastern ront, and General Pétain saw clearly the numbers ne Allies some day would have to face. His fore-ght was again to save France. For fifteen months e worked constantly at building up his reserves. In ne spring of 1918, when the German drive came, it as Pétain's reserves that held the line, and it was ith Pétain's reserves that Foch struck back in July.

Though Marshal Foch commanded the Allied armies, Pétain remained commander-in-chief of the French armies until the end of the war.

On the 11th of November, 1918, an armistice, or temporary truce, was signed. Among other things it provided that the French should occupy Alsace and Lorraine. Probably no other condition of peace was so dear to the hearts of the French people as this, that the lost provinces should be returned to them. And as for the people of Alsace and Lorraine, since 1871 they had never ceased to hope for the day when they would be French again. During the war they had suffered cruelly for their sympathy with the cause of France. Fined, imprisoned, tortured, many of them killed, they had borne their trials with courage and patience, never doubting the final victory. And now the French army under General Pétain was marching toward Metz, the capital city of Lorraine.

It was the afternoon of the 19th of November. For days Metz had been in a tumult of excitement and preparation. The French flag, resurrected from its long concealment, flew again over the houses and the public buildings. The signs of shops and even some of the names of the proprietors had changed almost over night from German to French. French newspapers and magazines appeared suddenly on the newsstands as if by magic. Everyone wore the tricolor, everyone smiled. It was the happiest day Metz had known in nearly fifty years.

The streets and squares were crowded with people

They had waited since morning, eagerly expectant, talking of nothing but of what the day was to bring. Airplanes circling overhead, swooped down now and then and dropped hundreds of tiny French flags. Then, above the noisy droning of the planes, there came from the distance the sound of trumpets and—people could hardly believe their ears—the Marche Lorraine!

In a few minutes the army was in sight, long lines of men in strange uniforms of gray-blue, first the cavalry, then General Pétain with his officers, then the infantry and artillery with their battle pennants.

General Pétain rode a white horse. He had, on that very day, been made a Marshal of France. With General Joffre and General Foch he now ranked highest in the army. As he rode into the square before the cathedral, a shout went up that drowned even the noise of the airplanes and the sound of the marching army. "Vive Pétain! Vive la France!" It came from the heart, this welcome of Lorraine. Before a statue of Marshal Ney, a French general under Napoleon, Pétain reviewed his troops, surrounded by his officers. The crowds surged forward, breaking the lines. Everyone wanted to see Pétain.

Then, as the troops marched by, each regiment with its battle flags, the people forgot Pétain for the moment to cheer the men who had won back their liberties. For two hours the lines moved endlessly on, through the cathedral square, up the street to the barracks which the Germans had so recently left.

Nor did the celebration end when the city had been occupied by the army. At night fireworks and star shells, sent up from the French lines, continually flashed the message of victory against the dark sky while processions of young people paraded the streets singing French songs and pausing now and then to shout again the words which had given them the courage to endure, "Vive la France!" Joyousness had returned to the old city of Metz, for Lorraine was French again.

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III. MARSHAL FOCH

On the 2d of October, 1851, the boy who was to become the commander-in-chief of the greatest army of the world, was born in the old city of Tarbes in southern France. He was born into a family that had already won military honors, for his grandfather Dupré had served under Napoleon and had been decorated by him.

There were four children in the Foch family, three boys and a girl. Ferdinand was the second son. His father was the general secretary of the Department of the High Pyrenees, of which Tarbes was the chief city.

Ferdinand did not go to school until he was eleven years old, but was taught at home. A part of his education had to do with the wars in which his grandfather had fought. He knew all the stories of the campaigns and Napoleon became his great hero. When he was twelve, he decided that he would read the entire history of Napoleon's empire. There were several volumes, and politics made rather dull reading, but the stories of the battles made up for the dull parts.

In the two years that he attended school at Tarbes he made no unusual record of any kind. He had a good head for mathematics, and once he won an "hon-

orable mention" for religious knowledge, Latin, history, and geography, but he took no prizes for scholarship.

The holidays of the Foch children were often spent at the home of their paternal grandfather. Grandfather Foch was a man of some wealth and had built himself a substantial house in Valentine, a village in the foothills of the Pyrenees.

On one of the hills not far from the house was a chapel to which people from all the country around came on pilgrimages. Ferdinand's favorite walk was to this place. From the top of the hill could be seen upon one side the wide valley of the Garonne River, and upon the other the great white peaks of the Pyrenees. These holidays came to an end, however, when Ferdinand was thirteen, for that year his father moved away from Tarbes.

At sixteen he entered the college of St. Michel in the village of St. Étienne, near Lyons, where the Foch family was then living. Two years later, when he passed his final examintions at St. Michel, his general education was finished. He had now to decide what he wanted to do and begin special studies for his career.

His mind was already made up. Like his grandfather Dupré, he would become an officer. In Metz there was a preparatory school. This was in the days before the Franco-Prussian war, when Metz was a city of France. Ferdinand was in his nineteenth year when he journeyed to Metz and en

ered St. Clément's, and it was the first time he had ever attended school away from home.

The first year passed uneventfully and, when the summer holidays came, he went home to St. Étienne, expecting to return for the opening of the new term in August. But on the 19th of July, 1870, came the war, which ended the studies of so many French boys that summer. In August, when St. Clément's should have opened, it was serving as a military hospital and the Germans were marching on Paris.

Ferdinand remained at home until September, when he was accepted as a private in the army. For the next four months he worked hard at drilling, but he did not get any nearer to the war than the barracks of his home town.

In January of 1871 the war ended, and the following month found Ferdinand back at St. Clément's, but what changes the war had made! When he had left six months before, the tricolor of France had waved from the old fortress; now it was the German flag. Arriving at school, he found German sentries on guard at the door. German soldiers were quartered in the college. They were a part of the army of occupation which remained on French soil until the last penny of the indemnity was paid.

For six months, while he studied to become a French officer, Ferdinand shared quarters with the German army. And the next summer, when he went to Nancy to take his examinations, he found the Germans there also.

Nancy was the headquarters of the German First Army Corps, and the commanding general took delight in ordering the band to parade through the city and play military retreats as a daily reminder to the inhabitants that France had been defeated. Ferdinand wrote his examinations to the sound of this music and he never forgot it.

Forty-two years later he returned to Nancy to take command of the 20th Corps of Lorraine. The city was gaily decorated for the occasion. The tricolor flew from every house. If any of the inhabitants remained who had lived through the days of German occupation, they had probably forgotten all about the German general's music to which they had listened nearly half a century ago.

But Ferdinand Foch had not forgotten. His first act upon taking command was to order out the bands of six regiments to play the most stirring marches of victory. Into every corner of the city his bands went. As night came on flaring torches lighted their way, and the people followed, cheering and shouting, "Vive la France!" It was a revelry of music and patriotism that many will never forget.

In November of 1871 Ferdinand went to Paris to enter the École Polytechnique. In ordinary times this would have been a happy event, but the days following the war were some of the saddest in the history of the school.

After the signing of peace with Germany, France was torn by civil war. The poor people, who had suf

fered most from the war and who could obtain neither food nor work in the days which immediately followed, set up a new government in Paris, called the Commune. It lasted nearly two months, when the national troops took the city. Then followed a week of terrible fighting, in which shells fell upon the École Polytechnique, where the Communists had taken refuge. Finally, when the school was captured, the Communists were seized and lined up before a firing squad in the boys' recreation court.

All of these things had happened before Ferdinand Foch came to Paris, but the evidence still remained. Until the damaged buildings could be repaired, the boys were obliged to seek quarters elsewhere. The war had also left its effect upon the boys themselves. Not a single festivity of any kind was held at the school during all that year because "no one had any heart for amusements."

One of Foch's comrades at this time was Joseph Joffre. For nearly a year these two were students together at the Polytechnique. Joffre graduated in September of 1872 and went to the School of Applied Artillery at Fontainebleau. Six months later Foch followed him. He was one of the students of high standing who had been given a commission before his course was finished because the new army was in great need of officers.

He finished third in his class at the School of Applied Artillery and then returned, a lieutenant, to the garrison at Tarbes. Why had he chosen Tarbes, his

friends asked? His family no longer lived there and Tarbes could not possibly offer any advancement to a young officer.

It was characteristic of Foch, however, that he knew what he wanted. He had just graduated from a school of artillery. Later on he meant to enter a cavalry school, but for the present he would get what cavalry practice he could in the garrison which afforded the finest horses in France, for the country around Tarbes is famous for its Arabian horses. Having decided to become a general staff officer, one who would help to plan for the defense of the nation he would need to understand all branches of the service.

After two years at Tarbes, he entered a cavalry school and from there passed to the 10th regiment of artillery at Rennes in Brittany. He was twenty-seven years old now and a captain.

Brittany was to become his new home. Near the city of Morlaix he purchased an estate. The house—an old manor house of gray stone—looks across a sunny meadow to a fine woodland. It was the woodland, above all, which had attracted Foch, for he loves trees. All his life he has studied them; next to war he knows more about them than anything else. His chief pleasure is to ride through his forests seeing what improvements he can make, and now that the war is over, he desires only to return to Brittany and plant more trees.

At home he does not use a motor car; he prefers his

horses. A favorite, named Croesus, is nearly always with him. It is one of the fine Arabian horses from the country near Tarbes.

Although Foch was a captain when he went to Brittany and had spent many years at school, he had not yet reached the goal he had set for himself, and he began to study now to prepare himself to enter the Superior War School at Paris. This school prepares officers for the High Command.

He finished his course at the Superior War School fourth on the lists. He had made a record, both as a student and an officer, a record which was to lead, eventually, to his being recalled to the War School as Professor of History and Tactics. Foch was forty-four when he returned to Paris to take up this work, and it is as a teacher that his career really begins.

The professorship which he held was counted the most important one in the training of officers. Students always looked forward to the course in Tactics, and when Lieutenant Colonel Foch was announced as the new instructor, they were impatient to see and hear him.

They were not disappointed. Young officers who attended his classes never forgot him. He was a small man, so slender that he appeared almost frail, but no one doubted his energy who heard him speak. He must have talked to officers in his classes much as he talked to them at headquarters. "Have you a clear idea in your head? No? Then go away and form one." Exactness he demanded first and last.

During the years that he was connected with the Superior War School, both as a professor and, later, as its head, he trained many hundreds of officers. When the war came, nearly all of these officers held high positions. Thus, while Joffre was organizing and equipping the new army, Foch was furnishing it with brains. This was his great work up to August, 1914.

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So little did France expect a war in the summer of 1914 that, on the 18th of July, Foch asked for a leave of absence to visit his home in Brittany. He was a man of sixty-three at this time, commanding general of the 20th Corps, with headquarters at Nancy.

He had looked forward to his holiday particularly, for there was to be a family reunion. His grandchildren, with whom he loved to play, would be there. There would be rides through the forests and excursions to the sea, while the business of conducting manœuvers was forgotten. His two sons-in-law, both captains in the army, had been granted leave at the same time. The only disappointment was that his son, Lieutenant Germain Foch, must remain with his regiment. It was the last time the Foch family was to come together. The war was soon to take the son and one of the sons-in-law.

While General Foch was enjoying his holiday, not knowing what was to come, Germans from all over France were flocking home to join the army. On July 25th 12,000 Germans left the city of Nancy alone,

having completed all the preparations for war which the German government had entrusted to them. During the month of July they had been very busy in Nancy. They had visited all the public buildings and many private homes, especially those with high roofs, offering to install a wireless system at the very cheap price of $34.00. It would be so interesting, they said, to get the exact time every day from the Eiffel Tower.

On July 26th a telegram recalled General Foch to Nancy to prepare for the defense of the city. By the last of the month the German plan was clear. It was to send troops through Belgium and through Alsace to encircle the French army. That it did not succeed was due to the French right wing, of which the 20th Corps was a part.

"The best means of defense is to attack," said Foch. Therefore, with an advance guard of the 20th Corps, he left Nancy on the 15th of August and marched into Germany. When the men reached the frontier, they dug up the red, white, and black posts that marked the boundary and crossed the line, singing the Marseillaise.

The fighting which followed lasted from the 19th to the 26th of August and ended in a German retreat. This was not included in the plan and considerably upset the schedule. Every effort was made to keep it a secret from the people and from the German armies in Belgium. In the end, however, the French army of Lorraine was obliged to fall back to keep its

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unity with the armies of the center and left, which were retreating toward the Marne.

On the 29th of August, while General Foch was watching one of his regiments attack a German outpost, he received an order to hand over the command of the 20th Corps to another general and come to Châlons-on-the-Marne to consult with General Joffre.

Arriving at Châlons, he found that he was to have command of the Ninth Army, a new army which Joffre was then forming.

The Ninth Army was "new" only in name. Most of the units had been taken from other points in the line. Everything was in confusion. Some of the officers did not know where their units were. The men had been fighting and retreating for days and were worn out. The only roads over which troops could be moved were crowded with refugees fleeing from the invaded districts.

On the third day after he had taken command, General Foch was told in a telegram from Joffre that the New Ninth Army, this tired, disorganized army, would occupy the position of honor in the coming battle, the center, against which the Germans were to throw their full strength.

On a line that ran from the village of Charleville twenty-five miles in a southeasterly direction to the village of Sommesous, the Ninth Army took up its position. For eleven miles along the western end the line bordered upon the marshes of Saint Gond. Once a lake, much of this marsh land had been drained and

turned into pasture, but there still remained wide stretches of marsh, "with shallow pools and thickets of brown rushes."

The Saint Gond marshes, which were to become a part of the battleground of the Marne, were known quite as well to the Germans as to the French. For years the Germans had been visiting them under one pretext or another. Sometimes they came to hunt wild ducks. Sometimes they traveled through the country selling fertilizers to the farmers. A few had settled in the villages and remained as cheesemakers and shepherds. Every foot of ground had been carefully examined and mapped.

On the morning of the 5th of September, villagers saw the French army retreating toward the south. In the afternoon they saw it returning, saw the men dragging batteries up the slopes of the hills that bordered the southern edge of the marshes. Soon whole divisions poured into the towns, traveling northwest. About four o'clock the batteries on the hills opened fire; then, from somewhere to the northwest, German shells began to fall on the villages. There was not much fighting, however, and by evening all was quiet again. The only sound was the cry of wild ducks among the rushes.

At six o'clock the next morning, Sunday, September 6th, General Foch established his headquarters in a chateau near the village of Pleurs. Along the front everything was still quiet.

It was some time between seven and eight o'clock

that, suddenly, a great roar broke the silence. Smoke clouds began to roll across the marshes and flashes of flame streaked the sky. The army had just received Joffre's order to attack and every battery had opened fire.

The 77th regiment, holding the southern border of Saint Gond, now pushed forward, only to be driven back by the Germans into the hills still farther to the south. What happened to this regiment had happened to other units all along the line. On the evening of the first day of battle the Ninth Army had everywhere retreated.

Looking toward the marshes that night, the men of the 77th saw one of the border villages in flames and black shadows moving around it. The Germans were dancing to celebrate the victory that had turned a French attack into a retreat.

The night was intensely hot and the men suffered from thirst. They were to suffer still more, for this was only the beginning of the battle. Hunger, too, was to be added to their misery. For three days they tasted no food except the raw beets which they found in the fields.

The next day, September 7th, the German attack was stronger. Foch's army, from the beginning, had been outnumbered. He had against him some of the best German divisions, the Saxons and the Prussian Guards, for the German plan was to break the French line here at the center.

However, the line held that day and even advanced

a little, but so strong was the German attack that it led Foch to remark: "They are trying to throw us back with such fury that I'm sure things are going badly for them elsewhere, and they are seeking compensation."

He was right. North of Paris things were going badly. Von Kluck was retreating.

It was the following day, September 8th, that disaster befell the Ninth Army. At three o'clock in the morning the Saxons rose out of the darkness and attacked the French with such fury that the whole line was driven back. At nine o'clock they stormed the village of Sommesous and broke through. The situation was so serious that General Foch left headquarters and went to the battle front. There he found everything in confusion. Regiments were badly confused. Many of the men did not know where they belonged. Guns and trucks were hurrying toward the rear, troops were falling back along every road amidst the crowds of villagers who had been driven from their homes by the attack. Officers everywhere were trying to rally their men.

General Foch rode up to a Breton regiment just as it was preparing to make a stand. He knew the Bretons — they were men from his own province. Pointing toward the Germans, he said: "My boys, you must kill those fellows to hold them back."

"We will, my general," was the cheery reply.

By eleven o'clock, however, the Germans were in Fère Champenoise, the largest village in the battle

area, and the right wing of the Ninth Army had fallen back four miles. This made it necessary for the center to fall back to keep in touch with the divisions that were retreating. The German thrust had also endangered Foch's headquarters, and he was obliged to move in the midst of battle to the village of Plancy, seven miles to the south.

He knew what the Germans were trying to do. They had found the weak spot in his line and were throwing all their strength against it. If they could break through, they could yet roll up the whole western half of the Allied army and win a decisive victory. Therefore they must not be allowed to break through, said Foch. The right wing must be supported. But with what? He had no reserves. Every man was engaged.

It was at this moment, with the defeat of the nation facing him, that he sent his famous message to Joffre. "My center is giving way. My right is retreating. The situation is excellent. I shall attack."

Attack! Could an outnumbered and retreating army attack? The Germans were driving the French before them, as one writer has said, "like dead leaves before the wind."

Serious as the situation was, however, this drive gave General Foch an opportunity, for, while the Germans pressed the French back on the eastern half of the battle line, on the western half they had not been able to make any gains. Foch reasoned that the point where the two halves joined might be weakly guarded.

If only he had men to throw against this weak point he might yet save the battle. There was but one way of getting men; that was to take them from some other point of the line which was still holding. The success of the plan depended on keeping any knowledge of the movement of troops from the enemy. The risk was very great, but General Foch decided to take it.

He sent an order to General Grosetti, commanding the 42d division, the best division in the line, to retire from his position and march to the village of Pleurs, where he would receive new orders. It was ten o'clock of the night of September 8th when the officer whom Foch had sent woke General Grosetti "from his sleep in the straw" in a wretched farm building, and delivered the message. The general was astonished at the order but prepared at once to carry it out.

The troops also were astonished, nor did they like being taken out of the line, for, until then, the 42d division had won most of the local victories of the battle. Why had they been ordered out and where were they being sent? Was the whole army retreating?

The day of disaster had ended in torrents of rain, but, notwithstanding the rain, villages were burning everywhere. When morning came the sky was still reddened from the fires.

At daybreak of September 9th the German attacks began again, and once more Foch's right wing fell back. The battle was at the crisis.

"Hold on till midday," word went to the 77th,

which was still in action, "till the 42d division arrives at Pleurs, and the battle is won."

But at midday the 42d had not arrived. Two o'clock came and still there was no 42d. What had happened? Had General Grosetti made a mistake and gone to some other place? Foch sent messenger after messenger. No word came. The suspense was telling on everybody except General Foch. He was undisturbed. At the same time that he was despatching messengers after his lost division, he was sending word to his defeated right that everything was going splendidly.

It was four-thirty in the afternoon when the 42d was seen to sweep down the slopes toward Pleurs, the sun's last rays falling upon the head of General Grosetti as he rode at the head of his troops. To the tired and anxious army in the valley below, its appearance was like a vision of victory. From that moment they believed the battle won.

The call to arms sounded and the men, too overjoyed now to remember their weariness, prepared to advance. So many officers had been killed that many companies were commanded by sergeants and whole regiments went into battle without superior officers.

At six o'clock that evening Foch gave the order for the attack. What the outcome would be he could not know for several hours. Having given the order, he took one of his staff officers with him and went for a walk. On the walk he did not once speak of the war.

The day before, it will be remembered, the Prussian Guards had entered Fère Champenoise. Believing the battle won, they had proceeded at once to make merry. That afternoon and all the next day they held a fair. On the afternoon of September 9th, at the moment when the 42d division was about to hurl itself on the German flank, the merrymaking was at its height. A piano had been carried into the street and set up before the hotel, and benches and ammunition wagons made seats for the audience. "Officers lolled in basket chairs on the pavement, smoking and drinking. Sword belts were unbuckled, haversacks thrown in heaps, rifles stacked against the wall." [1]

The war was forgotten. All afternoon the singing and dancing went on. But the victory which was being celebrated was not yet won, and at five o'clock a mounted officer came galloping into town, shouting an order as he passed. It was the order to retreat; the 42d division had been sighted by an airplane, and the Germans were trying to get away before disaster should befall them.

The men snatched kits and rifles and were soon on the road. The retreat was conducted in good order. By six o'clock scarcely a German was left in Fère Champenoise. At nine the next morning the French entered the town. The tide of battle and of the war had turned.

[1] *General Foch at the Marne*, Charles Le Goffic.

Following the battle of the Marne, General Foch remained in Châlons until he was ordered north to Ypres in Belgium, where the Germans were preparing to take the channel cities of northern France.[1] Ypres was a battle in which all the Allies took part. On the northern end of the battle line, the Belgians were fighting for the little strip of country that still remained in their hands. The British held the center, while French divisions were scattered all along the line, a little "French cement," as General Foch remarked, "to stop up any holes the Germans might make."

On the afternoon of October 4th General Foch received a telegram from Joffre, asking him to start at once for Belgium, and at ten that night he left Châlons by automobile. After spending three weeks with the French armies of the North, on the 24th of October he established his headquarters at Cassel, a little town situated on the top of a hill which overlooks all the plain of Flanders. Cassel is about eighteen miles south and west of Ypres.

His office was in the old Town Hall, and here he spent the most of his time at work over his maps, a telephone at his side. Often he worked far into the night. He lived very simply in a house near by, and took his exercise in walking about the town, nearly always alone.

The great battle for the channel cities had already begun when General Foch arrived at Cassel. On the

[1] For the British part in the First Battle of Ypres, see the biography of General Haig.

20th of October the Germans had struck at the northern end of the line, which the Belgians held in front of the city of Dixmude. They struck so hard that the Belgians were obliged to use the last of their reserves. They could do no more. All the soil of Belgium except the tiny strip on which the Belgian army was now fighting was in German hands. What it meant to the Belgians to hold this strip no one understood better than General Foch. He went at once to the Belgian front.

"You must hold," he said to the general staff, "you must hold, at whatever cost. I will send you my 42d division."

Then, seeing a map lying on the table, he traced a line across it.

"There you are," he added. "There is the line on which you can hold, the line of the railway from Nieuport to Dixmude. I don't know how much good it is but it's an embankment. With a little water in front of it you are masters of the situation."

The idea had come to him while he was speaking. Was there no way of flooding the plain? The Belgian officers, who, a few moments before, had despaired of saving their little corner of Belgium, now forgot all their troubles. They remembered that the plan of inundating the plain of Flanders had already been studied. The maps and papers must still be in existence.

Three days later Belgian engineers, working under fire, had filled in all of the openings in the embank-

ment, and in four days more the flood gates were opened. The water, rising over the plain, flooded the German guns. Without the artillery the infantry could no longer hold its position. The Belgian army and the little strip of Belgian territory had been saved.

Checked in their effort to break through at Dixmude, the Germans next turned their attention to the British line before Ypres. Here again they met General Foch.

October 29th, the first day of that furious attack upon the British, found Foch at his headquarters in Cassel. In the evening the reports of the day's fighting began to come in. They were very unfavorable and Foch remained in his office late, thinking out ways of meeting the new danger. He knew that on this day the battle was only beginning, that the strongest attacks were yet to come. Having thought the problem out, he sent for his motor car about midnight and started for the city of St. Omer, where Marshal French, commander-in-chief of the British army, had his headquarters. He arrived a little before one. Marshal French had gone to bed and had to be wakened.

"Marshal, is your line broken?" were General Foch's first words.

"Yes," replied Marshal French.

"Have you any reserves?"

"None whatever."

"Very well then," said Foch. "I give you mine. The hole must be stopped at once. If we let our line

be pierced at a single point we are lost, because of the mass attacks of our enemy. I have eight battalions of the 32d division which Joffre is sending me. Take them and go forward."

Marshal French rose and gripped General Foch's hand. "Thanks," he said, "you are giving me splen did help."

The two generals then worked out a plan for the next day. By two o'clock all orders had been tele graphed and before daybreak the first trains bearing Foch's reserves had arrived behind the Ypres line, and the men were on their way to the front.

. . . . . .

In the spring of 1916 General Foch narrowly escaped being killed, not in battle as might be expected but in an automobile accident. It was the time when the British and the French were preparing for their joint offensive — the battle of the Somme. Foch was returning from a conference at the headquarters of the central French armies, and was driving along the river Marne near the city of Meaux.

"Suddenly a woman with a child in her arms, not noticing the near approach of the car, stepped out to cross the road in front of it. The chauffeur, to avoid running over her, put on the brake sharply and pushed round the steering wheel. The car skidded and crashed into one of the roadside trees. Foch was hurt about the head, happily not very seriously, but seriously enough to be taken to the hospital at Meaux, where he was under the anxious care of the doctors for some days."[1]

[1] *Marshal Ferdinand Foch*, A. Hilliard Atteridge.

At the time no mention was made of the accident in the newspapers, lest it create a feeling of anxiety throughout France, such was the confidence of both the army and the French people in General Foch. President Poincaré and General Joffre, however, quietly slipped away from Paris and paid a visit to the hospital at Meaux to make sure that this chief on whom so much depended was not seriously hurt.

By the middle of June General Foch was at work again, preparing with General Haig for the great battle of July 1st. Of that twenty-five mile battle line from Albert to St. Quentin, the British held the northern half, the French, under General Foch, the southern. The many operations known as the battle of the Somme were to continue into the first months of 1917, but by the end of September, 1916, General Foch had been transferred to other work.

He was sixty-five years old now, the age at which generals in the French army are placed on the retired list, but at such a time France could not possibly do without Foch. Therefore, he was to remain "without limit of age" as long as his services should be needed.

His new work was of a different kind from commanding armies in the field. He was one of several officers of high rank chosen to make a special study of the military problems that might have to be met during the months to come.

A year later, in the summer of 1917, General Foch's work came to light quite unexpectedly. That sum-

mer the Austrians broke through the Italian lines and poured into the Venetian plain, taking thousands of guns and hundreds of thousands of prisoners. It was for just such a crisis as this that General Foch had prepared. Plans for sending French and British troops to the aid of the Italians had been made months before and, when the emergency came, the troops were immediately dispatched. General Foch himself went. In every crisis, with the exception of Verdun, he was to be found somewhere behind the lines, putting obstacles in the way of the Germans. When defeat seemed certain his mind could always think of a way out. Misfortunes were never too great to shake his confidence in victory.

After the war ended a friend once spoke to him of the glory his services had brought him.

"Glory?" said Foch. "Never use that word to me. I have done my work as a soldier, but I deserve no more glory for it than if I had been a civilian and done my work as a civilian well."

. . . . . .

On Thursday, the 21st of March, 1918, the Germans began their great drive which they called the "Emperor's Battle," or the "battle of Peace," since it was to end the war. A half million men were hurled against the British that morning and there were waiting behind the lines as many more to take the places of those who fell.

Day after day the Allies were forced back, across the battlefields of the Somme, whose capture had cost

so many months and so many lives. The situation was so grave that, on March 26th, five days after the battle began, a conference of statesmen and military leaders was held, and it was decided to place all of the Allied armies under one command. General Foch was the man chosen to be the commander-in-chief of this great army.

Never before had a general commanded an army such as this. Including both the armies in the field and those in reserve, it numbered eleven million men.

From that time the war became a great game between General Foch and the German commander-in-chief, General Ludendorff, to see which could keep the largest number of reserves for the final victory. The German plan was to strike so hard that the Allies would have to use all of their men in defense, while General Foch's plan was to let the Germans strike as hard as they would, since the losses of the attacking army are always higher than those of an army of defense.

Through April, May, and June the fighting went on. These were months of deepest anxiety to the Allied peoples, who did not know any more than the Germans knew the secret number of Foch's reserves. When would the Allies strike back? Why did they always fight outnumbered? Had they already used their reserves?

General Foch alone was unmoved. To all these questions he merely replied that everything was going very well. Perhaps, after a time, it would go better.

The Germans were of the opinion that General Foch's reserves were gone. They did not believe that England had any more men, and they laughed at the idea of America's sending help across three thousand miles of ocean. They continued to push on, therefore, though the cost of their gains grew higher with each effort. By the end of June they had carved out a slice of territory one hundred fifty miles long and forty miles wide at the widest point. One last drive, they reasoned, and Paris and victory would be theirs.

They began this last drive at a little past midnight on the night of July 14th. They had chosen the time most carefully. July 14th was the national holiday of France, and a great many troops would have gone to Paris to celebrate. They would strike at a moment when the French were off guard.

But it happened that on the night of July 14th General Foch sat in his office, his watch in his hand, waiting for the boom of the first gun to announce that the battle had begun. Through prisoners and spies he had learned of the latest German plan and the precise hour at which it was to be carried out. When, in the darkness of early morning, they hurled themselves on the French, they discovered that they had struck against a stone wall. In two or three places a few Germans managed to get across the river Marne, where they met the Americans and were promptly driven back.

At the apex of the triangle of territory which the Germans had gained was the city of Château Thierry

One side of the triangle ran eastward to the city of Rheims and it was along this line that the Germans had attacked. Another side ran north from Château Thierry to Soissons, and here something of great importance was about to happen. All the while that the Germans had been preparing to advance on Paris, General Foch only waited for the time when they should make the attempt in order to strike back.

Behind the line from Château Thierry to Soissons were dense forests, which afforded a splendid screen from German airmen, and here General Foch had massed his army. To surprise the enemy was part of his plan and his secret was well kept. Not until 9 P.M. on the night of the 17th was the order sent out to junior officers to advance at dawn the next day.

In most battles of the war an attack had been preceded by hours of artillery bombardment, but this was also a warning to the enemy that an attack might be expected. General Foch had no intention of informing the Germans of what was about to take place. Just before daybreak on the morning of July 18th, says a writer of the *London Times*, "not a sound was to be heard from the forest, though it was teeming with men and guns. And then, suddenly, at the appointed moment, as day broke, there was one roar from all the guns, and the whole front broke into activity as the men and tanks dashed forward to the attack."

General Foch had not expected to drive the enemy from France before the spring of 1919, but, as the

weeks passed and victory followed victory, it became clear that the attack of July 18th was to carry the Allies to the Rhine.

"When did you know that you had won the final victory?" a newspaper correspondent afterwards asked General Foch.

"At the end of August," said Foch. "I did not know then when the Germans would give in, but I knew that our advance could not be stopped until they were finally defeated. Our offensive had become general. It began on July 18th on the Marne. Terrible fighting that. The Germans exhausted their reserves. That had gone well. Then came the attack in the Amiens sector on August 8th. That went well, too. The moment had arrived. I ordered General Humbert to attack in his turn. No reserves! No matter. Go ahead! I told General Haig to attack, too. He was also short of men. Attack all the same. There we are, advancing everywhere — the whole line."

By November the Allies had retaken nearly all of France and more than half of Belgium, and the Germans, lacking food, ammunition, and men, knew that they must surrender or suffer the invasion of Germany. The last effort, which was to have been the Emperor's victory, had ended in defeat. At home the dissatisfaction of the people over their enormous losses and the hardships they had had to bear was pointing more and more toward a revolution. Consequently, on November 6th, the German governmen

announced that it would send delegates to meet Foch — now Marshal Foch — who would present the Allies' terms for an armistice or temporary truce.

From the German general headquarters in the little city of Spa, Belgium, the peace mission set out on the following day. Ten men composed the party. They traveled in automobiles, which bore white flags and were preceded by a trumpeter, lest they be mistaken by their own gunners.

At Capelle they met French officers, who blindfolded them and conducted them through the French lines to the railway station of Rethondes, where Foch received them in the railway car which then served as his headquarters.

The leader of the German party, speaking in French, requested Marshal Foch to read the terms of the armistice.

The terms, which were severe, were designed to prevent Germany from renewing the war. Foch read them slowly, in a stern voice, making each word clear. When he had finished, the Germans asked that the fighting might end at once. This request Foch refused. They then asked permission to send the terms by a courier to the German headquarters at Spa, and this request was granted.

Meanwhile what was happening in Germany? On the same day that the peace delegates received the terms of the armistice, crowds were marching through the streets of several German cities, carrying red flags and shouting, "Long live the Revolution!" The day

before there had been mutiny on one of the Kaiser's ships, and on November 8th practically the entire navy was seized by the revolutionists.

November 9th brought the abdication of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince and the news of their flight into Holland. On the 10th occurred the event so long feared by the old government — the revolution. In Berlin that day thousands of laborers, soldiers, and sailors crowded the square in front of the government building to hear the Emperor's abdication read. Then, marching to his palace, they tore down the flag of the Empire and hoisted the red flag of the revolution in its place.

These were the events which, occurring between the time that the German peace delegates left Spa and the arrival of the courier, hastened the signing of the armistice.

On the morning of the 11th of November, Marshal Foch telegraphed his soldiers that the war had come to an end.

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IV. LORD KITCHENER

The Kitcheners were an English family living on a farm in Kerry County, Ireland, when their son Herbert was born on June 24, 1850. He was the second of five children. A few months after his birth his father purchased the Crotto estate, and Crotto House, an old Irish manor house, became the home of the Kitcheners for the next several years.

Herbert's father, an excellent farmer and business man, was more interested in his affairs than in the education of his sons, and the boys were left much to themselves. They lived out of doors and were not at all sorry to have sports take the place of history and Latin exercises.

There were two things which Herbert liked especially to do, to ride horseback and to swim in the ocean. From the house where the Kitcheners lived it was only a short distance to the pebbly beach which broke the line of wild, rugged hills along the southwest coast. Beneath one of the cliffs a great cave had been hollowed out by the swirling of the sea. It had once been used by pirates and smugglers, who had buried treasure there. That was the rumor, anyhow, and boys came from all the neighborhood to hunt for it.

However, treasure did not interest Herbert Kitchener so much. He came to the cave to go swimming. He was one of the best of swimmers, although the Irish boys could beat him when it came to some daring or reckless venture, because he would never take a chance. They teased him a great deal about this, but nothing they said ever troubled him, neither did he care how badly he was beaten. For he knew that, when it came to an emergency, he could do things that they could not.

One day, when he was twelve, he swam a long way out to sea. He did not stop to think how far he had gone until he saw that he was opposite the headland that marks the entrance to the bay. Then, realizing that he would have a long swim back, he turned over on his back to rest. Soon he felt something tugging at his feet and found that he was hopelessly entangled in a floating mass of seaweed, which was slowly carrying him past the headland. It was impossible either to extricate himself or to swim and drag the seaweed after him. He tried both of these things; then he kept still and thought the problem out, and after a time he knew exactly what would happen. He waited very patiently, although he could see that the drifting mass was carrying him farther and farther toward the open sea. Then he heard far off the ripples of the incoming tide, and in a few minutes the tide reached him, loosened the seaweed, and he was free.

Like most English boys, Herbert began to think about his career while he was still very young. His

father was a retired army officer, and he thought he would like to go to Woolwich, the West Point of England. But in order to get into Woolwich one had to study, and he was never very fond of study. In fact he had failed in his examinations at the village school. When his father heard about this he sent for him to talk things over.

"Herbert," he said, "a man must dream, must possess the power of vision to be great; but he must not let his dreaming run away with him. As punishment I shall send you to the neighboring dame school until you learn the value of mastering that which is at hand. Remember always that the practical side has its place as well as dreams. Thoroughness is our motto, you know, lad."

Herbert was silent.

"Another failure," his father went on, "and I shall apprentice you to a hatter."

Still Herbert sat thinking; then he said, "I think it will be Woolwich, sir," and got up and left the room. He never failed again.

With four boys in the house, not only was it hard for Mr. and Mrs. Kitchener to have any peace, but there was the added difficulty of keeping the furniture intact. Year by year the house grew a little shabbier and a little noisier, until finally Mr. Kitchener packed the whole lot of them off to Switzerland to school.

Although Herbert was thirteen at this time, he was still quite undisciplined. When he woke up in the morning, he used to decide what his conduct was to

be for the day. If he decided to be agreeable, all went well; on the other hand no one could give more trouble than he when he set his mind in that direction. He was also backward in his studies. Nevertheless, he must have been thinking all the while of his career, for one day he remarked to his brother, "I mean to get on." He did not talk about what he meant to do; in fact he rarely ever talked. It was clear, however, that in his own mind he had taken a decision.

It was probably thirty years after that remark before the world woke to the fact that he had got on, but during those years he never lost sight of his ambition.

He returned to London, after a few years in Switzerland, to cram for the Woolwich examinations. He was eighteen when he made Woolwich, and he did not stand very high in the lists. He had rather a dull mind. The only thing at which he was good was mathematics; other things came hard. But if his mind was not very brilliant, at least now he had it under the control of his will. He made it do what he wanted it to do, for he was doggedly determined to get on. He went to classes, took notes, and worked hard. He almost never joined with other cadets in sports or games. Athletics did not appeal to him; he had no ambition to win the Woolwich Colors, which most boys thought the highest distinction to be attained at school. He kept largely to himself, sometimes not speaking, even to his friends, for days at a time.

Before he graduated from Woolwich, he was to see active service for the first time. In the summer of 1870 Herbert's family was living in France, and he had only just got home for his vacation when the Franco-Prussian war was declared. He enlisted with the French and fought to the end. It was no spirit of adventure, however, that carried him into the war; it was simply his ambition to get on. When, later, he returned to Woolwich and the commanding general asked him why he had joined the French army, Herbert's answer was, "I thought I should not be wanted for a time and I was anxious to learn something."

What he learned was that the French, with all their sacrifice and splendid courage, were beaten by something called organization, and he never forgot the lesson.

He went home then to finish his studies and to get his commission in the British army, and shortly he received his first appointment, which was to go to Palestine with an archeological expedition. He got this appointment because he knew how to take pictures.

His work in Palestine was mostly to draw maps. It was dull work and he spent four years at it. The government did not require him to learn Arabic, but he had a habit of looking ahead, and he saw that such knowledge would be invaluable to an army officer serving in the East. So once more he forced himself to a difficult task that had no immediate reward attached to it. It happened that things fell out just

the way Kitchener thought they would; at any rate it was his knowledge of Arabic that brought him, in 1882, the work of reorganizing the Egyptian army.

When his brother heard of his appointment he said: "My young brother has just got himself appointed to Egypt; he'll never come out till he's at the top." And this was true. The story of modern Egypt is the story of Kitchener.

Egypt was ruled jointly by Great Britain and the Egyptian government, as it is to-day, but the country had suffered greatly from the mismanagement of the Egyptians. The British government, therefore, sent Kitchener down to reorganize the army and look after things generally.

To the south of Egypt lies the Sudan, a rich country, a third as large as the United States, which formerly had belonged to Egypt; but in 1881 a rebellion had broken out among the native Arabs, called Dervishes. They had overrun the land and now held it. During the occupation of the Dervishes, which lasted from 1881 to 1898, the country underwent the most terrible devastation. Farms were neglected or totally destroyed; people died by the thousands from disease and famine, were killed in war, or were sold as slaves by the Arabs, until only one fourth of the original population remained. When Kitchener was sent to Egypt, Britain had no immediate intention of attempting to reconquer the Sudan, but each year the Dervishes grew more daring and more powerful until, finally, England concluded to act. It was

Kitchener's idea; therefore Kitchener was given the task.

It was a stupendous task. In the first place, a great organization was required to move an army across the desert and insure a constant stream of supplies. Of course it was not nearly so great an undertaking as the organization of the Great War, but in that day such a thing was unheard of.

"First of all, I shall have to build a railroad," Kitchener said, and the War Office sent back word that this was impossible. From Wady Halfa to Abu Hamed, where Kitchener proposed to run his railroad, it was two hundred thirty miles across the burning desert. Locomotives couldn't be run without water, and where could one find water in a desert?

But Kitchener persisted and finally experts were sent to look over the route. They reported it quite impracticable; the thing simply could not be done.

Kitchener listened to their reasons, and, after carefully considering them, ordered that the railroad start at once.

Whenever he drew plans for any undertaking he drew them so carefully that they simply could not fail. He knew where to find water. He sank wells. He sank three before he came to water, but when he did, he found enough to supply all his needs. Then he hunted up all the old discarded steamboats that had ever plied the Nile. These were patched, put into running order, and used to bring in supplies until the railroad was ready.

Kitchener's plan was to send the army ahead and conquer a small piece of territory, which was then turned over to the railroad engineers, while the army moved on to conquer more. Wady Halfa was the starting point. A sleepy Arab town, the terminus of an older railway, it came to life again when Kitchener turned it into a big workshop for his desert line.

At Wady Halfa the railroad left the Nile and started across the desert, and soon a new town rose out of the sandy plains. It was built entirely of tents and was known as Railhead. As the railroad moved, the town moved, with its telegraph office, its station, its canteen, and its stores. Railhead had some 2,500 inhabitants, who rose every morning at three o'clock to meet the incoming train which brought material for the day's work.

At Abu Hamed the railway joined the Nile again and from there followed the river all the way to Khartum. When finally it was finished, Kitchener reported that, in return for the money the government had spent, England had now "seven hundred sixty miles of railways, two thousand miles of telegraph lines, — and the Sudan."

What it meant for each man who shared in the work can be understood only by trying to picture the country — the great stretches of treeless desert, the torrential rains, terrible sandstorms, the intense heat even in winter. The Arabs say of the Sudan: "The soil is like fire and the wind like flame." But no matter what the hardships of climate or the difficulties

under which men worked, Kitchener drove them with the same relentless energy with which he drove himself. The railroad was built at the rate of one to three miles a day, whether men dropped or whether they carried on. He was unmerciful. He accepted no excuses, even though they were reasonable ones. An officer who failed never got a second chance.

There is the story of the young officer who, when called upon to do a certain piece of work, sent back word that he was suffering from sunstroke. "Sunstroke!" said Kitchener. "What does he mean by having sunstroke at a time like this? Send him back to Cairo." Everybody knew that there was not much hope of advancement for a man who was "sent up," even for sickness, so the general under whom the young officer was serving wisely changed the order to 'You had better get over your sunstroke as quickly as you can."

It was by such means as this that Kitchener was successful. Men did things that he asked them to, partly because they respected him, partly because they feared him. Laborers instinctively laid down their tools when he came to inspect their work. Officers were always silent in his presence. There was something hard and unyielding about the man that was felt by everyone who came in contact with him, and this was emphasized by his physical qualities. He was tall and powerfully built, with broad, strong shoulders, and his body bent forward a little from the hips. His face was square and rugged and tanned brick-red by the

African sun. But it was his eyes that people feared. They were as blue and as hard as steel, and one did not look at them any longer than he could help.

One day Kitchener sent for an officer and told him to carry a dispatch to a distant city.

"How long will it take you to do it?" he asked.

"Twelve hours, sir."

Then Kitchener looked at him and in his cold blue eyes the officer read a different estimate.

"You must do it in six," said Kitchener, and the officer did it in five.

Another officer was not so successful. Fearing that the Dervishes might attack the railway and cut off the army's water supply, Kitchener sent a brigade to raid the nearest Dervish camp, one hundred thirty miles across the desert. He then ordered a field telegraph line strung that he might keep in touch with his brigade.

"But how can I put up a line when I have neither appliances nor animals for transportation?" said the officer to whom the order was given.

Kitchener frowned. He had been known to "send officers up" for saying his plans were impossible, but this time he chose to reprimand in a different way. He told the officer to go out and get some donkeys from the next village. To his mind, that much assistance should have been enough.

The next morning, however, the officer reported that he had the donkeys, but that there were no saddles for carrying wire. Kitchener went himself to the

place where the field telegraph outfit had been collected. Beside the donkeys lay the coils of wire. For a moment his eyes were fixed with stern disapproval on the officer, then he picked up a coil of wire, slipped it over a donkey's heels, and walked away without a word.

There was never a word of praise for a man who did better than was expected of him, yet there was the understanding both with officers and men that their chief gave as much as he demanded. He never failed them; that is why they respected him so much. In all his years of service he was relieved from official duty only twice, once when he was wounded in Egypt, and once when he broke his leg in India. For his services in the Sudan he was made a member of the peerage, but it was thirteen years after this before he could find time for the necessary ceremony that would establish his membership in the House of Lords; then he managed it only because he had to change trains in London and found himself burdened with a little spare time.

Yet it is unfair to think of Kitchener as a man made up wholly of driving energy and an iron will. It was only when there was pressing work to be done that he became so hard and exacting. At other times he could show a different side. He was called from his work one day, when he was governor of Egypt, to see an old peasant who had come from somewhere in the back country all the way to Cairo to report that someone had stolen his white mule. Kitchener listened attentively and made note of all the facts in the

case; then, while the old man waited, he sent everybody — clerks, officers, and men — to look for a white mule. Literally the whole machinery of government was stopped until the mule was found, and the old man drove it home, telling everyone he met what an extraordinarily kind person the great Lord Kitchener was.

Khartum, situated at the junction of the Blue and the White Nile, was formerly the capital of the British-Egyptian Sudan, but in 1885 the Dervishes had captured and burned the city, and had taken for their capital the city of Omdurman, across the river.

Before Omdurman Kitchener's army was encamped on the first day of September, 1898, waiting to begin the battle that was to end a campaign of nearly two and a half years. All night the army waited. The men dared not sleep, not knowing what the Dervishes might do.

With the first light of morning the British saw them — a moving line of white figures. They were coming on! "They came very fast," says a correspondent with Kitchener's army,[1] "and they came very straight, and then, presently, they came no farther. With a crash the bullets leaped out of the British rifles."

It was not yet seven o'clock when the battle began. At 11.30 Kitchener, who had commanded, put up his glasses, saying that the enemy had been given a good dusting.

[1] *With Kitchener to Khartoum,* by G. W. Steevens.

Thirty-one thousand Dervishes had fallen. Kitchener's army, in the beginning, had numbered less than 26,000 and his own casualties were light. The battle had been a fury of fighting. The infantry fired until their rifles grew red hot, the lancers thrust until their lances broke as they charged straight into the Dervish lines and went through.

And Kitchener? "In the center," writes a correspondent,[1] "under the red Egyptian flag, careless of the bullets which that conspicuous emblem drew and which inflicted some loss among those around him, rode the Sirdar, stern and sullen, equally unmoved by fear or enthusiasm."

At four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by his staff and a regimental band, he rode into Omdurman. As he approached the city he was met by three Dervishes, who begged him to spare the lives of the people.

Kitchener told them that he would speak with the head man of the town, and shortly an old man, riding a donkey, came to present him the keys to the gates. Prostrating himself in the dust, he repeated the request for mercy. Kitchener spoke to him in Arabic. 'The lives of all who lay down their arms will be spared," he said. At this the old man rose, kissed the hand of the Sirdar, and hurried back to Omdurman to tell the news. In an instant the city, which had appeared deserted, swarmed with people. Pressing around the British, they kissed their garments and

[1] *The River War,* by Winston Churchill.

their boots, and called down all the blessings of Allah on their conquerors.

When the British and Egyptian flags had been run up over Khartum, Kitchener set to work to clean up the city. Then he went home to England to get money for a church and a college, for, he said, "Those who have conquered are now called on to civilize."

Egypt was his great achievement. Although he served in South Africa four years during the Boer War and later seven years in India as commander-in-chief of the Indian armies, neither country offered in the same degree the opportunities for organization and reconstruction that he found in Egypt. It was to Egypt, therefore, that he returned, and there he remained until he was called to the War Office in London in 1914.

He had been home on a furlough that summer and was just starting back to Egypt when a telegram recalled him to serve as England's Minister of War.

It was only then, perhaps, that the English people realized what Kitchener meant to them. They felt the deepest confidence in him. He had never failed them. He would not fail them now. And so he sat down to his task, the biggest task that he had ever undertaken, unhurried and unworried, yet working with all of his old tireless energy, although he was now sixty-four.

With Kitchener in the War Office, England began to breathe freely once more. "It will be only a short war," people said, "and Kitchener will see it through."

LORD KITCHENER

But Kitchener thought differently. "The war will last three years," he said, "and we shall need great armies." No one believed him. Besides, how was England to equip a great army?

While others debated the question, Kitchener went to work. First, he called for 500,000 men. This staggered the nation, and, before it had recovered from the shock, he called for 500,000 more. Bills were posted all over England which read: "Enlist in Kitchener's army. Your king and country need you."

It took months of the hardest kind of training to shape England's new army, and to equip it required an organization so big that many doubted whether it could ever be accomplished. But Kitchener never doubted and, although it was left to another great man, Lloyd George, to work out the details of the organization, it was Kitchener's unyielding confidence that got things under way.

Meanwhile the expeditionary force of scarcely 200,000 men was to "hold the line" in France, although Kitchener himself expected that the Germans would sweep them clear to the Atlantic coast. How they held, retreated, held again, and by holding saved Paris, is one of the great stories of the war. The army was wiped out almost to a man, but the line held unbroken for five months until divisions of the new army began to arrive.

Each British soldier who went to France carried in his knapsack a personal message from Kitchener in the form of ten rules of conduct. Summarized, it ran something like this:

"You are going over there to help the French, and his is a task which will require all your energy, atience, and courage.

"Remember that the honor of the British army epends on the conduct of each individual. Therefore, you are to set an example of discipline and perect steadiness under fire.

"Treat the French and the Belgians with courtesy, onsideration, and kindness, and do not destroy propty.

"Keep in the best of health for the sake of duty, nd if it should be necessary, give everything for God nd your King."

For nearly two years Kitchener sat at his desk in he War Office endlessly planning. Sometimes he isited the training camps, sometimes he inspected the rmies in France, but perhaps he gave to England no reater service than his example of calm, dogged peristence in the work to be done. There was hardly a erson who, during the first months of the war, did ot give way either to undue excitement or anxiety, nd the example of Kitchener, silent and unmoved, elped to steady the whole nation for the long struggle nd sacrifice to come.

As the war progressed, it became clear that there as a need for closer coöperation among the Allies, nd it was decided that Kitchener should go to Russia, resumably to confer with the Russian General Staff n regard to ammunition.

Kitchener looked forward to the trip as to a holi-

day. Having lived so much of his life in the open, he had no liking for office work, and after two full years of it, here was a vacation of the kind he enjoyed most. He paid a short visit to his home at Broome, a place of which he was very fond, said good-by to a few friends, and with his staff left London on an evening in June, 1916. Traveling by train to a small station in Scotland, he was driven by automobile to a waiting destroyer, which in turn conveyed him to the cruiser *Hampshire*.

What happened to the *Hampshire* is not known except that it sank that night on the west coast of the Orkney Islands and Lord Kitchener, with his staff, went down.

It was a night of violent storm. Four boats put off from the cruiser but none of them reached shore, two miles away. Twelve men were washed in on a raft out of more than two hundred fifty these were all that survived.

There are many theories regarding the loss of the *Hampshire*. Some people believe that the ship was torpedoed, but it seems more probable that it struck a mine which had been wrenched from its moorings by the storm. One of the survivors remembers to have seen Kitchener just after the explosion occurred. He was walking quietly up and down the deck waiting for the boats to be launched, though he must have known that any attempt to reach shore would prove useless for he had not even put on his overcoat. The blue jackets prepared to abandon ship. The captain

shouted something to Kitchener, which, in the howling of the storm, he did not hear; he was talking to an officer as the ship went down.

His death shocked England as nothing else had in the whole course of the war. It was a national tragedy, not lessened by the fact that Kitchener himself would have counted it only a part of the day's work.

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V. MARSHAL HAIG

In October of 1880 a young Scotchman by the name of Douglas Haig went down to Oxford to register at England's oldest university. He was the youngest of five sons. For generations the Haigs had lived at Cameron's Bridge in the county of Fife. Here was the ancestral estate, and here in 1861 Douglas Haig had been born. He was educated at Clifton, a private school for sons of the upper classes, but in England called a public school. At Clifton he prepared for the university.

It was taken as a matter of course that Douglas Haig would go to Oxford. Probably the Haigs had always gone to Oxford and the youngest son was to be no exception. Conditions at Oxford to-day have changed so little from those of the early eighties, when Haig was a student there, that it is not difficult to imagine what his college days were like.

To begin with, Oxford is quite different from an American university. In England the word "university" means a group of colleges, and a college is the place where a student lives. There are twenty-six colleges at Oxford, each having its own customs and practices, differing somewhat from the others, and standing for certain things in the life of the student.

For instance, Brasenose College has always been famous for its athletics, and it was at Brasenose that Douglas Haig registered.

Suppose that he drove up from the station, as undoubtedly he did, with his luggage piled high on the driver's seat. At the gates of the college he was met by a porter, who lifted down his luggage and turned him over to the college butler to be shown his rooms. At Oxford freshmen have some privileges that seniors are denied. If there is not enough room in the colleges for all the students, the juniors and seniors are turned out to find lodgings wherever they can in the town and to make room for the freshmen. This is because the English believe that the life of the college is as much a part of a man's education as the books he studies, and that the older students, having enjoyed this privilege, should if necessary give place to the younger men.

Douglas Haig, then, as a freshman, was certain of having rooms. He had at least two, possibly three, and they were furnished quite luxuriously compared with the rooms of a student at an American university. Here he was to live and study for three or four years.

His college day began at 7.30 in the morning when a servant, called by the students a "scout," bustled into his room, prepared a bath, and announced "Half past seven, sir."

At eight o'clock he went to chapel, which took the place of roll call. He dared not miss chapel; to stay away even one day out of six meant that he

would be reported to his dean and probably would be forbidden to pass the college gates after dark. For Oxford was founded in the Middle Ages, when most of the students were children or at least boys of high school age, and some of the old rules seem very funny when applied to a body of grown men. To-day a student may not roll his hoop in the quadrangles or play marbles on the steps of the great library.

Following chapel Haig breakfasted in his rooms or in the rooms of some other student. Since social affairs took up a large part of the day, it was the custom frequently to breakfast or lunch with friends.

After luncheon, which usually consisted of bread and cheese with a little jam, he went to the athletic field. Haig was an all-round athlete. He was splendidly healthy and strong and he had the English boy's love of sports. English boys do not play to win. They play to perfect themselves in the game. Of course those who play the best game usually do win, but the first object is to increase one's skill. Douglas Haig's favorite form of exercise was horseback riding, and, as might be expected, he was a fine polo player.

At four o'clock he was back in his rooms and dressed for tea. Tea afforded another opportunity for the men to gather and talk. This time the talk usually ran to sports and to the happenings of the day. Between tea and dinner there were two hours when there was no special demand on a student's time. It was the general custom to give these hours to reading.

At seven the dinner bell rang and the students, dressed now in their gowns, filed into the great hall and took their places at table. There were no chairs. They sat on benches, and probably the benches and tables, like the hall itself, had come down from the Middle Ages.

At one end of the hall was a raised platform on which stood the table for the "dons" or tutors. The dons did not enter until the students had taken their places. This formality over, the dinner began. In spite of the fact that one of the duties of the dons was to fine students for any breach of table manners, dinner was a jolly affair. For dessert the students went to the college store, which in Brasenose was a room underneath the great hall, where there was a fine display of fruits and candies to choose from, and afterwards they returned to their rooms for coffee.

The American boy, reading of Oxford, will quite likely ask, "Do the students never study?"

They do, but they are not required to prepare daily lessons. There are no classes. Each student has his private tutor, with whom he works as much or as little as he wishes. In the three or four years that he spends at Oxford he is required to pass two examinations — that is all. As the most of his work is reading for these examinations, he may do it at any time. It is a curious fact that sometimes he prefers to do it at home during the summer holidays.

The examinations, however, are exceedingly difficult, and if a student is, so to speak, "on his own" for

months at a time, there comes a day finally when he must give an account of what he has done. Moreover, his whole career may depend on how he accounts for himself. Especially is this true of a man entering a profession. A degree from Oxford, or from some other university, is almost necessary, and an "honor" degree is of priceless value.

All through his college days Douglas Haig debated between literature and soldiering as a profession. But after his graduation he definitely decided on a military career and took the examinations for the Royal Military College. Then came a disappointment — he was refused admission on account of color blindness. For a time it looked as though he would have to give up the career he had chosen, when the commander-in-chief, hearing of his difficulties, gave him an appointment. Having worked so hard to be admitted to the Royal Military College, Haig worked all the harder once he was in. He made a splendid record.

He chose the cavalry and was one of the young officers selected by Kitchener for the expedition to the Sudan. There he experienced for the first time the dangers and hardships of campaigning. It was the work of the army to conquer the country and prepare the way for the railroad which Kitchener was building across the desert. Young officers found their endurance tried to the utmost.

Work began at four or five in the morning. It was supposed to end at seven in the evening, but for a

junior officer there was little or no leisure. At night he must look after the comforts of his men. He himself slept in the sand. If there were not enough blankets he went without. It fell to him also to patrol the camp, since the Egyptian sentries could not be trusted to keep awake. He was lucky if he could snatch a few hours' sleep between patrols. He was still luckier if he could sleep comfortably, protected from the penetrating cold of a desert night.

For two years Haig kept at it doggedly and cheerfully. He had a quiet way of meeting difficulties that delighted Kitchener. Nothing was too hard for him. He never complained; he simply worked.

As he was a captain at the time and much interested in his profession, he sometimes thought out plans of his own. He knew quite well that Kitchener did not take kindly to suggestions from young officers, but he did not let slip a chance to improve his knowledge on that account. He fought in both the big battles of the campaign — at Atbara and Khartum. For his skill in handling his men in the battle of Khartum he was made a major; for his bravery he was twice decorated.

In 1899 came the war in South Africa, or Boer War. The Boers were farmers, chiefly of Dutch descent, living in parts of South Africa known as the Transvaal and Orange Free State. These states were Dutch republics having an independent government, although they acknowledged the protection of Great Britain. The discovery of diamond mines in Orange

Free State and of gold in the Transvaal brought to the country thousands of foreigners, for the most part British, and the ill feeling which grew up between the Dutch farmers and the British capitalists led finally, in the fall of 1899, to war.

One of the first things that happened was the siege of Kimberley by the Boers. Kimberley, a city of 50,000 inhabitants in Orange Free State, possessed the largest diamond mines in the world. Early in October of 1899 the Boers surrounded the city and demanded its surrender, but the people of Kimberley refused, thinking that they had on hand a sufficient supply of food and ammunition to hold out until the British army could reach them. As month followed month, however, and the British army did not come, the people grew alarmed, for, aside from a growing shortage of food, many were killed daily by the Boer shells. Finally, in February, 1900, they sent an appeal to the British commander-in-chief, Lord Roberts, for immediate relief.

There had been before this time many attempts to reach Kimberley, but all had failed. Now the task fell to General French, the general who, in 1914, was to become the commander-in-chief of the British armies in France. Lord Roberts warned him of the difficulties. To this General French replied: "I promise faithfully to relieve Kimberley at six o'clock on the evening of the fifteenth of February, if I am alive."

The camp of General French on the eleventh was

bout a hundred miles from Kimberley. Major Haig vas one of his chief officers. Between the camp and Kimberley lay the Boer army. The country was a ifficult one in which to fight and French had allowed imself only four days to get through.

It was African mid-summer. The sun beat down ruelly upon a plain that offered neither shade nor ood nor water. As the men marched, great clouds f dust rose and settled on them, choking and blinding hem and increasing their thirst. Their suffering was ntense. Some dropped by the way, overcome by he heat. Over a hundred horses fell and their riders vere obliged to walk or to wait under the scorching un until ammunition carts could pick them up. On he third day's march a well was reached, but General rench would not permit the cavalry to touch a drop. he water must be kept for the infantry coming on ehind.

Deceiving the Boers as to the direction he meant o take, General French had twice eluded them with-ut heavy fighting. Once a shell had fallen between im and his staff, but no one had been killed. On the ourth day, however, he found himself in a position rom which he must either withdraw or abandon Kim-erley. He was hemmed in on all sides but the one rom which he had come. By all military rules he hould have turned back, but he had promised to elieve the city and he meant to keep his promise. He ecided on a cavalry charge straight at the enemy's nes. He thought the cavalry might be wiped out,

but the experiment was worth trying, and with hi staff officers he led the charge.

The Boers, watching closely for any move on th part of the British, were suddenly amazed at the sigh of hundreds of horsemen, with pistols and lances dashing across the plain straight at them. The unex pectedness of the charge unnerved them. Their shot went wild. A hundred fifty men fell; then the army broke and fled.

The inhabitants of Kimberley, looking out over th plain that day, saw, miles away, a company of horse men advancing rapidly toward the city. Believing them to be Boers, they prepared to surrender, for th addition of such a large enemy force made it hopeles to hold out longer. Then, as the company drew nearer, they saw that they were in khaki uniform.

"British!" someone cried, and the cheers that rang out startled the Boers who guarded the city. They also looked and fled, and General French's scouts came dashing into Kimberley within an hour of the time he had promised.

With such experiences as these Haig's years in South Africa were filled. He escaped death so many times and by such narrow margins that his fellow officers gave him the name of "Lucky Haig."

When the Great War came, Haig was a lieutenant general, in command of Aldershot, England's larges training camp. In the two years since he had taken command he had worked constantly to improve th training of the men. Never before had they been s efficient as under him.

The Aldershot troops were among the first to be alled. During the early days of August, 1914, train oad after train load left the camp. "Where are we ound for?" was the question they constantly asked. No one could answer for no one knew. Somewhere n France there was a war. Quite likely they would ght.

Arriving at Southampton, they were packed in ransports along with horses and supplies and dis- atched across the channel. The war loomed much earer. A few hours later they disembarked at a French port and began the last lap of a journey from vhich few, if any, were to return.

Sometimes they did not land at a port, but sailed up he rivers of France to some inland city—sailed, sing- ng the Marseillaise, and the French women and chil- ren flocked to the rivers with flowers and British ags, cheering the men who had come to the rescue of France.

The British met the Germans for the first time at Mons, Belgium, on the 24th of August, 1914. The attles of those first days of the war were somewhat ke a game of tenpins. Let us say that the Germans, n their march across Belgium, had knocked down very pin but three, and that the three remaining were ne cities of Namur, Charleroi, and Mons. The Allies ad no idea of the numbers of Germans opposed to nem. Their estimate was about half the number that truck at their lines, struck with such overwhelming orce that the three remaining pins went down, one

after another. First Namur, which had been held b the Belgians, fell. Then came the defeat of th French at Charleroi, and last, the British retrea from Mons before von Kluck's splendid First Arm These three defeats forced the long retreat of th French and British armies to the river Marne.

A retreating army escapes capture or destructio only by sacrificing a part of itself. Some units mus be continually fighting to hold the enemy while th larger force withdraws. It was this position of sacr fice that fell to Haig's First Corps at Mons.

"We shall hold here for a while if we all die for it, said Haig.

There was a night engagement, bayonet fighting b the light of gun fire, in which many of Haig's me fell; then, while the Second Corps carried on, the Fir fell back. Thus, step by step, the armies retreated hundred fifty miles.

The intention of the Germans at this time was destroy the Allied armies. But they failed to do th and, after a disastrous defeat on the Marne, we forced to swing backward in retreat to the river Aisn When the retreat ended, the position of the armies le an open space between the city of Lens in norther France and the sea. Here was the gate to Calais ar Boulogne, the French ports through which the Briti were sending men and supplies.

The Germans saw a chance to strike; the Briti saw the danger; and both rushed to close the ga The British arrived first, took position before the Be

MARSHAL HAIG

gian city of Ypres, and thus blocked the way to th channel ports.

Although the Germans had failed to reach the gat in time, they were confident that they could break i open. Heavy reënforcements, just arrived fron home, had come, as one officer remarked, to see th British run. They would be in Calais by the end o the week.

As the men were preparing to go into battle thei officers sought to cheer them by announcing that Pari had fallen. This news had the desired effect. Th men went wild with joy. They danced and sang th German national air and a triumphal song, especiall written for their entry into Paris.

But one soldier, who had been in several battles o the war, was not deceived. "Unfortunately, this i the fourth time we have had the fall of Paris an nounced to us," he remarked.

It was Haig, with the First Army Corps, who ha closed the Ypres gate to the Germans. This corp had been the first to arrive. Others followed an scarcely had the British time to form their plan o defense before the Germans attacked, now here, nov there, in order to try the strength of the line the meant to break. Meanwhile they prepared for th great battle.

It began on the morning of October 29th. Like storm that had been slowly gathering, it now brok furiously. At dawn the Germans came singing an yelling and hurled themselves against Haig's Firs

Corps. The thin British line wavered and swayed ackward, then forward again, then back. Eight ours later the British were everywhere driven from heir trenches; the Germans had broken in the gate. Then came Haig's order for the counter-attack, and he men swept forward, cheering, and retook their old ositions.

The first attack on Ypres ended in failure, but this eant only that others would follow, for the Emperor esired the city and had come himself to see it taken. He went about among his soldiers, cheering them and ncouraging them with that story, already worn and ld, that victory would end the war.

On the afternoon of October 31st, when the Germans were making their strongest effort to break hrough, a shell struck Haig's headquarters, killing r wounding every officer of the staff. Fortunately Haig himself stood just far enough away to escape njury. He was knocked down by the concussion, owever, and lay unconscious for an hour.

It was a critical time for the First Corps to lose its ommander and General French was obliged to go to he battle line to prepare for the counter-attack. Haig as just returning to consciousness when General rench appeared. Refusing to go to a hospital, he sisted on accompanying the commander-in-chief to he line. Still dazed and staggering, he gave orders nd rallied his men. Cheers greeted him and with heers the line went forward and, once more, the gate the channel cities was closed.

The Kaiser made one more attempt to take Ypre Ten days later, on November 11th, he flung into th battle the best soldiers of his army, the famous Prus sian Guards, and, when these also were defeated, h gave up. The fighting lasted twenty-seven days an the cost in human lives was very high. The losses fo this one battle, including those of the Allies and th Germans, were nearly equal to the losses of the Nort during the entire Civil War.

Winter was now coming on and, neither side havin won a decisive victory, the armies along the entire si hundred fifty mile battle line began to dig them selves in. Trench warfare took the place of war i open country, or what is called war of movemen So strong and secure were the trenches that, for near two years, it seemed impossible that the war coul ever end, because the positions on neither side coul be taken. In 1915 the British tried twice to brea through the German lines, at Neuve Chapelle and a Loos, and failed. The French attempted the sam thing in the Champagne country and were unsucces ful. Early in 1916 the Germans began their attac on Verdun, the most powerful assault yet made upo any intrenched positions, but Verdun also proved failure. This was the situation when, in June 1916, the British began their great offensive again the German positions in the region of the Somm River, known as the battle of the Somme.

Some of the strongest of the German positions lay the northeast of the city of Albert, and it was here th

the "Big Push" began. There were three main lines of fortifications, connected by innumerable trenches and railways. If you were to lay upon a table a somewhat narrow piece of lace and think of each separate thread as a German trench, you would have some idea of what the network of fortifications, known as the German first line, looked like. Then, if you were to lay behind the first a second and narrower strip, you would have constructed the second line. The third would consist of a single thread, that is, of a single line of trenches. The pattern of the lace would correspond roughly to the fortified woods and villages which these threads of trench lines connected.

Not only was this network of galleries and dugouts a position of defense, but here the German army had lived for nearly two years. The men had had little fighting to do and had spent their time in making their quarters comfortable, sanitary, and safe. The chalky soil of the region made excavating easy. Dugouts, especially officers' dugouts, were marvelously constructed and luxuriously furnished. Built of heavy timbers and concrete, barred by iron doors, and buried in the depths of the earth, they were fairly safe from shells.

Some of them were of two stories, with a suite of rooms upon each floor connected by staircases. One such suite had ten rooms, including a bath. The floor was covered with linoleum. The walls were papered and hung with pictures. The apartment was furnished after the manner of a comfortable city home.

There were chairs, desks, brass and wooden beds, and tables with books and magazines. There was a piano and a phonograph. A system of electric lights and bells had been installed, and before the door hung absorbent curtains to keep out poisonous gases. It is hardly to be wondered at that the officers who lived there did not believe that their dugout could be taken.

General Haig, now commander-in-chief of the British armies, had been preparing for the battle of the Somme for a year. Miles of railways had been constructed, new roads made, and causeways built across the Somme marshes. Hundreds of miles of new trenches were dug, with shelters, first-aid stations, and magazines for ammunition. Miners worked for months laying mines under the German trenches. A whole water system was installed, with a hundred pumping plants and one hundred twenty miles of new water mains.

Of the old First Army that had fought at Mons and Ypres hardly a man was left now, not a trained soldier, except for a few officers, in the entire British force. It was an army of clerks, tradesmen, students, and laborers, but the number had grown from 300,000 to 5,000,000.

Every time it rained the parapets melted down and had to be rebuilt. Sometimes the trenches also disappeared. Digging, constant digging, filled the soldiers' days. Though there was little fighting, each day took its toll of life. Plenty of German shells and bombs found their way into the trenches, and German snipers

were always watching for men who grew indifferent or careless. Such were the conditions under which the British army learned the new business of warfare.

They were conditions that, as the months passed, began to wear on the nerves of the men — the dirt, the discomfort, the monotony of work, the standing still to be shot at. What was the sense of it all? When was it ever going to end?

Then one day a rumor came and the hopes of the army rose. The increasing activity everywhere behind the lines meant only one thing — a battle. At last they were going to leave the trenches.

It was the end of June, 1916, and the region of the Somme blossomed with yellow mustard, red poppies, and blue corn-flowers. Grain fields covered the sloping plains, broken by patches of wood and winding rivers, with here and there a village. Along the roads, poplar trees grew in tall, straight lines and hid the masses of men and trucks which were moving toward the battlefield of the morrow. But as yet no one knew just when the attack would come. For a week a furious bombardment of the German lines had gone on incessantly. Then, when night came, officers whispered to each other, "At 7.30 in the morning."

July 1st dawned clear and hot. The storm of shells that for a week had been raining on the German lines now gathered fury, hour by hour, until at 7.15 it became a hurricane. To those who watched from the heights back of the lines it was like the breaking of the sea against a rocky coast. The shells fell with mar-

velous precision along a straight line and great jets of earth spouted into the air, filling the plain with dust and smoke. Their accuracy was due to the men in the kite balloons, who, from their high observation posts back of the lines, directed the fire of the artillery. Mountains of shells disappeared into the guns, and when they fell upon the German lines, mountains seemed to rise again out of the plains. The minutes passed. Seven-thirty drew near, and now the line of breaking shells leaped forward and thick clouds of smoke rolled across No Man's Land — a screen for the advancing army. There came a lull. Then, in a few seconds the bombardment began again. The men had gone over the top.

Near a village called Beaumont-Hamel miners had been working for months preparing for this day. They had constructed the largest mine yet known to the war.

"The exploding chamber," said a sergeant who had helped to build it,[1] "was as big as a picture palace, and the gallery was an awful length. It took seven months to build and we were working under some crack Lancashire miners. Every time a fresh fatigue party came up, they'd say: 'Ain't your grotto ever going up?' But, my word, it went up all right the first of July. It was the sight of your life. Half the village got a rise. The air was full of stuff — wagons, wheels, horses, tins, boxes, and Germans. It was seven months well spent getting that mine ready. I believe some of the pieces are coming down yet."

[1] *Battle of the Somme,* Philip Gibbs.

So began the battle of the Somme. The taking of those miles upon miles of fortified German trenches was to prove a difficult and discouraging task. The cost in human lives was enormous, yet progress was made, a little each day. By hard fighting a village was won here, a wood there, until the British were well through the German first lines. Then followed another attack on the enemy's second line. This was on July 14th. The summer wore on. By September the army was attacking the last villages within the fortified area. On the fifteenth they reached open country. They had accomplished the thing that for nearly two years was believed impossible — they had broken through.

It was about this date that the British sprang on the Germans a little surprise that they had been keeping for months — the tanks. No one had dreamed of armored cars such as these. A few days before the first tank made its appearance on the British front, an officer who had seen one tried to describe its appearance and use.

"They eat up houses," he said. "Walk right over them . . . . They knock down trees like match sticks. They go clean through a wood."

"Anything else?" a fellow officer asked.

"Everything else. They take ditches like kangaroos. They simply love shell craters. Laugh at 'em!"

And one morning not long after this, two of these queer creatures went over the top at dawn. In all the

war there had never been anything as funny as this, and the men followed, cheering and laughing and waving their helmets.

The tanks laughed, too. They knew that they bore a charmed life — that was the joke. The time was to come when the Germans would learn how to send their bullets into the hearts of these monsters, but now they only hit and fell away. The tanks waddled serenely across No Man's Land through a shower of bullets. They dipped into shell holes and came up again. They tramped down fences, snapped off trees, walked right through barbed wire entanglements. If an old building appeared in their way, they would lean against it for a moment as though thinking what to do. Then the building would crumble in ruins and the tanks climb over the ruins and go laughing on.

When they reached the German lines they sat calmly down on the trenches and began to fire their guns. The frightened Germans ran from their shelters with cries of "Mercy! Mercy!" and one colonel advanced, his hands held high over his head, shouting "Kamerad."

The tank heard him, for suddenly a hand reached out and grabbed him and drew him inside through a hole and treated him to a ride over the lines.

The other tank, feeling better and better as the morning wore on, struck off in an easterly direction toward Berlin. There was fighting going on here also, shells and shrapnel falling, and men pressing steadily on toward a village called Fler. Outside the

village the tank met the army and together they pushed on. An airman who had been watching the game flashed back by wireless the first news of their victory. "A tank is walking up the High Street of Fler with the British army cheering behind."

. . . . . .

The battle of the Somme did not result in any very great gain in territory, but it proved that positions which the Germans had believed unconquerable could be taken. It also relieved the French, who had been fighting for months at Verdun, and, not by any means of least importance, it took the heart out of the Germans. The Somme became a word of dread and terror.

In a French chateau some miles behind the lines lived the man who had planned this battle. There was little about the appearance of Haig's headquarters to remind one of war. The chateau was set in the midst of a formal garden. Flowers bloomed in the hedges. Cattle grazed in the meadows near by. Upon the whole countryside was a look of peace.

Within, the chateau remained just as the owners had left it. The paintings hung in their accustomed places and the furniture had hardly been disarranged.

General Haig's office was in the drawing room. Beside his desk stood a table, on which rested a large relief map of the Somme region. It was made of green and red clay and was criss-crossed by red lines, indicating roads and trenches. The walls, too, were hung with maps. The study table, covered with re-

ports and photographs, told its own story. For months Haig had sat here planning. He had made a study of the weather conditions of the locality covering a period of twenty years. He had had photographed every foot of enemy territory, its appearance in fair weather, after rain, and after snow. No amount of work was too much if it would add to the success of his plans.

Promptly at nine o'clock every morning he was at his desk. He first studied the reports of everything that had happened the night before; then he held conferences with his staff officers until luncheon.

Following luncheon he spent an hour in his office alone, working out plans for the coming night. Orders then went out to the various unit headquarters and were passed down the line until they reached the trenches.

Every afternoon, regardless of weather, General Haig went for a horseback ride. This is the recreation he enjoys most. He does not care for motor cars and uses them only when it is necessary. The commander-in-chief's car, however, was known to everyone; it was the only car at the front flying a small British flag.

Returning from his ride, he held conferences until dinner. For most of the officers, work was over then for the day, but not for General Haig. After dinner he went again to his office to pore over maps or else he walked alone in the garden with his problems of war. Less frequently he went to his room to

read. He reads both French and German and still loves books, as in his college days. But whatever filled his evenings, he always retired at ten o'clock that he might keep himself physically fit for his work.

General Haig is a tall, handsome man, with deep blue eyes and gray hair. He wears the plain uniform of a British field marshal, with spotlessly polished boots and silver spurs. Pinned to his coat is a row of colored service and order ribbons. Whether at work or on the battlefield he is always immaculately dressed.

He was born of an aristocratic family, but education has made him a strong believer in democracy. Because he believes in democracy he does not think the war was altogether bad. It brought together in a common cause men of all classes from all parts of the world and gave them understanding of each other. From their comradeship, Haig believes, will come better ways of living and thinking.

Throughout the war he was the hero of every British Tommy. They called him affectionately "Duggy" or "D. H." Tommy Atkins likes a brave man and he knows that General Haig has experienced as much shell fire as any soldier in the ranks. Like Joffre, Haig used to pay visits to his men in the trenches, but there was this difference. Joffre, in talking to his soldiers, was one with them; Haig talked to them as though they were all generals.

. . . . . .

In March and April of 1918 came those dark days — the darkest Britain ever lived through — when the fate of the nation and of the world once more hung in the balance. The Germans began their great drives to end the war before America could throw her full strength on the side of the Allies.

The history of the war shows that each battle surpassed those which preceded it in the numbers of men engaged and in the amount of ammunition used, for the effort required was constantly greater in proportion as the resources of the armies increased. Now Germany meant to cast everything, all her resources of men and wealth, into the hazard of a last battle, to win or lose.

The greatest secrecy covered the movements of the German army. The troop trains ran only at night and without lights, and during the day the troops remained hidden. The quantities of ammunition collected were literally mountain high. The men were again confident of victory.

On the 21st of March the first blow fell against the British south of St. Quentin. The gray waves of the German advance rose and fell like the sea moving across the land, to which there was no end. The British gunners fired point blank into the moving masses of men. They did not need to aim; they could not miss them. They fired for hours, for days, until their ammunition gave out and they fell exhausted, and still the gray waves came on.

"Our men have been fighting for six days," wrote

a British correspondent, "until their beards have grown long and their faces haggard and worn for lack of sleep, and their clothes have become torn on wire and covered with dust of mud and chalk."

The German losses were enormous. The ground was covered with the dead, but the ranks quickly filled and the great human tide flowed on.

Almost with the first blow the British line had broken. Creeping up in the fog, the Germans had hurled themselves on the British Fifth Army and had separated it from the Third. The gap was finally filled and a serious disaster prevented, but the British were obliged to retreat further than they had planned. Then, with each attack, the line bent a little and a little more until a dent was made in it twenty miles deep, and many cities and hundreds of villages passed again into German hands. After ten days the first drive came to an end.

The purpose had been to separate the British army from the French and destroy it, but, failing in this, the Germans began a second drive upon the British farther north. Now it was the old story of Ypres and the channel cities again.

Greatly outnumbered, the British again fell back. What must have been their feeling to give up positions that, a year before, had cost them half a million casualties to win! The men were tired, so tired that they staggered and fell, and rose up and fought again like men moving in a dream. Whenever the opportunity came they lay down in the ditches and by the

roadsides and in the open fields and slept, with the shells screaming overhead. They could hardly be wakened when their turn came to resist another attack.

Could these tired men hold until support could reach them? In an order of the day, written on the 12th of April, Haig rallied his men to the supreme effort.

"Many amongst us are now tired. To those I would say that victory will belong to the side which holds out the longest.

"The French army is moving rapidly and in great force to our support.

"There is no other course open to us but to fight it out. Every position must be held to the last man there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each of us must fight on to the end."

The last effort was "the greatest battle in the world." No men ever endured more than the British endured through all the month of April. When the situation was at its worst, Haig sent out the Grenadier Irish, and Coldstream Guards to check the German until reserves could be brought up. In forty-eight hours the Australians would come. Some of the men were so exhausted that they could hardly stand. There was but one way in which they could hold out for forty-eight hours—"each must fight on to the end."

They fought in groups, in twos or threes, back to back and shooting in every direction. They were like

men battling with the tide to prevent it from reaching the land. The Germans pressed them on all sides. One after another they fell. The hours never crept so slowly. For two days and nights the Guards held on. When the Australians came they found them still fighting, though the groups had dwindled sadly, and their own dead and wounded lay in circles around them. But this time they " had held the longest," and the final victory was theirs.

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VI. ADMIRAL BEATTY

In 1896, when Kitchener went into the Sudan, one of the first things he did was to patch up some old gunboats for service on the Nile. There were four of them to begin with, all stern-wheelers, and one called *Abu Klea* was commanded by a young lieutenant of the British navy named David Beatty.

Beatty's father, Captain D. L. Beatty, was a famous sportsman. The family lived at Borodale, Wexford County, Ireland, but early in the year 1871 Captain Beatty's love of hunting took him to Chester County, England. Fox hunting was a favorite sport of the English gentry and Chester County was noted for its hounds. It was there that David Beatty was born. When he was thirteen, his father was offered a cadetship in the navy for his son and accepted. This is the age at which boys who are to become officers regularly enter the British navy. David Beatty had received an appointment but no further favors came his way. He got on solely by his own efforts.

He was twenty-five when he went into the Sudan with Kitchener and it was his first active service. However dull was the soldier's life in the work of retaking this vast desert country from the Arabs, life for the young naval officer was full of adventure.

Up and down the Nile the gunboats ran, sometimes a hundred miles in advance of the army, patrolling, reconnoitering, raiding, fighting. It was work which just suited David Beatty.

About a thousand miles south of Cairo, Egypt, lies the town of Kerma. Until September of 1896 Kerma had been held by the Arabs, or Dervishes, and the British army had expected to find them still there when they marched into the town at daybreak one September morning. But to their surprise the enemy had disappeared. Then it was discovered that, half a mile up the river and on the opposite bank, the Dervishes were entrenched in a position which the army could not possibly reach. Here was work for the gunboats.

The Dervish camp was in a palm grove, on either side of which were impassable marshes, and along the river ran a loopholed mud wall. As the sun rose over the camp that morning, the British rubbed their eyes in astonishment, for the scene before them was like some tale from the Arabian Nights. From the parapet flags of gorgeous colors waved defiantly against the sky. The Dervishes, men, women, and children, in white garments, ran in and out of their mud houses, busily preparing for battle. Riflemen had already taken their places in the palm trees along the river. Most of them were cleverly hidden but here and there one caught a flash of color against the dark green foliage. In a wide plain behind the camp the Dervish cavalry was at maneuver practice, their spears glittering in the sunlight as they wheeled and turned.

Now the gunboats moved slowly up the river. The little flotilla comprised three of the old stern-wheelers, the *Tamai,* the *Metemma,* and Lieutenant Beatty's boat, the *Abu Klea.* At a place called Hafir, just opposite the Dervish camp, they came within range of the enemy guns, and all at once the Dervishes let them have it. From every loophole in the long mud wall came a puff of smoke. Concealed batteries along the shore sent out their shells and from the palm trees fell a shower of bullets. They fell chiefly on the decks, where the men and guns were unprotected. They seemed to penetrate everywhere. There were a few casualties, but the gunboats steamed ahead. They were giving shell for shell and the shots were telling. The Egyptian infantry on board were picking off the Dervish riflemen in the trees. Still they did not succeed in silencing the Dervish guns.

A shell now struck the *Abu Klea* and entered her magazine, but fortunately it did not explode. On the other boats things were going badly. Commander Colville, chief officer of the little flotilla, was wounded and the *Tamai* withdrew from the fighting to carry her wounded commander ashore. Next the *Metemma* withdrew. Suffering terribly from the Dervish fire, she turned and ran downstream. Seeing two boats out of three abandon the battle, the Arabs believed that they had won a victory and loud cheering followed the *Metemma* as she disappeared.

But the cheering soon died out, for the *Abu Klea* remained. There was nothing Lieutenant Beatty

loved so much as a good fight. There was nothing he would not dare. After Commander Colville had been wounded Beatty was given the command of the flotilla, and he meant that the Dervishes should hear from him. Back and forth the *Abu Klea* steamed, lashing the water into foam, firing into the Dervish camp as fast as the men could load the guns. And all the while that she was fired upon in return, her young commander was thinking, as coolly as though he were working out the same problem at his desk in college, just how he would maneuver to avoid being blown to pieces before the job was done. After a time the *Tamai* returned and for two and a half hours more the battle went on. Then Kitchener decided to change his plans. He ordered Beatty to run, under fire, the passage of the river, which at this point was very narrow, and to advance as far as Dongola, thirty-six miles upstream.

Dongola was to be the end of the campaign of that year. There Kitchener meant to wait until the railroad had caught up with the army. All the fighting hitherto led to the taking of this town, and it was expected that the Dervishes would make every effort to hold it.

When Lieutenant Beatty arrived he found the Dervish army busily at work preparing for the defense of the town. They knew all about the fighting that had taken place the day before and were ready for the same kind of warfare. A row of batteries which lined the river front opened fire on the *Abu Klea* the moment she appeared.

Beatty had been told to "keep the enemy busy" while the Anglo-Egyptian army advanced. In other words he was there to be shot at until relief came. It was the same old game of dodging shells, but so long as he was not hit, the Dervishes might shoot as much as they liked.

Meanwhile he did some shooting on his own account. He gave the enemy no rest. Day and night the old river boat chugged up and down, spitting fire. After a time several of the enemy batteries stopped firing. Soon others were silent. When there remained only one or two, Beatty, with a few men from the *Abu Klea,* landed and took the town. And when the army marched upon Dongola, expecting that one of the hardest battles of the year awaited them, it was Kitchener's own flag, a red star and crescent on a field of white, that waved over the governor's palace. Lieutenant Beatty had earned the Distinguished Service Order.

The flotilla, which in the beginning had consisted of four old stern-wheelers, grew month by month. With the addition of river steamers, barges, and new modern gunboats, it became a most important part in winning the Sudanese war. It did all sorts of things, but chiefly its business was to fight the Dervishes and to carry materials for Kitchener's railroad, food and munitions for the army. It is hard to say which of these two kinds of work had in it the most thrills, for transporting materials meant taking the boats over the cataracts of the Nile.

The cataracts are a series of granite steps, often several miles in length, over which the water plunges with terrific speed and force; at low water they are impassable by all but the smallest craft. Five of them barred the passage to Khartum. Of these the fourth was the most difficult. Here huge boulders, protruding from the water, broke the main direction of the current so that it was almost impossible to tell where the passage lay. Kitchener had been told that he would never get the boats over the Fourth Cataract, but he did not give up trying on that account.

It was this task that he turned over to Lieutenant Beatty and a fellow officer, Lieutenant Hood. On a summer morning of 1897 the two officers arrived at the foot of the Fourth Cataract with two gunboats and a number of barges, carrying two hundred men from the Egyptian army, who were to help in pulling the boats upstream. Lieutenant Hood commanded the *Tamai*. Lieutenant Beatty had another of the old river boats called *El Teb*.

The method of ascending the cataracts was for the steamer to drive full speed ahead, while the men on the shore, by means of cables attached to steel blocks, added their strength to that of the engines. The *Tamai* was the first to try the ascent. Plunging into the rapids she succeeded in making half the passage when, by some mismanagement, the ropes gave way and she was spun about and was carried swiftly downstream. It was thought that there had not been enough men to hold her and in order that the same

misfortune might not happen again, three hundred more men were added to the force.

This time the *Teb* was to make the trial. Proceeding as the *Tamai* had, she reached the same point in the passage, when a similar but far worse accident occurred. As she was suddenly swept around by the force of the current the cables, instead of releasing the boat, held, and the water came pouring over the decks, carrying everything with it. In a few seconds more the *Teb* turned completely over. Lieutenant Beatty and his men were thrown into midstream and carried below the rapids. One seaman was drowned. Two others were missing. The rest, including Lieutenant Beatty, were picked up by the *Tamai* at the foot of the cataract. Beatty's first thought was for his men. His second was for the boat. Where was she? From the *Tamai* they made her out, jammed in the rocks a mile below, to all appearances a complete wreck. Still there was a possibility that she might be saved, and Beatty proceeded at once to investigate.

Only the bottom of the *Teb* was visible above the water; it was evident that nothing could be done for her. Having finished their examination, the officers were about to turn away, when they heard a knocking that appeared to come from the inside of the boat. Workmen were summoned, a plate was removed from the bottom, and out stepped the two missing men, the engineer and the stoker. Theirs had been, as a writer of the catastrophe remarks,[1] "a wild career." "With

[1] *The River War*, Winston Churchill.

the boat turned upside down, the engines working, the fires burning, and the boilers full, with the floors all become ceilings, and water rushing in," they had been flung about in the darkness and by some miracle had managed to live.

The two years that Beatty spent in the Sudan were full of experiences such as these. He fought in all the important battles of the campaign, both on land and water. There was no holding him back where there was a piece of dangerous work to be done. His courage was of the cool, calculating kind; in the midst of excitement or confusion he never lost sight of the thing he had to do. All up and down the Nile men talked about his daring.

"Why won't Kitchener let the gunboats above Shabluka (the Fifth Cataract)?" a young lieutenant of the army asked one day as he discussed the campaign with fellow officers.

"Because Beatty would take Khartum," another officer promptly replied.

This was probably an injustice to Kitchener, but it shows what the army thought of Beatty.

Kitchener himself was of the opinion that Beatty was a rare young officer. He mentioned him repeatedly in dispatches to the war office. He recommended him for promotion. At twenty-seven Beatty was a commander, and two years later he was on his way to China to fight in a new war and to win new honors.

The war in China which broke out in June of 1900 is known as the Boxer Rebellion. The Boxers were

members of a Chinese secret society which was supposed to be an athletic organization, but which really existed for the purpose of doing away with foreigners and foreign customs. "China for the Chinese," was their motto; it was a motto which covered many terrible crimes. Foreigners, especially Christians, were robbed, cruelly tortured, and murdered. In the cities of Pekin and Tientsin, foreigners of all nationalities were besieged. Crowded into the foreign quarters, with food enough to delay starvation only a few weeks, not knowing at what moment they might be killed, they waited rescue from the world outside.

The result of these happenings was the speedy appearance of allied warships at the mouth of the Peiho River, the water highway to the besieged cities. All the nations having fleets stationed at that time in Chinese waters were represented, England, France, Italy, Russia, Japan, Germany, Austria, and the United States. One of the ships, called the *Barfleur*, was commanded by David Beatty.

A relief expedition was immediately formed to go to the rescue of the besieged foreigners. At first it consisted of a small force of two thousand officers and men, chiefly British, of which Commander Beatty and his bluejackets formed a part. Later Russian, Japanese, French, and American troops joined. It was this combined force of five thousand men that stormed and took the city of Tientsin.

Two days before the relief column reached Tientsin the city had been set on fire by the Chinese and the

railroad destroyed. For the foreigners who remained there was now no escape and every day brought the fear of a general massacre. Then, one night, a young Englishman living in Tientsin escaped through the Chinese lines and carried to the allied forces word of the desperate situation in the city. He implored them to advance with all possible speed.

Tientsin is a walled city and strongly fortified. It lies on the western bank of the Peiho River. Up this river the relief party fought its way until it reached a point on the eastern bank opposite the city. The Chinese, having guessed that the relief party would attempt to reach the foreign quarter, had placed two field guns near a railway embankment outside, where they commanded the crossing of the river. It was impossible to reach the city in face of the fire from these guns. At this point Commander Beatty and his three companies of bluejackets were ordered to cross the river and see what they could do about silencing these guns. It was work that Beatty was used to, silencing guns, but this time there were serious difficulties in his way. Crossing the Peiho under heavy fire, he succeeded in reaching the Chinese positions and advanced to within two hundred yards of the guns. With the help of some Russian troops, who were moving up at the same time, he intended to rush the guns. While he waited for the Russians to advance, he halted with his little band of bluejackets near one of the mud walls that surrounded the city. He did not know that behind that wall the Chinese

had watched the approach and only waited the order to fire. As he stopped in what he supposed was a place of shelter, the bullets suddenly leaped out from all directions. The Russians withdrew, but the British held on. The fire was deadly. Four officers and several men fell. Beatty himself was wounded twice.

It was his particular kind of courage that saved him that day. He might have gone on and given his life splendidly, but he saw clearly enough that to do so would not take the guns. The British had not a chance. The only reasonable thing was to withdraw and he gave the command. This was Beatty, wounded, in danger every moment of being killed, yet coolly thinking the situation out to a sensible end.

It was on the 19th of June that this happened. The 13th of July found Beatty in action again, though his wounds had not yet healed. The relief expedition had not yet taken Tientsin. They held several strong positions, however, on the western bank. One of them was a group of houses situated in the middle of the causeway that was the main approach to the city. It was an important position, which the Japanese and the French had great difficulty in holding on account of the terrific fire of the Chinese. When it seemed that they could not hold much longer they saw that help was coming. Beatty and his bluejackets had started to cross the causeway.

Advancing along the narrow road, the men were unable to spread out and the bullets caught them. Though many were wounded, they bravely pushed on

and reached the houses they were to defend, only to find them so full of men that there was no room for more. The only shelter was a ditch by the side of the causeway. Standing in water to their knees, without food, exposed to the unceasing fire of the guns, this little force held throughout a hot, sultry summer day and an interminable night until the city of Tientsin fell at sunrise the next morning.

The conduct of Commander Beatty on this occasion was brought to the notice of the British Admiralty by Admiral Seymour, commander of the expedition. In his report he says: "Commander David Beatty, D. S. O. of H. M. S. *Barfleur,* although suffering from two wounds only partially healed, one of which is likely to cause him considerable suffering and inconvenience for some time, begged to be allowed to accompany the expedition of the relief forces under my command. He is thoroughly deserving of any mark of appreciation."

The "mark of appreciation" was promotion to a captaincy. At twenty-nine, Beatty was the youngest captain in the British navy.

Coming now to the great European war, it is necessary to go back as far as the year 1890 in order to understand the parts the British and German navies were to play. That year the Kaiser, who had been emperor of Germany but a short time, paid a visit to England to witness the practice maneuvers of the British fleet. What those practice maneuvers proved was that, given a start of twenty-four hours,

an enemy fleet could easily escape the British and, once at large in the Atlantic, control the trade routes to England. Whether this discovery actually determined the Kaiser's future action, one cannot know. At any rate, it was soon after this that Germany began the building of her great navy, which she hoped would one day rival Britain's.

The Kiel Canal, connecting the North Sea with the Baltic, was already in the process of construction. This canal not only shortened Germany's trade routes by hundreds of miles but allowed great freedom of movement to her fleet. It was begun in 1887 and completed in 1895 while Germany's navy was still small. Eleven years later, in 1906, when the German fleet had grown to such a size that it might feel hopeful of making war use of the Kiel Canal, England launched a new type of battleship called the dreadnought. It was the largest battleship ever built, so large, in fact, that it could not pass through the Kiel Canal. Consequently, before Germany could ever hope to fight Britain with dreadnoughts, she must first rebuild the Kiel Canal. This she did; the new canal, deepened and widened, was completed in June, 1914.

It was also in 1890 that Germany traded with Britain the island of Zanzibar, a fertile and populous island off the east coast of Africa, for the little rocky island of Heligoland near the entrance to the Kiel Canal. The British said of this transfer that they had traded a button for a good pair of trousers. But the Germans thought differently. If they had got only a

button, they said, it would some day hold together a whole suit of armor. Germany began immediately to fortify her new possession. At the cost of millions of dollars she made of it a second Gibraltar.

It happened that in the latter part of July, 1914, the British fleet had been reviewed by the King and was preparing to demobilize, when an order came from the Admiralty that thrilled every man. The order was to "stand fast." Austria had delivered her impossible terms to Serbia and war seemed about to break over all Europe. The Admiralty's order came none too soon. At 11 p.m. on the 4th of August Germany declared war on England and at daybreak the next morning the *Königen Luise,* formerly a passenger ship of the Hamburg-American line, was caught planting mines along the English coast. She was sunk by a British ship; the navy had been ready.

The great work of the British navy in the war was to patrol the seas of the world. Everywhere, to the remotest corners of the earth, her ships sailed to guard lives and cargoes, but most important was the patrolling of the North Sea. Immediately upon the declaration of war Britain's dreadnoughts moved out to block the passage between Norway and the British Isles and prevent the German fleet from reaching the Atlantic. And every now and then they would leave their stations to sweep the whole North Sea. This was an invitation to the German fleet to come out to fight, but the Germans, for the most part, chose to remain in hiding. But three times during the four

and a half years of war did they make their appear
ance.

The first time was soon after the war began, on th
28th of August, 1914. It was not a big battle, a
sea battles go, but it excited the interest of peopl
everywhere because it was the first naval engagemer
since the great naval battle of the Japanese-Russia
war in 1904. In that battle wireless telegraphy wa
used for the first time, but there were no submarine
no airplanes, no battle cruisers, no dreadnought
All of these new instruments of war had develope
within ten years. No wonder then that people waite
with such great interest for the time when these tw
giant fleets would meet.

The battle of the 28th of August was called th
battle of Heligoland Bight. Bight is another nam
for bay and Heligoland Bay was an immense mir
field protecting Germany's ports, as well as the ha
bor for her submarines. The British had come dow
into this enemy territory, in all probability, to delive
one of their invitations to the German fleet to com
out. It was Beatty who commanded the Britis
squadron. He was a vice-admiral now, the younge
admiral in the navy as he had once been the younge
captain, and he was still the daring fighter. If
had not been for that other quality of his mind, a co
and reasoning judgment, he would probably have a
tempted to destroy the German submarine bases, f
that was what he wanted most to do. He called the
little expeditions of his battle cruiser squadron "bar

ng about the North Sea," and this time he had "barged" right under the nose of Heligoland.

The German cruiser squadron had to come out. There was a spirited fight, in which the British sank three German battle cruisers and several destroyers and got away without serious losses on their own part.

The battle of Heligoland Bight, although it inflicted heavy losses on the Germans, was a disappointment to people who had expected a great sea fight. The giant dreadnoughts were not used at all. They had yet to prove whether they were worth the millions upon millions of dollars they had cost. The truth was the Germans were not ready. For two years they had stayed at home preparing. Meanwhile Beatty and his cruiser squadron continued to "barge about the North Sea," always hoping to meet the enemy.

Throughout the entire period of sea warfare it was Sir John Jellicoe and not Sir David Beatty who commanded the British fleet. In time of battle it is the commander-in-chief who directs the strongest unit of the navy, the squadron of dreadnoughts, but it happened that the dreadnoughts came into action only once. Practically all of the fighting was done by the lighter ships, so that Admiral Beatty, as commander of the First Battle Cruiser Squadron, actually commanded in all of the battles fought in the North Sea. Following the last and greatest, the battle of Jutland, he was himself made commander-in-chief.

Like all great commanders, Sir David Beatty is willing to talk of his men but never of himself. His men,

on the other hand, are always ready to talk about him. They will tell you, for one thing, that if you think an admiral's job is easy, you do not know how Beatty works. At the end of the first seven months of war, he had spent just two hours with his family. Many days he had worked the twenty-four hours through. They will tell you that, whenever there is fighting to be done, he is always in the thick of it, as often exposed to fire as a stoker or deck hand. They call him "David," sometimes "Lucky Beatty." He is so lucky that once when a thief stole all his medals, he dropped them when he found out whose they were.

Officers and bluejackets alike would die for Beatty to the last man. His kindness, his humor, his fearlessness, have made him, as one officer expressed it, "the idol of every man in the squadron."

Lady Beatty is an American by birth. There are two sons, David and Peter, thirteen and eleven years of age. David probably will follow his father's profession. He already speaks several languages and is an authority on the organization of the Grand Fleet. In his playroom he has a model submarine that really dives, a small ship *Tiger* with turrets that turn, a baby tank, and little dock cranes that revolve and lift weights like real ones.

On Sunday morning, the 24th of January, 1915, Admiral Beatty was cruising with his squadron off the east coast of England, when, far out on the horizon, he saw ten German ships moving northwest. There was no doubt in his mind about what these ves-

sels meant to do. They were on their way to bombard the coast cities of England, as they had done twice before. Every man in Beatty's squadron knew just how many women and children had been killed in these bombardments and they had sworn that such a thing should not happen again. On this occasion Admiral Beatty had heard that the "Germans were out," and had pledged himself to catch them.

When first sighted the German ships appeared very small, for they were fourteen miles away. They were really great battle cruisers, traveling at a high rate of speed. Suddenly they were seen to change their course. Having discovered the British ships, they had decided to give up shelling the English coast cities and go home. But home was one hundred twenty miles away, and Admiral Beatty was out for them.

Immediately on sighting the enemy, the bugles on all the British ships had sounded "action stations." Every man took his place for battle and the order was "full speed ahead." All rested now with the engineers. The ships shook and trembled in every beam as the stokers and oilers and greasers did their utmost to increase the speed The Germans also were doing their utmost. They had not counted on a fight, but, little by little, the British gained on them. Those who saw it said it was a glorious race. It had begun about seven o'clock. In less than two hours the British were within battle range, and shortly the first shot was fired.

From the bridge of his flagship, the *Lion,* Admiral

Beatty had made his observations and given his orders, and there he remained during the fighting. When the fighting began it was give and take with both sides. "Shells went over our ships," said a surgeon on the British cruiser *Tiger,* "with a noise like a lot of bees buzzing and dropped in hundreds about a hundred yards all around us, throwing up spray all over the ship." Two of the German cruisers were soon in flames; a third, the *Blücher,* largest of them all, was sinking.

Two British cruisers were also hit, Admiral Beatty's own ship, the *Lion,* and the *Tiger.* These two ships, as famous as any in the British navy, fought in all the battles of the war and endured shell fire such as few ships in all the history of naval battles have ever known.

A shell now came crashing into the *Lion,* tearing a hole in one of her compartments, which quickly filled with water. This caused one of her engines to stop. An examination showed that the damage could not be repaired at sea, and the Lion was obliged to fall out of the line of battle. But her trials were not yet over. Just as Admiral Beatty was preparing to transfer his flag to another ship, a second shell struck the *Lion.* This was serious. Although the *Lion* was afterwards able to make port under her own steam, the second shell delayed Beatty further from directing the battle. In too great a hurry to consider his own safety he jumped from the cruiser to the deck of the destroyer which was to carry him to another ship. It required

ADMIRAL BEATTY

three quarters of an hour running at top speed to catch up with the fighting cruisers, and it was only a little later that the battle ended. This engagement is called the battle of Dogger Bank, Dogger Bank being the name of a large shoal in the North Sea near the scene of the battle.

One great German cruiser, with her 885 officers and men, had gone down. A few men had been taken prisoner; many more had been wounded. The British casualties were slight, less than 50. Many stories of heroism could be told of both the British and the Germans. Admiral Beatty publicly praised his men and awarded medals to those who had distinguished themselves for bravery. He recalled to them in verse what always happened when the *Lion* and the *Tiger* went out to fight:

> "There's beauty in the howling of a gale,
> There's a beauty in the bellow of the blast;
> There's a terrible outpouring
> When the *Lion* starts a-roaring,
> And the *Tiger* starts a-lashing of its tail."

It was scarcely six months after this that the *Lion* was to start roaring again in the greatest naval battle of the war. On the last day of May, 1916, the British fleet was on one of its regular patrols of the North Sea. Three long lines of ships, reaching from England to Denmark, were spread across the water. The faster and smaller ships, such as destroyers and auxiliary flotillas, went ahead; next came the fast cruisers and the battle cruisers, and last the squadron

of great dreadnoughts. Admiral Beatty, on the *Lion,* led with the First Battle Cruiser Squadron. The fleet was traveling south and had just reached a point off the coast of Denmark called Jutland Bank, when word came from the advance destroyers that the German Battle Cruiser Squadron was on the sea.

At once Admiral Beatty changed his course to get between the enemy and the home waters of Heligoland Bay. It was twenty minutes past two in the afternoon. The day was so hazy that ships could not be seen farther than six miles and a seaplane was ordered up to make observations. Flying low to keep between the sea and the drifting clouds, the observer had scarcely come within sight of the German squadron when every anti-aircraft gun opened fire on him. He coolly continued with his observations and just twenty-two minutes after he had left his ship, his reports were in Admiral Beatty's hands. A line of battle was now formed, and in another five minutes the enemy was in sight.

The situation was like this: Both the German and the British battle cruiser squadrons, with their destroyer flotillas, were traveling south in nearly parallel lines, but, hidden behind a screen of smoke and mist to the north and east of the German cruiser squadron, lay the fleet of German dreadnoughts called the High Sea Fleet. The plan of the Germans was to draw Beatty's cruiser squadrons into battle with the whole German fleet and destroy it before Admiral Jellicoe with his dreadnoughts could get there.

As yet Admiral Beatty was unaware of the presence of the German High Sea Fleet. He had his problems without this. Standing on the bridge, as usual, he directed the maneuvers of his ships to give the best light for firing and to allow the wind to clear the firing field of smoke.

When a battleship goes into action, of course no man knows whether he will come out alive or not. All the safety devices that are ordinarily used in a wreck at sea, such as lifeboats, rafts, and life preservers are put away, because in battle there is no time to use them. Even when a ship is hit, there is no way of telling whether or not it will sink. The men know this. They are there to fight. They simply do their work and do not worry about the consequences. A boy from the *Warspite,* a battleship which saw some of the heaviest fighting, tells what it felt like to be going into this greatest of naval battles:[1]

"I did not see much of what took place during the fighting," he says. "None of the men could, for with the exception of some of the officers, the signal ratings, and a few of the men, there was no one in the battleship exposed. We were all in the barbettes or below decks. But news travels quickly from the upper decks and it was in this manner that we knew what was taking place.

"Did I feel nervous? No. Of course, after 'general quarters' was sounded in the *Warspite,* we

[1] *Stirring Deeds of Britain's Sea Dogs in the Great War,* Harold F. B. Wheeler.

were some time before getting in action and there was a tight feeling when we were standing by, waiting for the first gun to be fired. We all knew our stations when the bugle sounded. Mine was to draw a fire. I did so and then nipped for the magazine where I was to work and I stuck there. Even in that place you could tell that the *Warspite* was steaming at her best, and inquiries up the hoist were pretty frequent.

"The men about me did their work and made jokes. It was not as if we were going into battle. It seemed to me as if we were going to do something at last that we had been waiting a long time for,—like playing a football cup-tie, when you are waiting to enter the field."

The two lines of battleships, steaming at top speed, "entered the field" exactly at twelve minutes to four, British and German cruisers opening fire at the same time. A few minutes later, several British destroyers darted out to attack the big German cruisers with torpedoes. They were met by enemy destroyers and a fierce battle took place between them, from which the enemy was finally obliged to retire.

Hundreds of shells were now flying through the air. The sea, which a few moments before had been perfectly calm, was lashed and churned by the ships steaming at high speed, and in all directions giant fountains, caused by shells bursting in the water, spouted, often as high as the ships' masts. The noise was deafening. One broadside followed another as fast as the gunners could fire. Streaks of flame

flashed against the sky whenever a shell struck a ship, followed by dense clouds of smoke and showers of dust and white-hot splinters of steel. The various chemicals used in the shells produced smoke of all colors, blue, green, yellow, black, and soon the air was so filled with it that it was impossible to tell one's own ships from the enemy's.

Now and then a shell penetrated a magazine and a terrific explosion occurred. Sometimes a ship broke completely in two, as did the *Queen Mary;* sometimes, when several shells hit at once, all that was left of a giant cruiser was a floating mass of wreckage. The sea was strewn with wreckage and with men clinging to floating bits of wood, waiting their chances of rescue. In places it also had the appearance of being solid or congealed, because there floated upon the water myriads of fish, killed by the shells.

All this whirlwind of destruction descended upon the British when the smoke screen lifted and revealed the German High Sea Fleet. The fighting before was as nothing to that which came after. Twenty-six minutes after the battle opened Admiral Beatty discovered that he had arrayed against him all the forces of the German navy. Badly outnumbered, he turned north to lead the Germans "into the jaws of the Grand Fleet." It was at the turn where the British cruisers received broadsides from all the German dreadnoughts that most of the tragedies of the battle occurred. Three cruisers went down, the *Indefati-*

gable, the *Queen Mary,* and the *Invincible.* Nearly every British ship was hit. The *Lion* and the *Tiger* suffered terribly. Twenty German ships fired upon the *Tiger* at once and the *Lion* received almost as many shells. Once it was thought that she had gone down. Her wireless had been shot away and she did not respond to call. But she had not gone down, as the Germans afterwards discovered, for Admiral Beatty was leading them as fast as high-speed ships could travel toward the British Grand Fleet.

At five o'clock the fighting still continued fiercely, and now the weather conditions changed, which added greatly to the Germans' advantage. Clouds of mist began to drift in among the German ships, completely masking them, while the British fleet was plainly outlined against a clear sky. Three more of Admiral Beatty's ships were put out of action; with those remaining, six battle cruisers and four battleships, he fought the entire German navy until Admiral Jellicoe's dreadnoughts came within range at seven o'clock that evening. At this stage of the battle it is thought that both Zeppelins and German submarines took part, but no one seems to have known for certain.

As night came on and it grew too dark for the big battleships to fire effectively, the destroyers again took up the battle. Stealing out in the darkness, both the British and the Germans attempted to get near enough to enemy battleships to send their torpedoes crashing into them. They soon discovered each other's presence and fought at close range. The play of gunfire

on the black sky and water made this one of the most spectacular parts of the battle. Men who saw them say "there are no finer tales of the sea than the stories of these destroyers." In all, the British lost twelve, the Germans twenty.

Speed played a very important part in the battle of Jutland, the speed which Admiral Beatty's cruiser squadron maintained throughout, and the speed with which Admiral Jellicoe's dreadnoughts appeared. The Germans had not expected them quite so soon, or they would probably have withdrawn. Until then, however, they dared not withdraw. Although they greatly outnumbered the British, they had not yet won the battle, and this fact would not appear very well to the people at home.

It was the appearance of the British Grand Fleet that convinced them it was time to go home, and they slipped away in the darkness and mist. Though the British gave chase that night and the next morning searched every corner of the North Sea, they found no trace of the German fleet. Much to their disappointment this was the way the battle ended.

The Germans had gone home to announce a great naval victory, and this, the first word of the battle of Jutland, was flashed all over the world.

"The English Fleet is Beaten" ran the headlines in all the German newspapers, and the Kaiser publicly thanked his sailors for having "broken England's invincibility on the seas." The Germans said they had lost one old battleship that they did not care about any-

how, four cruisers, and five destroyers, ten ships in all.

Judged by the losses which Admiral Beatty reported, it did look like a German victory. The British people themselves believed at first that they had been defeated. But when official count was taken of the losses on both sides, it was found that Germany's certain losses were 119,200 tons, her probable losses 174,000 while Britain's amounted to 113,317 tons.

"Sir David Beatty once again showed his fine qualities of gallant leadership, firm determination, and correct strategic insight," were the first words of Admiral Jellicoe's dispatch concerning the battle of Jutland. His men thought so, too, although they would probably have said he had showed once more how he could fight. As the *Lion,* homeward bound, steamed past other ships, less speedy or more disabled than herself, the men lined up and sent cheers of "Bravo, David," ringing through the air.

It was the *Lion,* too, which led into port the scarred and battered fleet, her ensign proudly flying although a part of it had been shot away. The appearance of the ships spoke for what they had been through. Great holes had been torn in them, their armor had been ripped, their funnels smashed, their turrets crumpled and dented. The officers and men were worn out. The strain they had undergone had been almost beyond endurance and they had not slept for sixty hours.

On the pier a great crowd had waited all night to greet them. They were chiefly women, wives and mothers of the men of the fleet. Among them was

Lady David Beatty, waiting to learn the fate of her husband.

As yet, the crowd did not know that the fleet had won a victory, but of one thing they were certain — the splendid tradition of the British navy had been upheld. The ships themselves bore evidence of that, and cheer after cheer went up, as, one after another, they steamed slowly into harbor.

"We drew the enemy into the jaws of the fleet," wrote Admiral Beatty of the battle of Jutland. "I have no regrets except for the lives and pals that have gone, and who died gloriously . . . . We are ready for the next time. May it come soon."

. . . . . .

Two years later, on the 21st of November, 1918, the rival fleets of Britain and Germany met for the last time. It was the day of the great surrender. From the Firth of Forth on the east coast of Scotland the Grand Fleet moved out to meet the High Sea Fleet and escort it to its final resting place in the Orkney Islands. The first British ship weighed anchor at two in the morning. The last, Admiral Beatty's flagship, the *Queen Elizabeth,* left the harbor at six. Between two and six Admiral Beatty kept in touch with the entire fleet by wireless. Not a ship changed speed or moved out of line without his permission, for he still feared some trickery on the part of the Germans. Two hundred forty ships formed this convoy, and with them went several others, a French cruiser and several destroyers, and the five American battleships that had

constituted the Sixth Battle Squadron of the Grand Fleet. They moved in one long line, stretching endlessly seaward, until they approached the meeting place, when they formed a double line to receive the German fleet in their midst.

There was not a sign of life in all this vast company of gray ships. "General quarters" was sounded at seven-thirty and the men stood ready for action. They waited only the flashing of a signal to give gun for gun if the enemy should fire upon them. Admiral Beatty meant to take no chances.

The men worked silently. They did not especially enjoy the mission upon which they had come. They were eager to see the meeting of these two great navies, for no occasion had ever brought together such a vast number of ships, and they were eager to take part in an event which they knew would be counted among the greatest of history, but they did not like this kind of surrender. For a navy to give itself up without having fought was not sportsmanship. They felt as if their own profession were being dishonored.

To the Germans it must have been a monstrous tragedy, for it marked the end of the sea power of a great nation. The fleet had been their pride for thirty years. The ships were as fine as any of Britain's and they were going to be surrendered. They had become symbols of great power misused.

The day had started cold and cloudy. Then, almost with the coming of the sun, the British had their first sight of the fleet for which they had searched four

long years. The light cruiser *Cardiff,* towing a kite balloon, met the enemy and marshaled her prisoners into position. After an old custom of the navy the *Cardiff* signaled Admiral Beatty on the *Queen Elizabeth*: "Unknown number of unknown ships, steaming line ahead."

First came the German cruiser *Seydlitz,* a veteran of Jutland. The *Friedrich der Grosse,* flagship of the fleet, flew for the last time the imperial battle flag, a black cross on a white field. Then followed a line of cruisers, battleships, light cruisers, and destroyers that extended so far across the North Sea that its end could nowhere be seen.

Slowly they advanced between the British lines, and, as they reached a point even with Admiral Beatty's flagship, the British ships all at once swung round with beautiful precision and began the homeward journey.

The *Queen Elizabeth* now led. From her masthead floated Admiral Beatty's mascot, the powder-blackened and tattered ensign which the *Lion* had borne through Jutland battle. Immediately following came the *Oak,* Admiral Beatty's destroyer. The First Battle Cruiser Squadron was there too, the *Lion* and the *Tiger* steaming well ahead. Above, a guard of seaplanes dipped and circled.

At May Island in the Firth of Forth the enemy fleet dropped anchor for the night. The next day it would be taken to the Orkney Islands. In a great semi-circle lay the British ships which guarded it. And now

came the very end of a nation's tragedy. Admiral Beatty's order had read: "The German flag will be lowered at sunset and will not be hoisted again without permission." The bugles rang out. The hour of sunset sounded and slowly the ensign of the German Empire fluttered down from the masthead, never to be raised again. There was no cheering on the part of the British. It was not the sort of victory for which one cheers.

There had been a different scene on Admiral Beatty's flagship. With the first note of the sunset bugle every man had turned and saluted the British flag; then three rousing cheers for the commander-in-chief echoed across the water. Admiral Beatty stood in the ship's stern. He faced his men. "Thank you," he said simply. Then the men scattered to take up their work, but in the five minutes that had elapsed the great war on the sea had come to an end.

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VII. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

In the village of Llanystumdwy in Wales lived a cobbler by the name of Richard Lloyd. He lived alone in a small house of two stories with his cobbler's shop adjoining. He was a quiet man who said very little about what he was going to do, but one day he closed his shop and went on a journey. When he returned he brought with him his widowed sister and her three children.

The eldest of these, David Lloyd George, was then little more than three years old. He had been born in Manchester, England, but, on account of his father's failing health, the family had moved to a farm in south Wales. There his father had died. A sale of the farm and household goods barely paid the debts and the family would have been homeless and destitute but for the coming of his uncle.

It was something of a sacrifice for Richard Lloyd to take his sister and her children into his home, for his earnings did not much more than supply his own needs. They would have to live very frugally. There was a small garden back of the house where a few vegetables could be grown. Once or twice a week they managed to afford a little meat, and for a treat the children had each half an egg for Sunday morn-

ing breakfast. In the kitchen David's mother was always thinking and planning how she could save a six-pence a week.

The house was a plain workman's cottage of stone. A sign hung over the entrance door on which was painted a boot and the words, "Richard Lloyd, Shoemaker."

Inside one large room served all the purposes of kitchen and living room. It had a stone floor, a wood ceiling, and a large fireplace, which made it appear very inviting and comfortable. It was always scrupulously neat. Across the hall was a tiny parlor, used only for company and special occasions. A narrow wooden stairway led to the bedroom above. Such was the new home to which David Lloyd George had come.

It was clear from the first that young David was to become either a preacher or a public speaker. He began his career shortly after coming to Llanystumdwy. Mounting the pulpit, which in those days was the stairs, he preached to a small congregation made up of his brother and his sister. As it proved somewhat difficult to hold the attention of his hearers, he used "to thump on the stairs with a stick" in order to drive his points home.

When he was six he entered the village school. Here he was fortunate in having as headmaster a man of education, who encouraged his liking for study. He was taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, with some geography and history. Though he

was far from being a model pupil he was a very clever one. It was easy for him to learn. He had only to read a page once to have it and he never forgot what he learned.

Three times on Sunday and once during the week he went with his uncle to chapel. Richard Lloyd was a Baptist, and as there was no church of that denomination in Llanystumdwy, he attended at Criccieth, a town two miles distant. On these walks David used to discuss the sermons he had heard and comment on the way in which they had been presented. He longed for the time to come when he would be old enough to take part in the mid-week meetings. His uncle, pleased at the boy's interest, led him on. He liked to discover his opinions. Above everything, he wanted David to learn to think for himself.

In spite of school and chapel there was plenty of time for out of doors. The favorite game of the winter months was bandy (hockey); in summer it was ball and hide and seek. When the Franco-Prussian war came in 1870, the boys of Llanystumdwy divided themselves into French and Prussians and fought it out.

Another amusement in which they engaged was continually getting them into trouble, for legally it was a crime. This was poaching. The little river that ran through the village was filled with trout and salmon, but fishing was forbidden by the rich people living on the estates, who had stocked the river for their own pleasure, as they had also stocked the woods

with game. Though they employed many keepers to guard their pleasure grounds, it was perfectly well known that some of the villagers occasionally enjoyed a supper of trout or hare.

Probably David was not one of the boys who poached. His uncle would hardly have permitted that, but the fact that he might not fish in the river that ran through his own village made a strong impression on his mind.

Following the stream into the country beyond, he came upon another condition that seemed to him very unfair. Here were the large estates of the gentry, with their parks and meadows and woodlands, and right next to them the small stony farms of the peasantry, which hardly yielded a living. It was these conditions, together with the simple life of the village, that fixed from his earliest youth David's championship of the poor.

When he was ten years old, his uncle thought that it was time some decision was taken regarding his career, since, without money or education, a boy could hardly expect to become anything more than a day laborer. The decision was a difficult one, for Richard Lloyd saw only one way of giving the boy an education. That was to take the little sum he had put by for old age. If David succeeded, well and good, but if he failed, the family could only look forward to poverty more severe than they had ever known.

Finally it was settled that David should become a

lawyer. But even when this decision was reached the means had still to be provided, for there was not enough money to pay for a lawyer's education. Then Richard Lloyd hit upon a plan. He would teach the boy French and Latin himself. He did not know the languages and had not much time for learning them, but he set about his task cheerfully, puzzling over Latin declensions and French verbs by a little oil lamp in his shop at night.

Not every evening, however, went to the study of foreign languages. Once or twice a week a few of the neighbors would drop in to talk over affairs in the village while the cobbler worked. All sorts of things would come up for discussion, but there were two topics that were debated more often and more warmly than any others. These were religion and politics.

Most of the people in the village were nonconformists; that is, they belonged to some other denomination than the Church of England. Nevertheless, they were taxed for its support and for the support of its schools, and were obliged to send their children to a church school since there was no other. They objected very strongly to this and were always discussing ways by which the church might be separated from the state.

While these discussions were going on, David, having come in unobserved, would sit quietly in some corner, listening eagerly to everything that was said. And afterwards he would think about it. As he grew older he began to form opinions of his own and to

enter into the talk. One evening, when he was only fourteen, he engaged in a debate with the village blacksmith.

"Do you know," said the blacksmith to Richard Lloyd the next day, "I really had to turn my serious attention to David last evening, or he would have got the best of me."

Perhaps David was only trying himself out, for it was about this time that he went up to Liverpool to take his examinations, preparatory to studying law. The examinations lasted a week. Then he returned home to await results. He had said nothing to anyone about his plans for fear that he might fail, but one day a letter came, inclosing his certificate, and there were many congratulations when it became known that David Lloyd George was now an apprentice at law.

His certificate permitted him to enter an office as a clerk, and his uncle found him a position with a law firm in the neighboring town of Portmadoc. He was doing a great deal of reading at this time, not only law but history and plays, particularly the plays of Shakespere. He also taught himself shorthand.

But his chief interest was politics. He was old enough now to understand some of the conditions with which he had been familiar all his life. He saw that much of the land belonging to the aristocracy was unproductive, given over to parks and game preserves, while the Welsh farmers had not enough to provide themselves with a living and could not buy more.

Poaching was a crime, but the punishment was greater than the offense deserved. A man might beat his children and go free, but let him be caught fishing in private waters and he would be fined, or jailed, or both. Clearly there was one law for the rich and another for the poor.

David had read history and he knew something of feudalism. Here was feudalism at his very door, for these estates and the power that went with them had been handed down since the Middle Ages from father to son. He also learned that this condition of things existed all over the British Isles except in Ireland, as it does to-day, and he began to plan ways by which it could be changed.

It was his uncle, Richard Lloyd, who influenced him most in this. His uncle was a thinker and a man of conviction. In politics he belonged to the Liberal party, or progressive faction, which was opposed to the Conservative party, controlled by the lords. Once a few of the townspeople, more bold than the rest, voted with the Liberals at a village election and were promptly turned out of their cottages by the owner, who was a lord and a Conservative. Richard Lloyd, however, owned his cottage and earned his living independently of any lord, and he alone of all the villagers continued to vote the Liberal ticket.

David was proud of his strong unyielding uncle. Like him he became a rebel against the power of the rich. That one man could bend another to his will by the use of money aroused the strongest feelings he

had. He was one of the poor and he knew how they lived. Life was hard enough without the burden of oppression. He was not yet seventeen, but already the cause of the poor had begun to shape his career. It was to become the work of his whole life.

The next year he went to London for the first time and, among other places of interest, he visited the Houses of Parliament. Apparently he did not think much of them, for afterwards he wrote in his journal: "Went to Houses of Parliament. Very much disappointed with them. Grand buildings outside, but inside they are crabbed, small, and suffocating, especially the House of Commons. I will not say but that I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in which William the Conqueror eyed England on his first visit to Edward the Confessor, as the region of his future domain. Oh, vanity!"

In view of the fact that he was only a country boy with no prospects whatever, his ambition appears rather amazing, yet it could not have seemed so to him, for his confidence in himself at this time was quite equal to his imagination. Moreover, he had been reading political pamphlets for years and some time before there had appeared in the *North Wales Express* several political articles over the signature of "Brutus," but written by an ambitious young law clerk named David Lloyd George.

He also belonged to the Portmadoc Debating Society and through his public discussions of such questions as the Irish land laws, free trade, and trade

unionism he had become known throughout the locality. One of the local papers published some verses ridiculing his "thirst for renown." He commented on the verses in this fashion: "Perhaps (?) it will be gratified. I believe it depends entirely on what forces of pluck and industry I can muster."

At the age of twenty-one he went to London for his final examination in law. The family, meanwhile, had moved to Criccieth, and here the news reached them that David had passed "with honors." One more obstacle, however, remained in his way. He had not the fifteen dollars necessary to purchase a gown, without which he could not appear in court, and he was obliged to go into an office and work for a time. But, a few weeks later, a brass plate appeared on the door of the cottage at Criccieth, bearing the name "David Lloyd George, Solicitor," and in the back parlor, which had been turned into an office, the young lawyer awaited his first client.

From the very first it was clear that he meant to fight the influence of wealth and class. He always took a case that he believed to be right, even though the odds were overwhelmingly against him. If the local magistrates were too much influenced by wealthy landowners to give a fair judgment he took his cause to a higher court.

One of his first cases was of this kind. An old laborer had died and had expressed the wish to be buried beside his daughter in the cemetery of the Church of England. The old man being a non-

conformist, the rector had refused to allow the burial to take place unless the services of the English Church were read. Otherwise, they must bury the man in the plot allotted to unknown persons and suicides. This so outraged the laborer's friends that they appealed to Lloyd George for advice. He looked up the law of the matter and gave his judgment.

"Should the vicar refuse to open the gates," he said, "then break down the wall which your subscriptions have built, force your way into the churchyard, and bury the old man beside his daughter."

The villagers took his advice, broke down the gates, buried the old man, and the church authorities brought suit against them. The case was finally taken before the Chief Justice of England, who gave a decision in favor of Lloyd George. It was such an unusual case that it brought the name of the young lawyer into notice, not only throughout Wales, but in England. Probably it was directly due to this that he was nominated the Liberal candidate of his district for Parliament at the next election.

The district which he was to represent was conservative and nothing could have appeared more hopeless than the possibility of winning that election. He had not even the assurance that the poor would vote for him, for many of them lived on the great estates and dared not vote for a Liberal candidate.

As for the rich and educated classes, they hated him. To them he was uncultured, lacking in man-

ners, and insolently bold in the things he said. This was partly true. In his speeches he called the landowners abusive names, not from personal feeling, but because he was working for a great cause and did not hesitate to use any means that would gain his end. His speeches shocked everybody, rich and poor alike, woke them to a realization of existing conditions, and that was exactly what he wanted. It was a bitter fight which lasted two years, but Lloyd George won the election by a few votes and took his seat in the House of Commons on April 17, 1890. He was then just twenty-seven years old.

In the House of Commons he was like a freshman at college. His surroundings were unfamiliar and he did not know how the business of government was conducted, so he quietly listened to the discussions of other members and observed their manner of doing things. Meanwhile he formed his opinions and laid his plans. Of one thing he was certain. He was not in Parliament in the interest of any party, but in the larger interests of Wales and democracy.

Then little by little he let himself be known. He made a few speeches. Some of them were accepted with approval, others were frankly laughed at. But he was indifferent either to ridicule or criticism, and to the amazement of the House, which expected that new members would take no part in debate, he would not keep still. He had set his goal and he meant to reach it by the straightest road. It proved a straight road but a long one, for it was sixteen years after he

took his seat in Parliament before his first great opportunity came. This was in 1906.

That year he was appointed President of the Board of Trade, a cabinet position similar to that of the American Secretary of Commerce. The position was not considered of first importance, but it was characteristic of Lloyd George that anything he undertook he made of first importance. It was not long until the British public learned that a department which had been dead had suddenly become alive and exceedingly useful. New and efficient business methods were introduced, many changes were made. If the government disapproved of his measures he fought for them as hard as he had fought for the Welsh villagers who buried the old laborer in the graveyard of the Church of England.

A principle for which he stood most staunchly was that of free trade, which means no tariff on goods imported from other countries. Bitterly opposed to free trade were the Conservatives, and one day Lloyd George made them a speech. It was a typical speech and shows the way he sometimes went for members of the opposition.

"'I have been challenged,' he said,[1] 'with regard to statements as to the food of the poorer people of Germany, and I am going to give now, not my opinion, but some hard facts.' He held up a blue book.

'This volume is the last annual report of the consul-general in Germany. The facts which I shall

[1] *Lloyd George,* Frank Dilnot.

quote are his facts, not mine. If you will not take my word you will at any rate be able to take his.' He turned to a marked page. 'Let us see what he says about a typical center, the city of Chemnitz. Here are some interesting figures as to what the poorer class eat in the tariff-reform paradise of Chemnitz.'

'This report states that in Chemnitz last year there were sold in shops two thousand tons of horse flesh. These are not my figures, mind, but those of the consul-general. I commend the figures to the excited members opposite. But horse flesh is not the only thing the people, through pressure of tariff reform, are compelled to eat in Chemnitz. They even eat dog meat.' (Here there were cheers from the Liberals and derisive shouts from the Conservatives.) 'The consul-general states that one thousand tons of dog meat were consumed in Chemnitz last year.' (More shouting from both sides.) 'But there is even worse to come.' Lloyd George's voice was grave and the House hushed itself to listen.

'Not only horse flesh, not only dog meat, but five hundred tons of donkey flesh were sold in Chemnitz last year.' He swung his finger along the line of the opposition leaders and paused. 'The fact has a tragic significance for right honorable gentlemen who want to introduce tariff reform into this country.'"

In 1908 Lloyd George was appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer. The office, next to that of the Prime Minister, is the highest in England. It is the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to determine how

the people shall be taxed to meet the expenses of government. The estimate of taxes which he makes is called the budget.

When it became known that Lloyd George had been appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer and would frame the budget, there was great excitement and alarm among the upper classes, for everyone knew his opinions in regard to the needs of the poor. They did not know what he would do, but they were certain that he would tax them higher than they had ever been taxed before.

At this time perhaps no country in the world presented a greater contrast between rich and poor than England. The wealthy owned not only great estates made up of rich farms, fine woodlands, and private parks, but whole villages and immense areas of valuable property in the heart of large cities. If factories, mines, and railroads be added, it will be seen that they owned practically everything that produced wealth. They lived in houses so large that great numbers of servants were required to meet the needs of a small family. Lloyd George, in one of his speeches, told how many strong men were employed in serving a boiled egg to " his lordship " in the morning, and it made the rich man appear so ridiculous that thereafter people only laughed when he tried to explain that all this luxury was really necessary.

On the other hand, in the poorer districts of London and other cities thousands of people had not enough to eat. If one were to go to London's East

End on a Sunday morning, he might see the people of the slums buying decayed vegetables that had been left on the hands of merchants on Saturday night, tearing them into shreds and eating them raw, like so many hungry animals. Was it their fault that they were so poor? Sometimes it was, but more often it was the fault of laws and customs that had been handed down from the days when the rich were masters and the poor were slaves.

These were the conditions which Lloyd George determined to change. There were few people, he said, who, having power either of money or position, knew how to use it wisely. They were not too greatly concerned about the health or happiness of the working population as long as they could make more money by disregarding these things. Consequently many of the poor gave their lives only that the rich might grow richer. Of course he did not consider all rich people in this class. Some were spending large sums of money for the improvement of the farmers and workers, but the temptation not to do so was very great. The necessary remedy for this was a change in the laws of England.

For any bill to become a law in England it must receive the majority vote of the House of Commons, and the House of Lords, and be passed on by the King. The members of the House of Commons are elected by the people, but membership in the House of Lords descends from father to son and carries with it the enormous power of the aristocracy. Lest too

much power fall into the hands of the lords, the c
stitution of England provides that the House
Lords cannot change any bill sent up from the Ho
of Commons which has to do with money.

Now see what Lloyd George's scheme was.
order to force the lords to pass his bill for the b
terment of the poor — a bill which struck at the v
roots of their own interests — he wrote all of
proposed new laws into the budget, or money b
It was a plan more daring than any of which
bitterest enemies had dreamed.

On the day that the Chancellor was to read
budget, people began to arrive at the House of Co
mons early. All England was expectant. Llo
George had such a surprising way of doing things t
one could never tell what would happen. The great
in which the House of Commons holds session
quickly filled to its capacity. Members overflow
the seats and were obliged to stand or sit on the st
of the speaker's platform. In the galleries were f
eign ambassadors, lords and ladies of title, office
reporters, representatives of labor unions, fami
of the members of the House, everybody, in fact,
could get in.

A hush fell upon the assembly when the Prime M
ister announced the Chancellor of the Exchequ
As Lloyd George began to read, he appeared pale
nervous, for he, better than anyone, understood w
a great step forward he was taking, not only in
government of England, but in the cause of dem

racy everywhere throughout the world. He also knew that, though the majority of the House of Commons was with him, the most powerful class in England was against him, and it was of this class that he was to make his demands. One can imagine that it took a great deal of courage to tell them what he meant to do.

He read on — tax after tax he imposed on the rich. From the mines they owned to the gasoline used in their motor cars he levied a graduated scale of taxes which included all luxuries and which fell heaviest on those whose wealth came without effort.

"The primary duty of a rich nation," said Lloyd George, "is to help the down-trodden." But the plan he had in mind in asking for so much money was something even greater than this. It was nothing less than to create a new race of people, a healthy and efficient people. "The Empire depends for its strength, its glory, nay for its very existence upon the efficiency of its people," was the way he put it. And the new measures of taxation were only a start toward this end.

Of course the rich rose in protest against him. There followed such a bitter fight as there had not been in the history of politics for centuries. Through long stormy sessions of the House of Commons which sometimes lasted all night, Lloyd George debated with his opponents. And in the morning he would go from the House of Commons to his office to meet with committees and organize his plans for carrying on the

fight. He hardly slept or rested. Day after day, and week after week, he fought on, and when, finally, the budget was sent up to the House of Lords, only a few hours were required to wipe out all that he had accomplished. The lords refused to accept the budget, although to do so was breaking the custom of England.

In rejecting the budget, however, the lords had failed to consider one thing, that is that Lloyd George never knew when he was beaten. He wasted no regrets over his defeat but set to work immediately to make new plans for winning Parliament's support. And this time it was to be a final battle, for what Lloyd George proposed to do was to break the power of the lords forever, so that such a defeat could never happen again. His plan was so bold that no one believed he could ever carry it out, and certainly he could not have done so without the help of Mr. Asquith, the prime minister, and the King. Both believed with Lloyd George in the necessity of bettering the condition of the working people, and the amazing plan which Lloyd George now laid before them was that the King should create five hundred new lords from the Liberal party who would vote for the budget. The King agreed to do this, but in the end it was unnecessary, for the lords, rather than share their titles with a " made aristocracy," agreed to accept the budget.

Since the budget was passed in 1910 Lloyd George has carried through several other bills of immeas-

urable benefit to the poor. One is the Workingman's Insurance Bill. This is an arrangement whereby each man pays eight cents a week out of his wages, his employer six, the government four, and the whole sum is invested to yield interest which guarantees him care in the case of illness or accident. It provides not only for free medical attendance but for a wage of $2.50 a week for a period of twenty-six weeks. If the trouble is incurable the government pays him $1.25 a week until he is seventy, when he is entitled to the benefit of the pension bill for old people. Every person in England, not capable of self-support, receives $1.25 on his seventieth birthday and each week thereafter as long as he lives.

When the pension bill first went into effect, a group of old people were overheard talking outside the post office of a small town in England. They had come, some of them, from quite a distance, and had gathered near the post office because they had heard that the money was to be paid out there. Instead of going in to receive their pensions, however, they waited in the street, puzzling over the announcement. It was like a dream. They would tell each other over and over what things they needed and the little comforts they would buy; then they would shake their heads and say, "No, it can't be true." Still nobody would go inside. But after a time one old man, thinking he would put an end to the uncertainty, boldly stepped into the office. The others waited breathlessly and in a few minutes he returned, holding five bright

coins in his hand. Then there was a rush for the door.

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Not far from Lloyd George's residence in London is St. James Park. If you were to go there early some morning you would probably see him walking hand in hand with his small daughter Megan. Rarely do they miss their morning walk, for Megan's great delight is St. James Lake with its famous water-fowl.

Evening brings Megan and her father together again. Perhaps she will sit down at the piano and play some popular air, and Lloyd George will join in the song. He is particularly fond of American negro melodies. Also a great deal of teasing goes on between these two. Megan tells him that the affairs of government are a nuisance and he threatens that his next bill will be one to reduce school holidays to two weeks.

Lloyd George's family, in addition to Megan, consists of Mrs. Lloyd George, who shares equally her husband's interest in the poor, an older daughter, and two sons, both of whom served in France. Another person who has become a member of the household in recent years is the old uncle, Richard Lloyd, now nearly ninety.

Down in Wales, less than a mile from the village where Lloyd George grew up, he has built his home, and it is to this place that he retires when in need of rest or a vacation. Sometimes he runs down just for the week end. A day spent sitting on the ve-

randa, which overlooks the sea, or tramping through the woods completely refreshes him when tired by weeks of exacting work.

If it is a real vacation of a month or so, he will take Mrs. Lloyd George or one of the sons or even the whole family and go up into the mountains to camp. He is very fond of Welsh scenery and will pitch his tent on some wild, bleak moor, where he can enjoy a view of snow mountains, lakes, and forests.

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In August, 1914, when England entered the war, Lloyd George was still Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Boer War, some years before, had made him a bitter opponent of all wars; therefore the question of what he would do became of first importance. For more than a week he was silent. Then he came before the public with these words: "There is no man who has always regarded the prospect of engaging in a great war with greater reluctance and greater repugnance than I have done through all my political life. There is no man more convinced that we could not have avoided it without national dishonor." And after that speech there was no other man in England who supported the war with so much vigor and strength of purpose.

Everyone knows from America's experience how great are the money problems of a great war. In England they were even greater, and the bankers, who knew what vigorous methods Lloyd George sometimes used, were afraid lest he should upset the

whole financial system. But instead he sent word to the bankers to come to see him. "I want the assistance of the best brains of expert people. I want you to give me your help as to the best way of putting things straight. I require your help at once. Will you come immediately to my office?"

When he had all the facts before him he began to shape his plans. One of the most striking qualities of Lloyd George's mind is his ability to see future needs, and once he sees, to act with promptness and courage. This is the method by which he worked throughout the war, and always he managed to bring order out of confusion.

The money problems solved, he turned his attention to munitions. He saw that the English army was not getting enough of the right kind of shells. The trouble was with the organization for handling munitions and immediately he thought of a better way. He had to fight, as usual, to get the government to accept his method, but finally he was made Minister of Munitions.

Then things began to happen. Whole towns sprang up almost over night. Women went into the factories by the hundreds of thousands, relieving the men for war. They worked in shifts of eight hours each, so that the manufacture of munitions never ceased day or night. Factories that formerly had made machinery were now converted into munition factories. Railroads, ships, and automobiles were organized into one great transportation system for

bringing raw materials to the factories and for sending an endless stream of munitions to France.

With this tremendous increase in manufacturing came many difficult labor problems. There was general dissatisfaction among the workers, which often ended in serious strikes. Lloyd George recognized the justice of this dissatisfaction and made the government see that, in order to guard the health and efficiency of its workers, enormous sums of money must be spent for better homes and factories. On the other hand he told the workers that, inasmuch as the soldiers could not choose the conditions under which they would fight, neither could the workers in such an emergency choose the conditions of work, and England expected of them the same loyalty to the cause.

With the death of Lord Kitchener Lloyd George became Minister of War. Kitchener had asked for great armies and, though England had been amazed at the largeness of the order, she had responded loyally. More than a million young men had volunteered. Now came Lloyd George demanding still larger and larger armies, and what was hardest of all for England to accept, conscription. He gave them a little time to think it over and set to work, meanwhile, to learn everything he could about the war.

The story of how he learned the very complex mechanism of shells shows how he went after a thing he wanted to know. One day he sent for the munition experts to come to his office and explain shells.

They spent the entire morning with him. Point by point they went over the mechanism and when by noon Lloyd George had not mastered it, he invited the men to lunch. The conversation at luncheon was about shells and after luncheon they returned to the office once more to talk shells. Tea time came and still Lloyd George insisted on talking shells. The men grew tired and restless but he held them. It was night before he let them go and, though he had accomplished nothing else that day, he knew shells from beginning to end.

It has always been the custom for a member of England's cabinet to attend only to the affairs of his department and leave other departments alone, but the time came when Lloyd George was not content to do this. Everywhere he saw opportunities for improving the organization and speeding up the war. Greater speed was his constant demand.

He felt that the important questions of war were decided upon by too many people and that this fact chiefly explained the slowness of the government to act. He recommended that all such decisions be placed in the hands of not more than six men. Like most of his recommendations this was another of those startling changes to which the British people had not, even yet, become accustomed. It aroused so much opposition that it led finally to the resignation of the Prime Minister. It was then that Lloyd George stepped into the highest office of the British Empire.

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The London residence of Lloyd George is No. 11 Downing Street. It is an old dingy building which has served for a century or more as the official residence of the Prime Minister of England. Next door, at No. 10, is the Foreign Office. A connecting passage makes the two buildings practically one.

Lloyd George is up every morning at seven o'clock. Almost the first thing he looks through a packet of papers and documents relating to the business of the day. Usually they are papers which he has brought to his room the night before in order to have them at his bedside should he waken in the night. Then he takes a quick glance at the morning papers, not only London papers, but those from other English cities and from European capitals.

Soon visitors begin to arrive. Breakfast, which is at 9.10, is rarely an affair of the family alone. There are always guests, as there are also guests for dinner and luncheon. In this way Lloyd George interviews many people he would not otherwise have time to see. Many problems having to do with the country's welfare are settled at his breakfast or luncheon table.

By ten o'clock he is ready to begin the day's work. He has three secretaries, who answer his correspondence, supply him with whatever material he desires for his conferences, and who look after the endless details of government business to which he cannot give his time. When he was Chancellor of the Exchequer he received on an average a thousand letters

a day. Now he probably receives three or four times that many.

He rarely answers a letter and is known among his associates as the "Great Unanswered." He says that letters answer themselves if one gives them time. Sometimes people have tried to get a reply from him by inclosing two stamped and addressed envelopes, one bearing the word "yes," the other "no." The effort usually proves unsuccessful for quite likely he will return both of them.

During the war Lloyd George held cabinet meetings almost every day, beginning at 11.30 in the morning and lasting until 1.45 in the afternoon. They were probably unlike any other cabinet meetings that Downing Street had known, for the cabinet seldom met alone. Experts of every kind were invited in to furnish the best available knowledge upon which to base the decisions of state. The cabinet also employed a large staff of secretaries, each having charge of a special department, such as labor, health, or schools.

The room in which the cabinet meets is stately and dignified in appearance; it is furnished simply with a long table, a desk, and twenty or more chairs. The walls are covered with maps. Its only brightness is the fire burning on the open hearth.

Lloyd George sits at the center of the table, where he can easily talk with all the members. The meetings are informal, for the Prime Minister dislikes both stateliness and red tape. He likes to get at the

point of subject as quickly as possible in order to finish with the business at hand and get on to something else.

Before Lloyd George moved in, No. 10 Downing Street had the quiet, dignified air that has always belonged to Britain's Foreign Office. But now everything is business and movement. People are coming and going all day. The secretaries are kept busy early and late and Lloyd George himself works hardest of all.

At 2.45 in the afternoon the Parliament assembles, when he either attends the session or shifts his conference to the Parliament building. From that time until the houses adjourn, which is often at a very late hour of the night, he is constantly busy, interviewing members and working to carry out his plans.

When Lloyd George became Premier, a storm of protest swept political England.

"A cobbler's nephew!" cried his enemies, "a man from the Welsh hills, without training in history or statesmanship, the Prime Minister of England! What is England coming to?"

They failed to see what it was that had made him Prime Minister of England. They forgot that there is always a close relation between great men and the age in which they live. Lloyd George is a man who believes in government by the people and he lives in a democratic age.

For centuries the aristocracy, the people of wealth and large possessions, have been the governing class.

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

But little by little the working people have been acquiring power, until the war has suddenly brought the conflict to an issue. In England, in Germany, in Russia, in America, it is the question uppermost in men's minds. For whom shall a government exist, for the privileged classes whether they be rich or poor, or for all the people?

Before there can be a government for all the people many bad systems that now exist must be changed and the war has made people see that they must be changed. What Lloyd George hopes is that everywhere in the world enough people will see the need for reform "to make it impossible for governments not to do so."

And how is this change to be brought about? In three ways, says Lloyd George. First, people must see things as they are. Secondly, each person must feel himself responsible for the conditions that exist. And lastly, each must be prepared to sacrifice something in the larger interests of the community or the nation, for democracy means the service of mankind, whether that service be given in school, at work, or on the battlefield.

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VIII. GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU

He is called the Tiger, this "young man" of seventy-eight years who is now the Prime Minister of France. He has "torn, clawed, and bitten his way to power," people say. Armed with his principles of liberty and justice, he has spared no one. He has made and unmade careers. His enemies fear him; the people love him, for they know that he fights always for the happiness of his fellow men and for France.

He was born in 1841 in a small village in that part of western France called Vendée. It was a typical French village of low plastered houses set in the midst of a pleasant farming country. The father of Georges Clémenceau was the village doctor. He was a stern, harsh man who often made fun of the rough manners of the peasants among whom he practiced, but who rarely charged them anything for his services and constantly sought ways to improve their condition. Living at a time when France was an empire, he believed in a republican form of government, loved liberty, and hated injustice. Not infrequently his ideas came into conflict with the government, and once he was imprisoned.

He was a landowner as well as a doctor, and the second home of the Clémenceaus was the Château de

l'Aubraie, also in the region of Vendée. It was a bleak, gloomy castle of stone, surrounded by a moat filled with muddy water. One of the towers dated from the sixteenth century and the drawbridge was at least two hundred years old.

Here Georges Clémenceau passed his boyhood. In daily contact with his father, he grew up to share his way of thinking. Afterwards, when as a man he returned to the Château de l'Aubraie to visit his father, the two were often seen walking through the lanes or across the fields in earnest discussion of some problem having to do with government or with bettering the lot of men.

Georges was the second of six children. The name which he had inherited in itself indicated the stern qualities of the family of Clémenceau. The word "clément" in French means "mild" or "gentle," and the name Clémenceau is said to have been derived from the phrase, "le peu clément," "the least mild," that is, "harsh" or "unmerciful." Unmerciful the Clémenceaus were, but only toward wrong and injustice.

In time the family moved to Nantes, where Georges's mother helped him to prepare for the lycée, or high school. At the lycée he was not an exceptional student, though he was considered a promising young orator. He learned languages easily, however, and mastered English in an unusually short time because he was so eager to read Robinson Crusoe. After finishing at the lycée he took up the study of

medicine, first in Nantes, then in Paris. For three hundred years the Clémenceaus had been doctors and it was taken as a matter of course that Georges would follow in the profession.

Determined to get ahead as rapidly as possible, he worked very hard for a time, studying in the libraries and serving as an interne in the Paris hospitals. But after a few months he discovered that he was becoming more interested in politics than in medicine.

With the impatience of a youth of nineteen, he rebelled at the conditions he found in Paris. It was a dirty, ill-smelling city. The quarters in which the working classes lived, especially, were dark, crowded, and unhealthful. The government was at fault, he reasoned, and the government was an empire. Trained as he had been from boyhood, he believed that the only remedy was the reëstablishment of the Republic. In this he was not alone. He found that a political organization for that purpose already existed, its members being chiefly students like himself, and he threw in his lot with the radicals. He made speeches and wrote articles for their publications. So ardent a believer in democracy was he at this time that one day, when an acquaintance unwittingly joked about his political ideas, he challenged him to a duel.

This was the first of the many duels he fought. Although he is left-handed, he uses either a sword or a pistol with great skill. Sometimes he was wounded, but usually his antagonists fared the worse. He always made it a point of honor, however, never

to kill. These duels all came in the early years of Clémenceau's life, the practice of dueling having practically disappeared in France to-day.

The life of a political radical in the days of the Second Empire was filled with excitement and danger, particularly of such a radical as Georges Clémenceau, who was unable to keep his ideas to himself. The 24th of February, the anniversary of an unsuccessful revolution in 1848, was a day which republicans always celebrated. On this day, during his second year in Paris, Clémenceau was among the crowd that gathered to commemorate this event. Carried away by enthusiasm for the cause, he so far forgot himself as to shout "Long live the Republic." A few days later, as he sat in the theater, he was arrested and given two months in prison to think over his political offense.

His first act on being released was to go to Geneva, Switzerland, to get materials for a new printing press, the old press of the radicals having been confiscated during the days of the celebration. He discovered that he could no longer go and come unobserved; the police now kept watch of him. One night, soon after his return, a search was made of his lodgings. He was quite equal to the occasion. He held a candle for the inspector, held it so close to his eyes that it blinded him, and the printing press escaped notice.

It was in the midst of such activities as these that he carried on his studies, and in 1865, when he had been five years in Paris, he took his doctor's degree.

The essay which he presented on this occasion gained him a reputation as a student of anatomy; it is said to be consulted to this day.

At some time during this period Clémenceau had made the acquaintance of an American, who persuaded him to visit the United States, and soon after his graduation he made the journey by way of London to New York. Establishing himself as a doctor in an office on West 12th Street, he waited for patients. But in New York, as in Paris, he was much more interested in the living conditions of the people about him than in his profession. The people who finally sought his medical advice were chiefly the poor, whom he never had the heart to charge enough to give him a living.

His income at this time came from letters about America which he sent back to one of the Paris papers. His first impressions of Americans, he wrote, were that they had " no general ideas and no good coffee." Included in his travels was a walking trip through the country which James Fenimore Cooper described in *The Last of the Mohicans,* and the book has remained a favorite of Clémenceau's because it recalls scenes of New York State of which he was especially fond.

When, later, he had exhausted the possibilities for letters and his money began to run low, a friend secured him the position of teacher of French and of French literature in a young ladies' seminary in Stamford, Connecticut. One of his duties at the seminary

was to accompany his pupils on horseback rides "There were free and delightful little tours, charming excursions along the shady roads which travers the gay landscape of Connecticut." [1]

Four years were spent in America at this time Later, Clémenceau made a second trip in order t marry Miss Mary Plummer, one of his former pupil at the seminary.

The year of 1870 found him again in Paris, prac ticing medicine among the working people of the dis trict called Montmartre. Again he was unable t make a living. Since then he has confessed that th most his practice ever brought was $650 a year.

This year — 1870 — was the year of the Franco Prussian war, and September 4th saw the reëstablish ment of the Republic, for which Clémenceau ha worked so hard during all his student days. Th change of government had come, however, at a tim when change brought the gravest dangers, for Pari was besieged and the German army all but encircle the city.

Clémenceau, then only twenty-nine, was appointe Mayor of Montmartre. At once he set to work t organize a relief system to care for the people of hi district. The number for whose welfare he wa responsible was 155,000. Bread, meat, water, an fuel had to be distributed to each family every da Yet, in spite of the amount of work this required, h found time during the months of the siege to reorgan ize the school system.

[1] M. Maurice Le Blond in H. M. Hyndman's *Clémenceau.*

After peace was declared, he was elected deputy, or congressman, to represent Paris. During the war the seat of government had been moved to Bordeaux. Accordingly Clémenceau went to Bordeaux to meet with the National Assembly. This was the beginning of his political career and he took his place at once on the side of the "opposition." When everybody else wanted peace, Clémenceau rose in the assembly and voted to continue the war with Germany and against giving up Alsace and Lorraine. Owing to the food situation, a very bitter feeling existed at this time between country and city people, a feeling which Clémenceau tried hard to change. Failing to do this, he immediately resigned as deputy and returned to Paris to take up again his relief work among the poor of Montmartre.

Less than a month later, the citizens of Paris revolted against the new republic and set up a government of their own called the Commune. In the civil war which followed, Clémenceau's own district of Montmartre was one of the first sections of the city to be taken by the Nationalist troops. Fearing violence between soldiers and citizens, Clémenceau had obtained a promise from the President of the Republic that some cannon belonging to the Paris National Guard should not be touched. Though the cannon were useless for lack of powder, the people regarded them with particular affection, for they had bought them with their own savings to defend Paris against

the Germans. All together they numbered one hundred seventy-one pieces.

For some reason the new President broke his promise and sent troops to remove the guns. Hearing of this, Clémenceau hurried to the spot, and, while the soldiers were waiting for horses to be brought, remonstrated with the general in charge. But the general would not tolerate any interference and the work of removal continued.

With many misgivings, Clémenceau returned to his office in the Town Hall. A few hours later he was informed that the two generals commanding the Nationalist troops had been shot by the enraged mob. Thinking that the report might be only a rumor, he again hastened to the scene of trouble, hoping that he might be in time to save the lives of the two generals.

Cries of "Traitor" greeted him. Had he not promised that the guns would not be touched? He tried to speak. The crowd refused to hear him. Learning then that the generals had already been shot and that the soldiers had gone over to the side of the people, he gave up trying to calm the tumult and started back to the Town Hall. People struck at him as he passed. A few pointed their rifles. Ordinarily it was but a fifteen minute walk; that day it took Clémenceau an hour and a half.

He arrived at last only to turn back again. This time it was reported that the Communists were to shoot two hundred soldiers whom they had captured.

Clémenceau's fearlessness in returning won the respect of the mob for the moment; they agreed to spare the soldiers' lives, but two days later they turned Clémenceau out of office as a suspected person.

For the next five years he followed his profession, working as before among the poor, but in 1876 he was again elected deputy, and from this time on he had great influence in the affairs of France. Determined to make France a real democracy, he fought for his principles of equal rights, justice, and honesty with a savageness that gained him the name of "Tiger." Politicians who desired favors from the government found him a person greatly to be feared. He liked nothing better than a chance to expose dishonesty or inefficiency in public affairs. His method was usually to attack his opponents in a speech upon the floor of the Chamber of Deputies. He was quick at retort and had a great fund of knowledge, which he knew how to turn to good account. To interrupt him was to invite humiliation and defeat.

But the thing which exasperated his opponents most was his sense of humor; he wrecked careers with an air of having a very good time. Sometimes his enemies would pass him in the Bois de Boulogne of a morning and would gnash their teeth to see him ride by with a manner of gay indifference, when he was planning, perhaps, to destroy them in one of his biting speeches that very afternoon.

His influence was enormous. He made and unmade the presidents of France. "He would upset

a cabinet like a house of cards."[1] Once someone asked him how many ministries he had destroyed. He said that he could not remember. However, between the years 1876 and 1893, which marked the first period of his political career, eighteen administrations fell under his attacks; since then the number has grown.

His opponents said of him that he was unable to build up what he tore down, for each time he upset a ministry he refused to form one himself. Men whom he could easily have defeated enjoyed positions of wealth and power while he remained a deputy.

Once in conducting a political campaign he placed all his private accounts before the people and they learned that for all his power and influence the Tiger was not very well off. His only luxuries had been a hunting license costing $125 and a horse which he had kept nine months at an expense of $1 a day for food and care. He had not been able to give his daughter a marriage portion and he was still paying installments on furniture bought six years before.

In 1893 came his great political defeat. The foes, who for six years had smarted under his stings and gibes, at last contrived to get him out of office. He lost the election in the district which he had represented for so many years. From the most influential person in France he became once more an ordinary citizen, whose only voice in affairs was his single vote.

He was the Tiger still, however. The next day

[1] "M. Clémenceau," Laurence Jerrold, Contemporary Review, Nov., 1906.

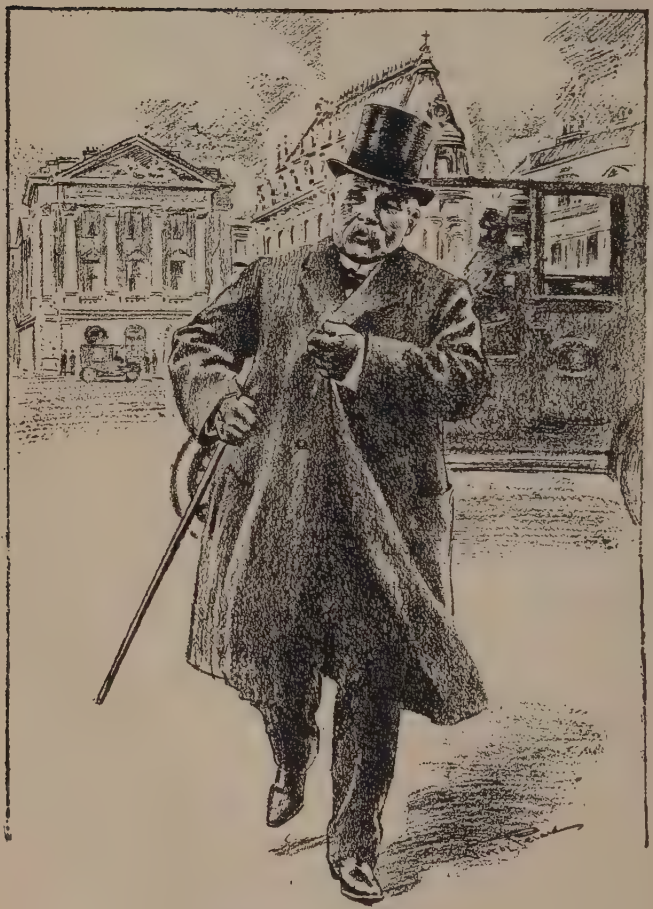
after his defeat he sat down to write. Deprived of the opportunity to make speeches in the Chamber of Deputies, he would make them through the press. In 1878 he had founded a small paper called "Justice," but heretofore his busy life had permitted him to write only an occasional article. Now, at the age of fifty-three, he took up journalism as a profession. In a daily editorial for his paper he continued to speak his mind about men and affairs. His articles soon attracted as much attention as his speeches had done. Editors of newspapers and magazines from all parts of France wrote asking for something from his pen.

In addition to articles for the newspapers, he wrote a novel, several books of essays and stories, and a one-act play, which was performed in Paris a few years later. Many of his books had to do with the bad conditions under which men worked and lived. In fact, "in everything he wrote," says one of his biographers,[1] "there are passages which show how warm was his heart for the poor, how strong his horror of oppression, how persistent his love of liberty and his sympathy with those who fight for it."

. . . . . .

Though Clémenceau is now seventy-eight, he walks with the firm, quick step of a young man. The French describe his appearance as "picturesque." He has white hair and sharp black eyes, and he wears his clothes in a manner which others try to imitate but

[1] "M. Clémenceau and His Problems," Charles Dawbarn, Atlantic, June, 1918.



GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU

cannot. His serious face shows at the same time his humor and kindliness.

Next door to his home in Paris is a school, and occasionally, when the children are at play, a ball comes flying over the wall that separates the playground from Clémenceau's garden. If the Premier happens to be in his garden, he very obligingly runs after the ball and tosses it back; often he narrowly escapes being hit.

He raises both flowers and vegetables and keeps enough poultry to supply him with fresh eggs. Sometimes of an evening he is to be seen sitting in the shrubbery, revolver in hand, waiting for the cats that kill his chickens. Nevertheless he is very fond of animals, especially dogs. Frequently a visitor to the office of the Prime Minister will find one of his favorite dogs comfortably curled up on the hearth. When Clémenceau became Minister of the Interior, he thought the gardens of the Ministry incomplete without animals and ordered that peacocks be placed in them. But the residents of the neighborhood objected to the peacocks' shrill cries and petitioned that they be removed. Clémenceau finally solved the difficulty by having an operation performed on the vocal cords of his birds in order that he might have the pleasure of seeing them whenever he looked out of the Ministry windows.

It would be hard to find anywhere a person who works so many hours as the Premier of France. That he is able to accomplish so much is due first to his

strong constitution and secondly to the regular habits he keeps. On ordinary working days eight o'clock every night finds him in bed, but he rises at three in the morning. Between three and six o'clock he writes the daily editorial for his paper, which might itself be considered a day's work. In order that he may have the latest news for his editorials, a messenger from the newspaper office is sent to Clémenceau's home every night with the last bulletins, which he slips under the doormat, where the Premier looks for them the first thing in the morning. Sometimes, fearing that he has overslept, he gets up to look under the mat before the messenger has arrived.

After a half hour of gymnastic exercises, his breakfast, consisting of a cup of coffee and a roll, is served at six-thirty. Frequently he holds conferences in the morning, and visitors begin to arrive as early as eight. Otherwise he writes and studies in his library until twelve.

Clémenceau has been a student all his life. He believes that to study is the best way of keeping young and says that a person should learn a new language every ten years. In the midst of a busy political career he finds time to keep up his interest in medicine. For recreation he reads Latin and Greek.

His library is a beautiful room, furnished with works of oriental art. It is sound proof and contains neither a typewriter nor a telephone. He works at a big table shaped like a horseshoe, setting down his notes in a neat, fine handwriting.

After luncheon he rests for an hour, then goes to the Ministry or attends a session of the Chamber of Deputies. This he counts the hardest work of the day. In the evening he either spends a social hour with his family or goes again to his study.

. . . . . .

In 1902 Clémenceau came back into politics as senator for one of the "departments," which in France correspond somewhat to our states. Four years later he became Prime Minister, holding the office of Minister of the Interior at the same time. His enemies, who had complained that he had nothing better to offer in place of the laws which he so persistently opposed, were to learn that he knew how to build quite as well as to tear down. Under his leadership France passed more laws affecting the welfare of the people than under any other ministry in the history of the Republic. There were laws that provided for the relief of the sick, for old age pensions, for the insurance of workmen against injury, and for one day of rest in each week. A Ministry of Labor was established. An income tax law was passed. Freedom of the press, of schools, and of religion, was staunchly upheld.

Meantime Clémenceau, who watched the preparation of Germany, sounded the alarm of war. Few people heeded his warning. Nevertheless he continued to fight for laws to increase the military strength of the nation and appointed Foch the head of the Superior School of War.

In the diplomatic relations between the two coun-

tries things frequently happened which, had the mo ment been right, Germany could easily have made th occasion for war. One such circumstance occurre during Clémenceau's ministry. Two soldiers who ha deserted from the German army joined the Frenc Foreign Legion and Germany demanded that they b returned. International law, in this case, was on th side of France and Clémenceau refused to give u the men. Germany threatened. He remained firm He believed that these desertions were only a pretex to give Germany the right to dictate to France. Fi nally the German ambassador conceived a plan whic he thought would bring Clémenceau to time.

"Mr. Premier," he said, "if complete satisfactio were not given to my Government, I would be force by order of His Majesty, the Emperor, to ask for m passports." This meant war. The German ambas sador knew that France was unprepared.

Clémenceau consulted his watch. "The expres for Cologne leaves at nine o'clock; it is now seven," h replied. "Your Excellency, if you do not wish t miss the train, you had better hurry." It is hardl necessary to add that the ambassador did not go.

Though Clémenceau went out of the ministry agai in 1909, he continued to watch Germany and to war France. In 1912 he established another paper calle "Free Man," and by means of this he gave his whol time and energy to the cause of preparation for wa His ideas made him unpopular, for, almost up to th last minute, the French people refused to believe i

the possibility of war. Sometimes Clémenceau pleaded with them, sometimes he scolded and stormed. With it all certain reforms were accomplished, though to his mind they were not enough. Then one day the church bells in every village and drums at every cross-roads sounded the call to arms.

One of the first measures for which Clémenceau asked after the declaration of war was the establishment of the censorship. In the Franco-Prussian war the newspapers had needlessly alarmed the people many times by printing false reports. To avoid a repetition of this error a military censor was now appointed to determine what news the press should give out, and almost the first thing he did was to suppress Clémenceau's own paper for exposing the mistakes of the army medical service.

To suppress the publication of false news was one thing, but to keep from the people a knowledge of everything that went wrong was another, and Clémenceau did not submit to this kind of censorship without a struggle. The next day his paper appeared again with the same articles. Then the publication of the paper was ordered stopped. At this point Clémenceau must have agreed to accept the censor's ruling, for after a few days the paper reappeared, only it no longer bore the name of "Free Man"; it was now called "Man Enchained." Three years later, when Clémenceau became Prime Minister for a second time, the old name was restored.

In the beginning of September, when the Germans

were marching on Paris, the War Office sought to prepare the people for the possibility of defeat by issuing the following bulletin: "The great battle is on at last, between Maubeuge and Donon. Upon it hangs the fate of France." Except for this the people lacked information entirely. They did not know what had happened to their armies or what the next few days might bring to them. Some despaired, others hoped, but there was no one who did not feel the deepest anxiety. The next day following this announcement Clémenceau's paper came out with a startling denial. "It is not true," it said, referring to the War Office's bulletin. "The fate of France does not depend upon this one battle, nor upon any which may follow. Her fate depends solely upon the resistance which the French, all the French, can oppose to the invader without a sign of weakness. France is not lost merely because her soldiers happen to meet with defeat in one battle."

In his words the people found courage and comfort. Many who had never read his paper began to read it now for the sake of the daily article, which always contained some such words as these. In all of Clémenceau's services to France, none was greater than this, that through four terrible years of war he constantly upheld the courage of the nation.

"He is mounting guard for France," wrote one of his fellow countrymen.[1] "Since he cannot be the pilot who steers the vessel he will be the watchman who

[1] *Clémenceau*, Gustave Geffroy.

warns of the reefs and the dangers of getting off the course; he will be the night-watch who observes the sky and forecasts the weather. At the first hours of the morning every day, on the ground floor of a house at Passy, a lamp is lighted. The same hand that has lighted the wick and lowered the lampshade, seizes a pen. An energetic and thoughtful face bends under the light toward the white page that will soon be covered by a swift, nervous handwriting. Under the thick black eyebrows his eyes gleam, become angry and tender at the same time. Under the white mustache his mouth mutters or formulates the words, the sentences, the ideas. Clémenceau is writing his editorial."

Sometimes he would slip away from Paris to the seashore near his old home in Vendée, but there, too, he lighted his lamp at three every morning in order that the people might not miss the words of encouragement for which they now looked every day.

As the war progressed it became more and more clear to the French people that something was wrong within the government. They were convinced that men of high standing were in the employ of the enemy, that Germany, failing to achieve a decisive military victory, had set on foot a scheme to bring about the defeat of France from within. While these facts were generally known, no one dared to act. So cleverly had the plan been worked that Germany had contrived to get powerful political support and it was doubtful whether anyone who tried could succeed in

getting the suspected men arrested. Meanwhile the army was being sacrificed at the front, and the people, despairing of justice, grew more disheartened every day.

It remained for Clémenceau to act. Suspecting where the trouble lay, he boldly accused the Prime Minister and the whole administration of being responsible for a conspiracy to ruin France. Day after day he hurled his accusations until it became impossible for the men he accused to continue in power. The government fell, the traitors were arrested and tried. Only one member of the cabinet was found guilty, M. Malvy, Minister of the Interior, whose punishment was exile from France. Two others figuring chiefly in the plot were M. Caillaux, a financier of international standing, who was imprisoned, and an adventurer named Bolo, who was shot.

Having been saved at the eleventh hour from a disaster worse than any that could have happened on the battlefield, the people now demanded a premier who would "use all the energies and resources of France to defeat Germany, who would see that they had fuel and food, and who would not allow the armies to be assailed in the rear by the use of German money." President Poincaré, heeding their cry, asked Clémenceau to form a cabinet, and in twenty-four hours the new Prime Minister had begun to straighten out the entanglements that had come so near losing the war.

[1] *The Tiger of France*, Herbert Adams Gibbons.

From the beginning of the war Clémenceau had visited the front almost daily. He had preferred to go as a journalist, refusing the attention paid to senators; in this way he obtained a great deal more information about the armies. When he became Prime Minister he also served as Minister of War, and this furnished another reason for his frequent visits to the trenches. Though there was little he did not know about the war, he kept himself informed to the last minute, and he liked best to get his information directly from the soldiers.

Villagers living along the way quickly recognized him and cheered him as he passed, or gathered about his car to talk with him when there was occasion. But usually he traveled at full speed, and, since he always insisted on visiting the front where the heaviest fighting was going on, he had many narrow escapes from shells. Once two windows of his automobile were broken by fragments of a shell that fell in the road just after he had passed. If he chanced to meet troops on the march he would greet them with "How do you do, gentlemen?" and men who did not know him were at a loss to account for this distinctly unmilitary person who traveled about the war zone with such freedom.

In the trenches, however, he was a familiar figure. Dressed in knickerbockers and gaiters and wearing a rough felt hat pulled over his eyes, he waded through mud, or sat for hours, pressed into a niche of some trench wall, getting the information he so much

desired while he waited for a bombardment to cease. If he were accompanied by an officer, as he always was in the days before he became Minister of War, his constant endeavor was to make his escape.

"You are not obliged to accompany me," he would say, half earnestly, half in fun. To which the officer would generally reply, "I can't do anything about it. Telephone to general headquarters."

And when Clémenceau had got some general on the wire who, politely but firmly, refused to let him take unnecessary risks, he would shout back, "Because the staff officers are often kept away from the trenches is no reason for forbidding me access to them."

At other times, by one means or another, he had his way. Word would reach headquarters that the Premier was in the trenches, but where no one knew exactly, so quickly did he move from place to place. Just after one of the hardest battles of July, 1918, he was discovered picking flowers in a shell crater to make the tri-color for his buttonhole.

"Once," says an English writer,[1] "he stood looking down on a heap of French dead. The shells were falling near him, the staff officers wanted to move him on. 'My old carcass?' he said. 'What an end it would be!' And he stood looking long at the young dead."

To all who questioned his policy Clémenceau had but one answer, "I am fighting the war." Nor did he

[1] "Clémenceau," Laurence Jerrold, Fortnightly Review, Jan., 1918.

wage war with his pen alone, but with every means he could command. He appealed to America to send armies and food, to Britain to send more men. He insisted upon putting the Allied armies under the command of General Foch. In a speech before the Chamber of Deputies when he took over the government, he plead in words that were never to be forgotten by those who lived through that trying time that everything be sacrificed for victory.

"You ask me my war aim?" he said. "I reply that my aim is to be victorious."

And finally the day came for which the people had hoped and despaired alike for nearly four and a half years. In the beginning of the war church bells had sounded the call to arms; on the 11th of November, 1918, they announced the signing of the armistice and peace. The Chamber of Deputies, which met according to custom that afternoon, was to hear the terms of the armistice read by Premier Clémenceau at four o'clock.

Long before the appointed hour the square outside the Bourbon Palace, where the Chamber meets, was thronged with people, — students, soldiers, laborers, men, women, and children — waiting for a sight of the Premier. From time to time they sang the Marseillaise and called for Clémenceau so loudly that the Chamber found it difficult to hold session. Finally Clémenceau went to the window to speak to the people. Seeing him, they broke wildly into cheers of "Long live the Tiger," and "Long live Clémenceau." When

he could make himself heard he asked them to shout instead "Long live France."

Inside the Chamber the people were not less expectant. The visitors' galleries were full. Every deputy was there. Clémenceau entered so quietly that at first no one saw him, then the Assembly rose, cheering and applauding. Deputies rushed to shake hands with him; his friends sought to congratulate him. Finally he raised his hand, asking for silence, and the Assembly hushed itself to hear what he had to say.

"Let us promise in this moment to work always with all the strength of our hearts for the public good." Then, putting on his glasses, he began to read the terms of the armistice.

"This morning at eleven o'clock firing ceased on all fronts." The applause which greeted this official announcement of the end of the war echoed to the roof, as it did after the reading of each article. Silence fell upon the assembly again when the Premier spoke of the honor France owed to her dead. "And when our living, on their return, pass in review before us on our boulevards," he went on, "as they march toward the Arc de Triomphe, we shall cheer them to the echo. Salute them in advance for the world they have made anew."

From the Chamber of Deputies Clémenceau went to the Senate, where, after hearing the terms of the armistice, a resolution was passed to be placed in the council chamber of every city and in the town hall of every village throughout France. It read:

GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU, PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL AND MINISTER OF WAR, AND MARSHAL FOCH, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE ALLIED ARMIES, HAVE WELL DESERVED THE GRATITUDE OF THE COUNTRY.

. . . . . .

At three o'clock on the afternoon of January 18th, 1919, the Peace Conference was opened in Paris. Representatives of the Allied nations and of the new nations created by the war met to determine the conditions of peace. Twenty-eight countries were represented, the whole number of delegates being seventy-two.

The assembly held its sessions in a splendid hall in the Foreign Office. Its decorations were in white and gold and from the ceiling hung four large crystal chandeliers. At one end of the chamber, immediately behind the president's chair, stood a statue somewhat resembling the Statue of Liberty, which represented Peace.

The tables for the delegates were arranged in the form of a large horseshoe extending the length of the hall. They were covered with green baize and the chairs were upholstered in bright red leather. Before each place was a portfolio containing everything necessary for writing.

The Conference was opened with impressive ceremony. A fanfare of trumpets heralded each delegation as it arrived, the delegates being arranged according to the alphabetical order of the countries

represented. Exactly at three o'clock a roll of drums announced the arrival of President Poincaré. He was escorted to the head of the table, where he took his place temporarily in the president's chair. Next on his right sat President Wilson. All rose as President Poincaré began the opening address. There had been a special reason, to which President Poincaré referred in his speech, for opening the Conference on the 18th of January. "This very day, forty-eight years ago, on the 18th of January, 1871, the German Empire was proclaimed by an army of invasion in the Château at Versailles." Now the day which marked the end of the Great War marked also the end of the German Empire.

Premier Clémenceau was unanimously chosen President of the Conference. In his address to the delegates he again spoke of the fact that it was the first time in history that a delegation made up of the civilized peoples of the world had come together. "We have come here as friends, we must go out of the door as friends. That is the first thought I have to express to you." And finally, "The program of this Conference has been set up by President Wilson; it is no longer a peace concerning greater or smaller territories which we have to make, it is no longer a peace of continents. It is a peace of peoples. This program is sufficient in itself. Gentlemen, let us try to act quickly and well."

In a room next to the hall where the Peace Conference held session were some two hundred newspaper

reporters, "straining eye and ear" to see and hear everything that went on. One of them[1] describes Premier Clémenceau:

"With his seventy-seven years, Clémenceau is the oldest member of the assembly. He is also the most vital, externally at least. . . . He shifts in the presidential chair now right and now left, throwing bits of his own interpretation to Wilson or Lloyd George in advance of the official translator. He corrects, emphasizes, he underlines the interpreter with emphatic nod or takes exception with his gray-gloved hands or a swift uplift of the white scythe of his mustache. His eyes scour the room to study effects. He is constantly signaling to the secretaries behind him for orders, memoranda, messages to be delivered."

One day when Clémenceau was returning home from a session of the Peace Conference an attempt was made on his life. He had just descended from his automobile and had started to walk toward his apartment when he was attacked by the would-be assassin, who fired several shots at him, one bullet penetrating his lung. With his usual calmness, Clémenceau continued walking in the direction of his apartment, crossed the vestibule and court, and reached his door unaided. Bystanders say that he was smiling an ironical smile which seemed to say, "The Tiger is not done for yet."

Some twenty minutes later he was telling President Poincaré, who had rushed to his bedside, his thoughts while the shooting was going on.

[1] "The Peacemakers," Simeon Strunsky, Atlantic, April, 1918.

"When I felt the whistle of the first bullets so near my head I muttered, 'The animal shoots well.' At the second shot, which was indiscreet enough to get inside of me as far as my lung, I said, 'But he shoots too well.' Finally, under this rain of bullets which whistled about my ears and almost didn't stop there, I reflected, 'At least my enemies will not be able to insinuate any longer that I haven't ballast in my head —lead ballast.'"[1]

Each day during the two weeks that the Premier was confined to his house a stream of visitors, old men and women, soldiers, young girls and children, came to his door to inquire how he was, to express their indignation over the assault, and to bring him flowers and delicacies. Conferences were also held at his home, for, despite his wound, Clémenceau could not be kept from work.

The Peace Conference was now drawing to a close. The settlement had proved, in the words of President Wilson, "a colossal business such as the world had never dreamed of before." Five months had been required to reconstruct the world that four and a half years of war had destroyed. The peace terms, as they were finally written, were severe, but, in the minds of the statesmen who had drafted them, Germany had committed a great wrong and must make just reparation. By the provisions of the treaty several new nations were created out of territory formerly belonging to Austria-Hungary and Ger-

[1] *Georges Clémenceau,* George Le Comte.

many. This was done in recognition of the rights of all peoples to be free. Alsace and Lorraine were returned to France. In territories where any doubt existed as to the nationality of the majority, the treaty provided for a vote of the people. An indemnity of $5,000,000,000 was imposed on Germany for the immediate reparation of the ruined areas of Belgium and France, a second payment of $10,000,000,000 to be made between 1921 and 1926, and a larger indemnity to be paid in the future, the amount to be determined by a commission appointed for that purpose. By another article Germany agreed to surrender the Kaiser, his statesmen, and the military leaders who were responsible for the war, in order that they might be tried and punished for the greatest crime in history. Finally the treaty provided for a League of Nations, "pledged to use their united power to maintain peace."[1]

After many delays it was finally announced that the treaty would be signed at Versailles on the 28th of June, 1919.

The Château at Versailles had been the scene of the signing of the Franco-German peace treaty of 1871. In the same room, the famous Hall of Mirrors, the new treaty was to be signed. Now, however, the conditions were exactly reversed.

"It was a few minutes after two," writes a correspondent of the "New York Times,[2]" "when the first

[1] Woodrow Wilson, Address cabled to American people.

[2] "The Signing Provides a Brilliant Pageant," Walter Duranty, New York Times, June 29, 1919.

automobile made its way between dense lines of cavalry, backed by a double rank of infantry with bayonets fixed — there were said to be 20,000 soldiers altogether guarding the route — that held back the cheering crowds.

"The scene from the Court of Honor, where I was standing, was impressive to a degree. The Place d'Armes was a lake of white faces, dappled everywhere by the bright colors of flags and fringed with the horizon blue of troops, whose bayonets flashed like flames as the sun peeped for a moment from behind heavy clouds. Above, aeroplanes, a dozen or more, wheeled and curvetted.

"One of the earliest to arrive was Marshal Foch, amid a torrent of cheering, which broke out even louder a few moments later when the massive head of Premier Clémenceau, for once with a smile on the Tiger's face, was seen through the windows of a French military car. To both, as to other chiefs, including Wilson, Pershing, and Lloyd George, the troops paid the honor of presenting arms all around the courtyard.

"After Clémenceau they came thick and fast, diplomats, soldiers, Princes of India in gorgeous turbans, Japanese in immaculate Western dress, admirals, flying men, Arabs, and a thousand and one picturesque uniforms of the French, British and Colonial armies. . . .

"At ten minutes of three came President Wilson, in a big black limousine, with his flag, a white eagle on

a dark blue ground. The warmth of welcome accorded him bore witness to the place he still holds in French hearts."

Inside the Hall of Mirrors, so-called from the seventeen great mirrors placed to reflect the beauty of the palace gardens, the peace table had been prepared. It was in the shape of a hollow rectangle. Two other tables held documents containing the changes and modifications of the treaty. Thus three persons could sign at once. A box of goose quills was placed on each of the three tables for those representatives who wished to sign in the traditional manner.

In 1871 a body of Prussian guards had been witnesses to the signing of the peace. Their places were taken in 1919 by French veterans of the Franco-Prussian war and by detachments of French, British, and American troops.

At ten minutes after three Premier Clémenceau announced the opening of the session and, after a bare statement of the fact that both sides had agreed to accept the treaty, he invited the German delegates to come forward and sign.

"There was a tense pause for a moment. Then, in response to M. Clémenceau's bidding, the German delegates rose without a word and, escorted by William Martin, master of ceremonies, moved to the table, where they placed upon the treaty the signatures which German government leaders declared until recently would never be appended to this treaty.

"When they regained their seats after the signing,

President Wilson immediately rose and, followed by the other delegates, moved to the signing tables."[1]

President Wilson's signature came first for the Allies, because the signing was in the alphabetical order of the countries named in the treaty, the United States being officially written the United States of America. At 3.49 the booming of cannons announced that the ceremony was over, that, after five years of war, peace had come.

It had been planned that, following the ceremony, the representatives of the Allies should go to the palace gardens to see the fountains play. Premiers Clémenceau and Lloyd George, and President Wilson, therefore, led the way; the rest got no further than the door.

"With cries of 'Vive Clémenceau! Vive Wilson! Vive Lloyd George!' dense crowds swept forward from all parts of the spacious terrace. In an instant the three were surrounded by struggling cheering masses of people, fighting among themselves for a chance to get at the statesmen.[2]

"Probably the least concerned for their personal safety were the three themselves. They went forward smilingly, as the crowd willed, bowing in response to the ovation, and here and there reaching out to shake an insistent hand as they passed on their way through the chateau grounds to watch the playing of the fountains . . . .

[1] "Peace Signed," Associated Press Dispatch, New York Times, June 29, 1919.
[2] *Ibid.*

"The return of President Wilson, M. Clémenceau, and Lloyd George toward the palace was a repetition of their outward journey of triumph. As they reached the chateau, however, they turned to the left instead of entering . . . . Near by a closed car was waiting. The three entered this and drove from the grounds together amid a profusion of flowers which had been thrust in through the open window."

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IX. ADMIRAL SIMS

THERE were three boys in the Sims family, and one day their father announced that he had just received an appointment to Annapolis for one of his sons. It had to be decided immediately which one should go. Two of the boys thought that they would not care for the navy, and the choice fell upon William.

William was seventeen at the time, and until then probably the thought of a naval career had not entered his mind. He had been born at Port Hope in Ontario in 1858, but had lived the most of his life on a farm in western Pennsylvania.

The opportunity which had come so unexpectedly found him quite unprepared. He had never been a student. In fact, "his greater pleasure was not to learn," and in school he was counted a slow and rather careless pupil.

The competitive examinations for Annapolis in those days comprised mostly grammar school subjects, but they were difficult, and the passing mark was high. William took them and failed. Then there came an awakening.

It was not customary to give candidates who failed a second chance, but William Sims begged so hard that the examiners finally consented. And they gave him a month in which to prepare.

At the end of the month he went up again for his examinations, and this time he passed. He had worked "terrifically."

He had now four years of hard study ahead of him, and he soon discovered that his scholarship no longer concerned himself alone but reflected on the standing of his company. If he made a poor recitation or "busted cold," in the language of the cadets, his classmates turned their thumbs down. He was slated for disapproval. If his marks were unsatisfactory he was put on the "tree," the published list of those who are poor in scholarship, and other members of the company made it very uncomfortable for him. On the other hand, if he made an average of eighty-five per cent throughout the year, he was entitled to wear a gold star on the collar of his uniform the next year and become a popular man with his mates.

There were two studies that William Sims particularly disliked, French and mathematics. Since these were especially necessary for a naval officer, he made up his mind to overcome his dislike for them. He succeeded so well that, after his graduation, he asked for a year's leave of absence in order that he might go to Paris to complete his study of French. To-day he speaks French quite as well as English.

He learned other things that first year not included in the curriculum. His company saw that his scholarship was high, but upper-class men looked after his table manners. "Boat your oars," a senior would call out to the embarrassed freshman when knife and fork

rested against his plate, or "Rig in your boom," if his elbows stuck out.

Regulations met him at every turn. Most of them had to do with his conduct in class or at drill, but a few, it seemed, were designed to govern even his leisure time. He must always appear with his shoes blackened and his uniform carefully brushed, and everything in his room must be in order. When off duty, however, he was on his honor. A midshipman's word was never questioned. Any misconduct was his own affair, but there was always the honor of the class to be upheld, and the class did not deal leniently with offenders.

After graduating from the Academy, a midshipman was required to spend two years at sea before he could become an officer of the navy. William Sims found that the life at sea admitted of considerable improvement. With twenty-one others he occupied the forecastle of an old sailing ship. The quarters were small and the ventilation was bad. On hot nights the men could hardly breathe. Sims complained to the commanding officer.

"As human beings," he said, "we are entitled to so many cubic feet of air."

"You don't say!" replied the captain. "Get to your quarters and remember, young man, that there ain't anything human about a midshipman."

Sims then wrote to the navy department. When no reply came to his letter, he wrote again. Meanwhile he had investigated the amount of air space in

barns and found that midshipmen were allowed less than pigs and cattle. Though it was considered almost an act of effrontery on the part of a midshipman, he sent his figures in to Washington. The improvement of midshipmen's quarters which finally resulted was the first of many reforms Sims was to bring about.

For the next eighteen years, however, not much was heard of him except that he was doing his work well. A part of that time he was instructor on the school ships *Saratoga* and *Philadelphia*. Two years he spent in China and the far East. Promotion in the navy in times of peace is extremely slow, and at forty Sims was still a lieutenant.

When the Spanish-American War came, in 1898, he was naval attaché to the American Embassy at Paris. Probably it was his knowledge of French that had gained him the appointment.

There is a story that, in the beginning of the war, Lieutenant Sims was ordered to Liverpool to hurry the shipment of a cargo of ammunition much needed by our troops in Cuba. About the time the order was ready, word came that the Spanish fleet had sailed for America, and the Liverpool firm refused to let the loaded ship start unless it was insured against loss. Time was too valuable to wait for the government to act, and Lieutenant Sims pledged himself personally to be responsible for any loss if the ship would only sail before sunset. At the time he did not consider how long it would take him to pay the bill, but after-

wards he was amazed when he remembered that the value of the cargo was a million dollars.

His work in Paris and Petrograd, where he also served as naval attaché, gave him the opportunity to see what other navies were doing, and he woke up to the fact that the American navy was very inferior to those of European nations. We had beautiful ships, trim, clean, and white, but they were not fighting ships. Again Sims reported his observations to the navy department. His letters were filed away and nothing came of them.

In 1900 he was again transferred to the China station. He reported for duty on the U. S. S. *Kentucky,* which had put in at Gibraltar on its way to the Orient. The *Kentucky* was a ship of the type to which Sims had objected. Though her captain thought she was the pride of the navy, the junior officer, "with two fingers on the typewriter," says Lieutenant Reuterdahl, "pointed out that she was no ship at all."

"We should have shed tears when we launched her," he argued, "instead of sprinkling her with champagne." The report which went to Washington found its way into a pigeon hole marked "Lieutenant Sims."

Out in China Sims met a British naval officer named Captain Percy Scott, who was interested in new methods, and the two officers became good friends.

One day Captain Scott told Sims that he had invented a device for improving the marksmanship of his gunners. It was generally conceded at the time

that the marksmanship in all navies was poor, for ammunition was too expensive to permit of gun practice every day. Captain Scott's device was simple and inexpensive. To the barrel of a big gun was attached a tube, which fired a bullet at a small target set up at close range. If the small target was hit, the gun was accurately aimed to hit the large target miles away.

Sims was much impressed with this scheme and made use of it on a number of the guns of the *Kentucky*. At the next target practice the marksmanship of his crews surpassed that of all the other crews in the Asiatic fleet. This convinced him that the scheme was a practical one, and he wrote at once to Washington, sending a full report of his experiment and urging that Captain Scott's system be adopted by the American navy.

Months passed and no reply came. Sims knew as well as anyone that the destination of all his letters was either a pigeon hole or a waste basket, but he kept on writing. His thought then, as it had been from the first, was to improve the service. His reports, however, had not resulted in any change of system, for an inefficient navy reflected on the navy department, and the department did not want a lieutenant out in China to show up its faults.

Nevertheless, the letters continued to come, and finally one reached President Roosevelt himself.

Meanwhile information had come from other sources that the navy was not very efficient. In the Spanish War, so recently ended, the records of our

fleet showed that, out of every hundred shots fired on the Cuban coast, only four had reached the mark.

Therefore, when President Roosevelt received Lieutenant Sims's letter, he determined to find out for himself whether the marksmanship in the navy was really as bad as had been reported. If it was, something should be done about it, but if it was not, Lieutenant Sims, who had come very near to criticizing his superior officers, ought to lose his rank. Five of the best battleships of the Atlantic fleet were ordered out, and for five hours they steamed back and forth firing at a target larger than the one used regularly for gun practice. An examination of the mark at the end of that time showed that only three hits had been made.

When President Roosevelt heard this, he immediately recalled Lieutenant Sims from China and put him in charge of the navy's target practice.

The building of a more effective navy was to be Sims's work. The methods which he introduced were then little known; to-day they would be termed the methods of scientific management. With a stop watch he timed and coördinated the movements of a crew so that not a moment was wasted in the firing of a gun. In this way he reduced the firing time from five minutes to thirty seconds. He told the bluejackets that higher ratings and extra pay would be given to the men who made the best records, and soon there was great rivalry among crews. A good gun pointer became the most popular man aboard ship. Then it

was ship against ship and squadron against squadron for the honor of flying the pennant of the winner.

A record to compare with that of our fleet during the Spanish War is that of the *South Carolina,* a few years after Sims's methods had been introduced. Firing twelve-inch guns, one of the *Carolina's* crews recorded sixteen hits out of sixteen shots in four minutes thirty-one seconds. This was battle practice; our navy had learned to shoot.

Another of Sims's reforms was to create a better spirit between officers and men. In the old days an officer would have said, in the words of Sims's first captain, that there was nothing human about a bluejacket. An officer's duty was to work his men as long and as hard as he could. With this way of thinking Sims radically disagreed. He believed that a friendly feeling between officers and men was necessary to the making of a better navy.

"The happy ship," he said, "is almost invariably the efficient ship," and he began another one of his investigations. The many ways he found of adding to the comforts of the men won their loyalty at once.

On board the superdreadnought *Nevada,* which Sims commanded just before the European war, the bluejackets wanted some way of showing their affection for Captain Sims and decided to make some doormats for his cabin. Knowing his motto to be "Cheer up and get busy," they wove the first part of it into the mats, so that everyone stepping across the threshold was invited to "cheer up." Then in the cabin

port holes they arranged electric lights that threw out on the decks the words, "Get busy." This was the relationship between officer and men that Sims worked constantly to bring about. It is said that in ten years his reforms have revolutionized the navy's spirit.

Some twenty years ago the question of larger ships was being considered by naval experts all over the world. The biggest ship of the day was the battleship, which carried both large and small guns. In 1903 Lieutenant Homer C. Poundstone of the American navy invented a great heavy armored, high-speed ship with all big guns. Sims was much interested in this new type of craft and, with Lieutenant Poundstone, worked out all the details of the plan. Both officers believed it to be the fighting ship of the future. They named it the U. S. S. "*Scared-o-Nothing.*" Two years later, there appeared in the British navy an all-big-gun ship, the first of the kind to be built. It was called the "*Dreadnought.*"

From the time Sims first heard of Lieutenant Poundstone's big ship, he had tried repeatedly to have the plans accepted by the navy department, but it was not until Great Britain and Italy actually began to build dreadnoughts that the department finally consented. Plans for the *Michigan* and the *South Carolina,* which had been ordered as battleships, were then changed and these became our first dreadnoughts.

One other achievement of Sims's was to prove of great value in the European war. This was his work

with the destroyers. In 1911, when Captain Sims was a man of fifty-three, he entered the Naval War College at Newport, Rhode Island, and worked there as an ordinary student for two years, chiefly upon the problems of destroyers.

Destroyers were comparatively new ships in the navy and it was not very clear what their function in battle was to be, whether they should keep to the work for which they were originally built, destroying torpedo boats, or whether they should be used in attack against the giant battleships. If they were to be used in attack, their movements must be regulated and timed.

When Sims left the War College, he was given command of the Torpedo Flotilla of the Atlantic fleet, which afforded him the opportunity of trying out in a practical way the problems over which he had worked. He converted the destroyer flotilla from a mere collection of ships into a coördinated fighting machine, and it was this work which enabled us to take our place in the fighting line just five weeks after war was declared with Germany.

Sims was President of the Naval War College when war came. Shortly afterwards he was promoted to the rank of vice-admiral, and since the war has ended he has been made an admiral, which is the highest rank in the navy.

Before war was actually declared, he was sent to London to confer with the British Admiralty. He has himself told the story of his departure.

"While I was President of the Naval War College at Newport, I was ordered to report without delay to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington. I was not notified of the nature of the business to be discussed. When I arrived, I was received in secret conference with Secretary Daniels and Admiral Benson, chief of naval operations.

"I was told that it looked as though we should go to war with Germany. They then explained to me that I was to go at once to see the people on the other side and reach an understanding as to how the United States could best coöperate with the Allied sea force in operation against Germany.

"They told me that one aide would be allowed me and that his identity must not be known until it might be decided to reveal it on his arrival on the other side.

"I chose Commander J. V. Babcock, who was my aide at Newport. We both put on civilian clothes, dropped our names, and assumed others more suitable to the occasion. Babcock and I chose 'Richardson' and 'Robertson' as near as I can recall. We sailed from New York on March 31, 1917, on the steamship *New York*. No one on the steamer recognized us, and we passed the trip as ordinary voyagers.

"We received the news of the declaration of war by the ship's wireless on April 6th, but it did not disturb us. We reached Liverpool on April 9th in a thick fog. Entering the harbor, the *New York* struck a mine, which blew a hole in one of her forward compartments.

"At Liverpool we went ashore like anyone else. A special train was waiting at the landing stage, however, with Admiral Hope of the British Admiralty. It waited there until we got aboard, then pulled out for London.

"We arrived at London April 10th, still wearing civilian clothes. We went at once to the Admiralty offices, where we had a conference with Admiral Jellicoe.

"On April 13th, at a luncheon in London, the United States ambassador made a formal announcement that I had arrived in the country. After that I went about in uniform."

The first of our ships to reach the fighting zone were the destroyers. From their camouflage they were known as "Sims's circus." They were barred, striped, and daubed in all colors. Breaking the outline renders a ship less visible to the enemy and often makes it difficult to tell in which direction it is moving.

The destroyers had sailed, prepared in every detail for war, yet not even the commander knew that the flotilla was bound for Europe. The instructions were to "proceed to a point fifty miles east of Cape Cod and there to open sealed orders."

The Germans, however, had learned of the sailing of the flotilla, knew of its destination and the day of its arrival, and, the night before it was to reach Queenstown, Ireland, had planted a field of mines at the entrance to the harbor. In spite of this effort on the part of the enemy, our destroyers slipped into port

ADMIRAL SIMS

safely, the Stars and Stripes flying from their masts, "their funnels white with salt spray."

On shore a crowd had gathered to greet them and, from the time they were first sighted, filing in a long line into the harbor, cheer after cheer went up, until they finally dropped anchor and the officers came ashore.

It was a simple greeting of a few hundred people, quite different from the one Queenstown had planned. Military bands and a celebration to last several days had been ordered, but at the last moment Admiral Sims arrived and asked that all preparations be stopped. Our destroyers were not coming for pleasure, he said, but to fight.

Nevertheless, the British commander who greeted our flotilla was hardly prepared for the senior officer's answer to his question, "When will you be ready for service?"

"We can start at once, sir," the American commander replied. It was expected that the destroyers would need time to prepare for war service.

"We made preparations on the way over," the American officer continued. "That is why we are ready." And within an hour after their arrival at Queenstown the destroyers were on their way to the fighting zone.

At this time, as Admiral Sims has since said, the Germans were winning the war. Every month their submarines destroyed between 700,000 and 800,000 tons of Allied shipping. The American navy adopted

new methods of combating submarines. At firs they were only experiments, but they proved so suc cessful that the shipping losses rapidly decreased from that time on. The principal methods used were three first, the convoy system, which was Admiral Sims' own idea; second, the depth bomb; and third, th listening device for detecting submarines. The las two were American inventions, sent over by the Amer ican Board of Inventions.

To fight submarines was especially the work of th destroyers. They are slender, trim looking ships some three hundred feet long, with a breadth of onl thirty feet. Steaming at high speed, a destroyer dart upon a submarine, endeavoring to ram it before it ca submerge. Failing to do this, it then wheels in cir cles or in zigzag lines and drops its depth bombs. Th bombs explode eighty feet below the sea's surface destroying everything within one hundred fifty yards They have accounted for more submarines than an other single device.

A naval officer on board one of our first transport tells what happened during a submarine attack whe a destroyer came to the rescue.[1]

"Like a striking rattlesnake, it darted between couple of transports. Her nose was so deep in th sea as to be almost buried, while a great wave at th stern threw a shower of spray on the soldiers masse at the transport's bow. That destroyer ran righ along the line of bubbles like a hound following a tra

[1] *Our Navy in the War,* Lawrence Perry.

nd when it came to the spot where the commander stimated the submarine must be lurking he released depth bomb. A column of smoke and foam rose ifty feet in the air, and the destroyer herself rose half ut of the water under the shock of the explosion. On the water were seen oil and fragments of wood and teel."

Convoy work was exacting, patrol duty hardly less o. In seas strewn with wreckage, where any stick esembled a periscope, a patrol ship had to be on the lert constantly. A destroyer on patrol sometimes overed six or seven thousand miles a month, and its atrol beat might be anywhere from the Mediterranean to the North Sea.

But, whatever the dangers and hardships, hunting ubmarines was "the greatest game in the world," and oth officers and men counted themselves lucky to be vith the destroyers. A song went round among the rews that ran like this:

> "Talk about your battleships, cruisers, scouts, and all;
> Talk about your Fritzers who are waiting for a fall;
> Talk about your Coast Guard, it's brave they have to be;
> But Admiral Sims's flotilla is the terror of the sea."

The number of our destroyers in the beginning of he war was, however, too small to meet the needs of he patrol service, and soon France sent in a call for nore ships to guard her coasts. Until more destroyrs could be built, the only available ships were those f the naval auxiliary, private yachts turned over to ne navy for war service.

So frail did they appear for the task ahead of them that the navy men dubbed them the "Suicide Fleet." Their crews numbered a few enlisted men and one or two petty officers. The rest were chiefly college students. What they lacked in training they made up for in their eagerness to serve; when it came to fighting submarines, no destroyer fleet was going to get ahead of them.

Arriving at Brest one day, the Suicide Fleet found no end of work waiting for it. It had been sent for chiefly to convoy shipping along the French coast. This was the route to the Mediterranean and here the submarines were most active. Much of the convoying had to be done at night. With twenty to thirty merchant ships depending on it for safety, one of these yachts would feel its way in the darkness through the dangerous reefs and shoals of the Bay of Biscay, reaching some port only to take on coal and depart immediately. There was neither rest nor leisure for the crews as long as their boats held together.

In the chart room there was always a pile of radio messages. And too often there came a message which read like this:[1] "From S. S. ——, S. O. S. Am being torpedoed, thirty miles west of ——. Shot just missed by five hundred yards. Am being shelled. Hope to see you soon."

To which the yacht would reply, "Keep on that course. We are heading for you. Hold on! Help coming!"

[1] *With the Fighting Fleets,* Ralph D. Paine.

Perhaps the ship that was being shelled was one of a convoy in which case the other ships were obliged to steer a wild, zigzag course to escape a similar fate. Not infrequently they collided. If it were night, darkness added to the confusion. Unable to see the submarine, they would fire in the direction where they thought it might be. The answer was shells and more shells. Explosions told where a ship was struck, explosions and the cries of men calling for help as they floated about in the icy water.

Steaming up to a scene like this, the yacht would begin rescue work. Flashing on a searchlight, though to do so was to risk being torpedoed, she circled round and round, gathering in the men one at a time. She did not get them all. Some drifted quickly out of sight; others went down before she could reach them. Most of those rescued made work for the ship's doctor. Generally they were either wounded or frozen. Only now and then a man would clamber up the ship's side, grinning, and call out cheerfully, "Where do we go from here?"

The storms that battered them were some of the worst ever known in the east Atlantic. Heavy seas smashed masts, life boats, and now and then the bow of a ship itself. Wind at sixty to a hundred miles an hour would roll them over until their funnels all but touched the water. Torpedoed in a sea like this, they were helpless; the waves would sweep the men overboard before they could reach their guns. Often it meant suicide for them to put to sea, yet they never

failed to leave on schedule. Going down was only a part of the "great game."

So entirely was the attention of the Americans centered upon German submarines that for a time they forgot that we had submarines of our own. For months after the declaration of war nothing was heard of them. They worked quietly, patrolling our coasts, guarding our harbors. Then one day the Secretary of the Navy announced that a flotilla of American submarines had crossed the Atlantic. They had crossed in December of 1917 in severe winter storms which had carried them far out of their course and made their crossing a memorable achievement.

"On all the boats the lookout on the bridge had to be lashed in place," wrote the captain of one of these submarines,[1] "and every once in a while a couple of tons of water would come tumbling over him.

"You can imagine what it was like inside. To begin with, the oily air was none too sweet, because every time we opened a hatch we shipped enough water to make the old hooker look like a start at a swimming tank; and then she was lurching so continuously and violently that to move six feet was an expedition. The men were wonderful, wonderful! Each man at his allotted task and — what's that English word? — carrying on. Our little cook couldn't do a thing with his stove, might as well have tried to cook on a minia

[1] *With the American Submarines*, Henry B. Beston, Atlanti Monthly, November, 1918.

ture earthquake, but he saw that all of us had something to eat, doing his bit game as could be.

"Since it was impossible to make any headway, we lay to for forty-eight hours. The deck began to go the second morning, some of the plates being ripped off. And blow — I never saw anything like it. The disk of the sea was just one great ragged mass of foam being hurled through space by a wind screaming past with the voice of a million express trains.

"Perhaps you are wondering why we didn't submerge. We simply couldn't use up our electricity. It takes oil and running on the surface to create the electric power, and we had a long, long journey ahead. Then ice began to form on the superstructure, and we had to get out a crew to chop it off. It was something of a job; there wasn't much to hang on to, and the waves were still breaking over us. But we freed her of the danger and she went on."

After three weeks of this, when Admiral Sims was beginning to feel some anxiety about his submarines, they came into port one day, shipshape, with flags flying. They were to become a part of the submarine patrol, working in waters around the British Isles. Their work also was to hunt enemy submarines. By means of the listening device a German submarine could be detected miles away. Once an enemy boat was followed eighteen hours by an American submarine before it was caught.

"But aren't our submarines ever mistaken for German?" someone asked a submarine officer.

"Oh, yes," he answered in a matter-of-fact way.

To be mistaken for the enemy, to have torpedoes fired at you and depth bombs dropped on you, to run the risk of being rammed by one of your own destroyers — that was all a part of the business of the submarine patrol. There was even a grimmer side than this. That was to go scouting about under the sea and come unexpectedly upon the enemy. "Sometimes," remarked a British captain, "nobody knows just what happens. Out there in the deep water, whatever happens happens in a hurry." And on the navy records there is entered against the number of the submarine which met the enemy simply the item, "Failed to report."

One day, some months after we entered the war, there arrived at an English port five strange looking battleships, with towers of latticed steel unlike anything in European navies. "At sight of them," says an English writer, "the gray, war-weary battle fleet of Britain burst into a roar of welcome such as had never before greeted a stranger within the gates, either in peace or war." That same day Admiral Sims cabled the navy department in Washington, "Arrived as per schedule."

The American battleships had come to take part in the fighting, for it was expected that more naval battles would be fought before the end of the war. Since the battle of Jutland, May 31, 1916, the German fleet had remained at home, yet every now and then there came a rumor that the enemy was out. On these

occasions the British fleet would leave its base and search the whole North Sea. Such an alarm was sounded soon after the arrival of our battleships. "Under way at three o'clock," was the order, and in the silence and darkness of early morning the whole fleet moved out. The place of honor was given to the American ships, which, operating as part of the British fleet, now became known as the Sixth Battle Squadron. Steaming in line, just so many hundred yards apart, each battleship kept in its appointed place; following, came the cruisers, the destroyers, and the submarines.

Morning brought wind, rain, and fog. "No weather for a scrap unless it is a short and merry one," an officer remarked, and disappointment settled upon the Americans. It was due them to have just one "crack" at the Germans.

The high seas were making life most uncomfortable aboard ship.[1] "Men moved with care lest they toboggan across the deck and break a leg. Water swashed in when the gun-ports rolled under, and bare-legged bluejackets were baling the floors with buckets. It was damp, gloomy, and dismal below with the hatches battened, but the ships had bucked through heavier seas than this, and these hundreds of American sailors were salt-water philosophers."

Despite the weather the fleet still headed for the German coast. A stick appearing suddenly a few hundred yards to the starboard brought down a shell from the gunners. No risks could be taken in these waters,

[1] *With the Fighting Fleets,* Ralph D. Paine.

and the red flag, warning of submarines, was sent up the signal yard.

After twelve hours without sight of the enemy, the fleet reluctantly turned back. It was no use to go on in such weather. The next time, perhaps, there would be better luck.

The opportunity to engage the German fleet in battle, however, never came. The only time our battleships met the enemy was on the day when the German fleet surrendered, and the Sixth Battle Squadron, as part of the Grand Fleet, escorted it to May Island off the coast of Scotland.

It happened that on Christmas some of our battleships were in port.[1] "Heard about it?" asked a sergeant of the marines.

"Well, there was Christmas trees and fake fireplaces all over the ships and socks hung up for dear old Santa Claus to slide down through the ventilator. And the Admiral pulled off his favorite stunt, which was to invite a million or so poor kids aboard and give them a party. Counting noses, I suppose there was a thousand of them, to get it right. They were war orphans or their daddies were serving in France. We blew them off to a turkey dinner and a moving picture show and clothes and shoes and ten shillings, in cash, per kid, and what they couldn't eat without busting they carried home in paper bags. It was no trouble at all to raise funds. And was it worth it? Say, you forgot to be homesick.

[1] *With the Fighting Fleets,* Ralph D. Paine.

"The kids sang Christmas songs and cheered the flag and the Admiral and the crews and the navy. Then a gang of minstrels came over in boats from some British ships and serenaded us and we gave them a band concert and, when we turned in that night, it didn't seem such a bum Christmas after all."

When our navy had been at war a little more than a year it numbered a thousand ships. The trade routes for which it was responsible were not as many as Great Britain's, but our coast line was longer. From Puget Sound to San Diego Bay, from Maine to Panama, and on the shores of the Great Lakes, our patrols protected transports and shipping. Our dreadnoughts and battleships, with the exception of those in foreign service, formed a line of defense extending along the entire Atlantic coast and served also as training schools for war.

Submarine nets protected our harbors, mine sweepers worked continuously outside the harbor entrances to keep them free from mines, while scout boats and submarines watched for any sign of the enemy in American waters. All this was the "silent service" about which one heard little, but without which our fighting fleets could not have carried on.

. . . . . .

. Occasionally passers-by on the streets of London would turn to look at a tall straight man, wearing the blue uniform of the American navy, and remark, "That's Admiral Sims." He was usually seen going or coming from one of two places, the British Admi-

ralty or a mansion in Grosvenor Gardens, West London, over which floated the American flag. This latter place was Admiral Sims's office, the London headquarters of the American navy.

It was through this office that all information reached Washington regarding the needs and organization of our navy in the war zone. Methods and plans changed as the character of the war changed, and all instructions had to come from Admiral Sims.

From the moment he arrived in London he made it clear that the policy of the American navy was not to be one of rivalry but of coöperation with our allies. If the British had methods that were better than ours, we should adopt British methods. The real object being to win the war, it did not matter by what methods the end was achieved.

It was the business of Admiral Sims's organization, too, to watch the enemy, to know what German boats were on the seas and their approximate location. Reports reached the London office daily, and orders were flashed to ships from the North Sea to the Mediterranean.

In June of 1917 Admiral Sims was given command of the Allied fleets in Irish waters. It was the first honor of its kind that the British navy had ever paid to a foreign naval officer. This work required that he spend a large part of his time at Queenstown, Ireland, and a fine old house, with beautiful lawns and gardens, situated on the heights above the town, was turned over to him.

His office at sea was on board the *Melville,* mother ship of a destroyer squadron, but he never remained very long in one place. One day he might be in London, the next in Paris, and on the third day at the naval base. Though he worked long hours, sometimes staying in his office until midnight, he was careful to keep in the best of health. He has always enjoyed his work above everything.

Some of his English friends have tried to interest him in hunting and fishing, but he is not a sportsman; he does not like to kill birds or animals. His idea of recreation is something quite different. In his spare moments he gets a great deal of fun from writing limericks and humorous verse.

"One night when the American fleet was lying at anchor in the Bay of Guaconabays," writes an English correspondent, "the officers assembled to discuss naval subjects. Sims was leaning on a table, busy with pen and paper. Officers thought that the Admiral was occupied with an order or a dispatch. After an hour he handed each officer a limerick on the subject he had been discussing."

One other pleasure which Admiral Sims enjoys quite as much as his work is playing games of all sorts with his children. When he was President of the Naval War College, he used to ride a bicycle to school every morning with one of the children perched on the handlebars. Callers at his home have frequently found him sitting on the floor, entertaining the baby.

Outside of the navy, people have known very little

about Admiral Sims. He prefers not to be known, and has asked reporters repeatedly not to mention his name in dispatches. Lieutenant Reuterdahl, writing of Admiral Sims, says that he has known him for seventeen years and has never been permitted to tell a story about him.

First and last his thought has been for the navy. Officers agree that Admiral Sims, more than any other person, has been responsible for making our navy efficient. The principles for which he has fought so persistently, however, include not only better methods of doing things, but improved conditions of work and a friendly relationship between officers and men. It is the recognition of the human quality in work which Admiral Sims believes makes for the highest type of efficiency.

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X. GENERAL PERSHING

LACLEDE, Missouri, in 1860, was a village of some six hundred inhabitants. A one-room school, a few stores, and a small cluster of houses comprised the town. A railroad, running from Hannibal to St. Joseph, had only just reached Laclede. There were no sidewalks, and the streets were hardly better than muddy country roads. Such was the town of General Pershing's boyhood.

At the time of his birth, September 13, 1860, his father was a section foreman on the new railroad, and John was born in a farmhouse not far from the place of his father's work. A few years later his father bought a store in Laclede and the family moved into town. John F. Pershing, the general's father, was an excellent business man; in time he became fairly well-to-do. In addition to the store, he also owned several farms, and the family moved into a large white house on Main Street, the largest house in town.

There were nine children in the Pershing family, of whom only six lived. John was the eldest. A friend who remembers him as a boy has described him as having light curly hair and black eyes. "He was square-jawed and iron-willed. His shoulders were

square, and he was straight as an arrow. He had a firm, set mouth and a high forehead, and even as a boy was a dignified chap. And yet he was thoroughly democratic in his manner and belief."

Another friend, who was also a playmate in Laclede, says that "as a boy, Pershing was not unlike thousands of other boys of his age. . . . He knew the best places to shoot squirrels or quail, knew where to find the hazel or hickory nuts. He knew, too, where the coolest and deepest swimming pools in the Locust, Muddy, or Turkey creeks were."

His first school was the little one-room schoolhouse. He was an average student, exceptionally good in mathematics, and he liked books. As a boy he had no desire to be a soldier, but he wanted an education and he went after knowledge in the same way that he did everything else, that is with all the energy he had. The boys used to say of him that he hit hard.

When he was thirteen a catastrophe befell the family. That year his father lost everything he had except an interest in two farms. For the next three years he tried farming with John's help. But in 1875 there came a year of drought, when no crops were harvested at all, and the elder Pershing had to seek other means of making a living. John now undertook to run the farms in his father's absence and to help support the family.

He had heard that the negro school in Laclede was in need of a teacher. It was a position that paid little

and was difficult to fill. He was only seventeen at the time, but he was tall and strong, and he had a reputation as a student. When he applied for the position, therefore, the school board decided to let him have it. He taught only one term but his experience enabled him to secure a place as teacher in Prairie Mound, a neighboring town some miles away. While teaching there, he read law at the same time, for his big ambition was to become a lawyer.

Some time later, with the money saved from teaching, he entered the Normal School at Kirksville, Missouri, and was a student there for two years. In the spring of 1882, during his last term at the normal school, he chanced to see the announcement of a competitive examination for the West Point Military Academy and decided that he would try for it. He did not even then think of a military career. He simply wanted an education and West Point offered an unusual opportunity.

Without saying anything to his parents about his intention, John went to Trenton, Missouri, to try for the appointment. There were seventeen other contestants besides himself. The examination, however, developed into a contest between John Pershing and a boy named Frank Higginbotham. Higginbotham was the first to finish, but this fact did not trouble John. He was careful to read over each answer and to prove every problem before he turned in his papers.

That night it was announced that John Pershing had won by a single point. Writing of this event

many years later, Pershing says that the day he won his appointment was the proudest day of his life.

"An old friend of the family happened to be in Trenton that day," he writes,[1] "and, passing on the opposite side of the street, called to me and said, 'John, I hear you passed with flying colors.'

"In all seriousness, feeling the importance of my success, I naïvely replied in a loud voice, 'Yes, I did.'"

The examination which he had just passed, however, was only for the purpose of selecting a candidate. The regular entrance examination was yet to come and John now went home to inform his parents of his success and to get their permission to go East to study. Three months later he passed his final examination, twenty-second on the list, and was admitted to West Point on July 1, 1882.

Every plebe, or first-year man, at West Point has to undergo a certain amount of "deviling." One of the inventions of upper classmen for trying out the disposition of a plebe was known as "dragging." A cadet was seized in his bed, "preferably on a rainy night," carried out of his tent and dragged by his heels the length of the camp street. Not infrequently the street was lined with persecutors who cooled his temper by dashing buckets of cold water on him as he passed by. General Pershing still remembers the draggings he got the first year. He took it in good spirit, however, and found some satisfaction in devis-

[1] *Life of General Pershing*, George MacAdam.

ing new ways of deviling plebes when he should be an upper classman.

Another memorable event of that first year, says General Pershing, was his first turn at guard.[1]

"I got along all right during the day, but at night, on the color line, my troubles began. Of course I was scared beyond the point of properly applying any of my orders. A few minutes after taps ghosts of all sorts began to appear from all directions. I selected a particularly bold one and challenged according to orders.

"'Halt! Who comes there?'

"At that time the ghost stood still in his tracks. I then said, 'Halt! Who stands there?' whereupon the ghost, who was carrying a chair, sat down. I promptly said, 'Halt! Who sits there?'"

At the end of his first year Pershing stood twenty-second in a class of seventy-seven. In another year he had dropped to the thirty-fourth place. He found his studies hard. French and Spanish were particularly troublesome, and many a Saturday afternoon, the only free time he had, went to "boning" French lest he fail to get through.

It was as a soldier rather than as a student that he made his record. In each of the three years in which officers are chosen from the cadet ranks John Pershing headed the list. Upper-class men tremendously respected his discipline. In his senior year he was Captain of Company A, the highest honor a cadet can

[1] *Life of General Pershing*, George MacAdam.

win. The day on which he won his captaincy was "the climax of days," he writes. "No honor can ever come equal to that."

At the end of the second year he was allowed his first furlough and went home for the summer. That summer he tried to come to some decision about his career. Lying out under the trees, he and his old friend, Charley Spurgeon, talked it over. John still clung to the idea of studying law.

"This country is at peace now and it's going to stay at peace," he said. "There won't be a gun fired in the next hundred years. The army is no place for me in peace time. I'd start in as a second lieutenant and get to be a first lieutenant only when a first lieutenant died. The world is going to be too peaceful in the future to make the army look promising as a career."

As late as his senior year he was still undecided and was planning then with three of his classmates to resign from the army and start some kind of irrigation project out in Oregon. But when, upon his graduation, he was assigned to active duty with the Sixth Cavalry, all thoughts of a career outside the army were given up.

For the next five years Lieutenant Pershing was engaged in hunting rebel Indians in the West, first in New Mexico, then in the Bad Lands of South Dakota. He did not take part in any battles, but his work was trying and often dangerous. Each country had its hardships. Under the scorching sun of the

treeless mesas of New Mexico thirst caused intense suffering; often forty to fifty miles lay between water holes. In South Dakota the other extreme was reached. There the men had to endure the severe cold of below-zero temperatures, sleeping in tents, facing blizzards, riding for days over the snow-covered plains.

Back in his cadet days Pershing's classmates used to say of him that he was "dependable," and this was the opinion of his superior officers during these years in the West. Whether his work was rescuing travelers from the Indians, capturing bandits, or looking out for the comfort of his men, it was always well done.

He was thirty-two, however, before he became a first lieutenant, and, shortly after, he received the appointment of military instructor at the University of Nebraska.

At this time military drill was not very popular at the university. Everybody who could got out of it and those who could not spent very little time polishing shoes and rifles and brushing uniforms. They slouched about with rounded shoulders and hands in their pockets in a way that was not exactly military. They did not know their new instructor's record as a drill-master at West Point, but they were not long in finding it out. They scrubbed and brushed and polished for their credits after Pershing came, and in two or three months there was such a change that one could not always be sure whether the

oldierly figure crossing the campus was that of Lieu-enant Pershing or one of the cadets, who now dressed ke him and walked like him.

Another thing these Mid-Western boys were never o forget was the way Pershing taught. "Once at an nnual encampment," says Col. William Hayward,[1] ho was one of Pershing's cadets, "the company was ned up along a country road, firing on a masked attery in an orchard. In those days the firing was y volleys and commands.

"Pershing gave the command, 'Load, ready, aim!'; en, walking along the line of Cadets, he touched my oot and whispered, 'Fire!' I fired. Then every-ody fired. Pershing ran back and forth inquiring of ach of the cadets:

"'Did you hear the command, Fire?'

"'No, sir!'

"'Then why did you fire?'

"'I heard some one else fire.'

"'Do you always do what you hear other people ?'"

These cadets were very proud of having served nder Pershing, and when it became known that he as to leave the university, they called a meeting to evise some badge that would distinguish them from her students. "The majority favored a gold edal," continues Col. Hayward, "but one boy stood t for a pair of Pershing's breeches." When he ex-ained the idea he had in mind, all voted for the

[1] Kansas City Star, July 9, 1916.

breeches and he was appointed to interview Lieutenant Pershing.

"What in the world do you want of a pair of my breeches?" Pershing asked.

The cadet explained that they were to be cut up into stripes, showing the yellow cavalry stripes with the blue of the uniform, and made into service ribbons.

"I'll give you the very best pair I own," said Pershing.

At the university Pershing found the opportunity he had always wanted to study law. Though he had by this time given up the idea of practicing, he thought that a knowledge of law would be helpful to an army officer. He completed the full course, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Laws.

From the University of Nebraska he went to West Point as instructor in tactics, where he remained until the Spanish War in 1898, when he at once asked for active service. As an officer of the Tenth Cavalry, a colored regiment, he was among the first 15,000 who sailed for Cuba on the 14th of June. Two weeks later he was fighting in the battle of San Juan Hill. He has himself described the charge which resulted in the taking of Santiago.

"On June 30th," he writes, "with myself as guide the second squadron of the Tenth forced its way through wire fences and almost impenetrable thickets to its position. . . . Through streams, tall grass, tropical undergrowth, under barbed wire fences and

ver wire entanglements, regardless of casualties, up
ıe hill to the right, this gallant advance was made.
ıs we appeared on the brow of the hill, we found the
paniards retreating, only to take up a new position
ırther on, firing as they retired and stubbornly yield-
ıg ground, inch by inch.

"Our troops halted and lay down for a moment
get their breath. In the face of continued volleys,
ıey soon formed an attack on the blockhouses and
ıtrenchments of the second line. . . . The fire from
ıe Spanish position had doubled in intensity; the
racking of their rifles was a continuous roar. There
as a moment's lull and our line moved forward to
ıarge across the valley separating the two hills.
nce begun, it continued, dauntless and unchecked in
s steady, dogged, and persistent advance until it
ıshed triumphant over the crest of the hill and, fir-
g a parting volley at the vanishing foe, planted the
ken standard on the enemy's breastworks and the
ars and Stripes over the blockhouses of San Juan
ill."

It was the first time that Pershing had taken part in
ıattle, and he won his captaincy. Afterwards Gen-
al Baldwin said of him: "I have been in many fights
the Civil War, but Captain Pershing is the coolest
an under fire I ever saw in my life."

Another officer, Captain Charles S. Ayres, who
mmanded Troop E of the Tenth Cavalry, also
eaks of Pershing in the battle of San Juan. "As
approached San Juan Creek, Troop E was in the

lead of the Tenth Cavalry. When we got to the creek the order was brought by the gallant Pershing, who was as cool as a bowl of cracked ice, for the troops to take cover along the creek and await further orders. Into the creek we went after the courteous Pershing, who was showing us where to go."

In 1899 Captain Pershing, at his own request, was sent to the Philippine Islands, which the United States had purchased upon the conclusion of the war. His work was to be the subjugation of the islands' savage tribes, the largest of which was the Moros, a people whom the Spaniards had never succeeded in conquering. They were a farming and sea-faring people who lived for the most part in the island of Mindanao, the southernmost island of the Philippine group. No one knew exactly how many they were, their numbers having been estimated anywhere from thirty to one hundred thousand.

Soon after the Americans came, the Moros began to raid the army camps, stealing horses and not infrequently killing a sentry. Pershing tried to stop the raids by talking to the Moro leaders, but he was unsuccessful. Then he warned them that, if their attacks continued, he would destroy their villages.

One of the most troublesome of these tribes lived on the shores of Lake Lanao, in a country where high hills, covered with tropical jungle, protected them from attack. Here each farm was a little fortress in itself. The leader of the tribe, called the *datto,* in his stronghold of earth and bamboo, with its

walls twenty feet thick and its deep wide moat, was much amused at the idea of the Americans taking his villages.

Two days after Pershing came, however, the datto's stronghold no longer existed and a hundred Moros had fallen in battle. Then the tribesmen of the entire lake region came out of the hills and surrendered. They welcomed Pershing and promised loyalty to the new government. Wishing to impress them with the fact that the American army was strong enough to see that they kept their word, Pershing and his men made a triumphal march all the way around the lake. The natives were greatly awed, for it was the first time in three hundred years that white men had encircled Lake Lanao.

Pershing's first term of service in the Philippines came to an end in 1903, when he was recalled to the United States to become a member of the General Staff Corps. In 1905, when the Russian-Japanese War broke out, he was appointed military observer with the Japanese army. The study he made of the tactics and organization of the Japanese army was to prove of great value later on, when it fell to him to organize and command the American armies in France.

He was forty-five years old now and still a captain. Advancement in the army was slow, too slow, President Roosevelt thought, for an officer who had done all that Captain Pershing had. In 1906, therefore, Roosevelt appointed him a brigadier-general.

At the end of the Russian-Japanese War Pershing

returned to the Philippines. Many campaigns had still to be made before the Moros were finally subdued, the last occurring as late as 1913. That same year he was appointed military governor of the Island of Mindanao, and soon afterwards the Moros made him a datto, or ruler, of one of their own tribes. It was an unheard-of thing for a foreigner to become a datto, for the datto was not only a judge among his people, but held the power of life and death over them.

Pershing had won their loyalty by treating them fairly, and this was not always easy to do, for it depended on his understanding of Moro customs. First he learned the Moro language, then he studied the Koran. The Moros are Mohammedans in religion and the Koran is their Bible. He did not try to impose white men's ideas of civilization and government on them, but allowed them to keep their own, and after a time they discovered that they could get fairer judgments from him than from one of their own tribe. To a green tent among the palms, over which waved an American flag, the Moros came for miles around, old men, young warriors, mothers with babies to hear Pershing read their own law to them and settle their differences.

In 1914 Pershing was recalled from the Philippines and, a few months later, he was ordered to the Mexican border. While he was hunting for a house for his family in El Paso, word came to him of the tragedy that had occurred in San Francisco, where

is wife and three little daughters had lost their lives
n a fire. Of all his family, only his son, then a boy
f six, had escaped. Those who were with General
Pershing in the months that followed noticed that the
nes in his face grew deeper and his hair turned more
ray, but he never spoke of his grief. He went
uietly on with his work, which was to patrol the
order and to build an efficient army organization.

One day in the spring of 1916, a party of Mexican
oldiers raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico,
illing several Americans. They were soldiers of a
Mexican rebel leader named Pancho Villa, who was
ghting the regular Mexican army. The result of
ne Columbus raid was an order to General Pershing
o take his army into Mexico and capture Villa. Al-
nough permission to do this had been obtained from
ne Mexican government, it was clear that the gov-
rnment did not want the American army in Mexico,
ven for the purpose of fighting its chief enemy.
eneral Pershing's position, therefore, was very dif-
cult. In the end, the soldiers of Villa deserted him
hen they discovered the presence of the American
rmy, Villa himself fled to the mountains, and the
merican forces were finally withdrawn in January,
917.

. . . . . .

Three months later, on the 6th of April, 1917, the
nited States declared war against Germany, and
nmediately there followed the announcement that
eneral Pershing had been chosen to command our
rmies in France.

As with France and Britain, so now with America, the war was not to be fought with the army and the navy alone but with all the industries, wealth, and brains of the nation. A great business organization had to be planned. While this work went on, people forgot that the day would come when an American army would sail for France, but one morning in June word came that General Pershing and his staff had landed in England, and suddenly the war seemed very near.

His arrival was to mark a new understanding between the two great English-speaking nations. The British people felt this and welcomed General Pershing as one of their own. The highest state and military honors were paid to him, while cheering crowds greeted him wherever he appeared. The enthusiasm reached its height when the people read in Pershing's message to the British public: "We hope in time to be playing our part — and we hope it will be a big part — on the Western front." Four days were filled with receptions, with army conferences, with visits to the British training camps; then Pershing left England for France, arriving at Boulogne on June 13th.

Mr. Floyd Gibbons, an American correspondent who crossed the English Channel with General Pershing, tells of his arrival in France:[1]

"It happened that I looked back amidships and saw a solitary figure standing on the bridge of the vessel. It was General Pershing. He seemed rapt in deep

[1] *And They Thought We Wouldn't Fight,* by Floyd Gibbons.

thought. He wore his cap straight on his head, the visor shading his eyes. He stood tall and erect, his hands behind him, his feet planted slightly apart to accommodate the gentle roll of the ship.

"He faced due east and his eyes were directed toward the shores of that foreign land which we were approaching. . . .

"As we drew close to shore, I noticed an enormous concrete breakwater extending out from the harbor entrance. It was surmounted by a wooden railing and on the very end of it, straddling the rail, was a small French boy. His legs were bare and his feet were encased in heavy wooden shoes. On his head he wore a red stocking cap of the liberty type. As we came within hailing distance, he gave to us the first greeting that came from the shores of France to these first arriving American soldiers.

"'Vive l'Amerique,' he shouted, cupping his hands to his mouth and sending his shrill voice across the water to us. Pershing, on the bridge, heard the salutation. He smiled, touched his hand to his hat, and waved to the lad on the railing."

Paris had prepared a holiday to celebrate General Pershing's arrival. For two or three days the capital city was to forget the war while it expressed its joy over the coming of the Americans. Since early morning dense throngs had waited outside the station. They filled the sidewalks, the streets, and the housetops. They crowded the windows and the balconies along the route that Pershing was to pass. The

Stars and Stripes and the tri-color were everywhere entwined.

When the official greeting was over and General Pershing stepped from the station into view of the people, a great shout went up. "Vive l'Amerique!" and "Vive Pershing!" was the greeting of all Paris. It ran like an echo along the entire route of the procession, while from the windows and balconies came showers of confetti and flowers.

The destination of the Americans was Hotel Crillon in the Place de la Concorde. When General Pershing had disappeared within, the crowd immediately demanded his reappearance on the balcony.

He came out and looked down, says Mr. Gibbon, "upon the sea of faces turned up to him, and then it seemed that nature desired to play a part in the ceremony of that great day. A soft breeze from the Champs Élysées touched the cluster of flags on the general's right and from all the Allied emblems fastened there it selected one flag.

"The breeze tenderly caught the folds of the flag and wafted them across the balcony on which the general bowed. He saw and recognized that flag. He extended his hand, caught the flag in his fingers and pressed it to his lips. All France and all America represented in that vast throng that day cheered to the mighty echo when Pershing kissed the tri-color of France."

While France was expressing her gratitude to America for the help that was still to come, General

Pershing did not forget the debt of free America to France. With a few members of his staff and several French officers, he went one day to an old cemetery in the suburbs of Paris, where Lafayette lies buried. There he was greeted by the Marquis de Chambrun, a descendant of Lafayette, who spoke again of the principle of liberty that had ever united the two nations.

When the Marquis had finished speaking, Pershing took from one of his officers a large wreath of pink and white roses and placed it on the marble slab which bore the name of Lafayette. Then, stepping back, he removed his cap and stood a moment looking down upon the tomb. Finally he spoke four words, "Lafayette, we are here."

The arrival of the first battalions of the American army was a sequel to the arrival of General Pershing. Paris saw them first on the Fourth of July, when they passed in review before President Poincaré, General Joffre, and General Pershing. When the short ceremony was over, thousands of French soldiers, women, and children left the crowds and, surging among our troops as they marched through the streets, decorated their hats and guns with roses and scattered flowers in their way.

Fighting was the work to be done, after all, and soon the new army was established in training camps. At Gondrecourt, in the foothills of the Vosges mountains, the First Division went into camp. It received its instruction directly from French troops and in

French. The instructors were men of the Alpins Chasseurs, or Blue Devils, whom Americans on this side were afterwards to know.

All summer the training went on. Soon after daybreak each morning the American soldiers left their billets and marched with their French instructors to the training grounds, where, through long, tedious hours, they learned to dig, to drill, to throw grenades, and to shoot. Late in the afternoon they marched back to the village, and after supper, in their free evening hours, the men would gather about the doorways to talk with the people and to learn French. There was also the business of teaching the French children to play ball. This became a regular occupation, like drilling or trench digging. It had to be done every day.

From the moment of its arrival the French children adopted the American army, and after a time the army reversed this proceeding by adopting the French children. They took them individually and by companies and regiments, each man contributing so much a month for the support of some child whose father had been killed in the war.

If there was one thing more than another that made friends for the army among the French people, it was their willingness to help. Their work was anything waiting to be done; they harvested the fields, cleaned up the villages, or gave organ recitals in the churches, as the need might be.

Americans who visit Paris in the future will not

unlikely go out of their way to find a house numbered 31 on the rue Constantine, not far from the tomb of Napoleon. "There," they will say, "were the American headquarters. In that house the organization for our army in France was planned. In the corner room upstairs was General Pershing's office."

When America first entered the war, a French General had said, "We should be satisfied if we might have two or three hundred thousand Americans." General Pershing, however, knew that great armies would be needed and he planned, not for hundreds of thousands but for millions. A member of General Pershing's staff says that the work of "supplying the army, let alone preparing it for battle, was an enterprise surpassing that of the Panama canal in magnitude and difficulty."

The army needed everything and everything had to be brought across the ocean in ships. But first new harbors had to be made, new docks and warehouses constructed, and hundreds of miles of new railroads laid, all with American materials and American labor. It was a regiment of American lumber-jacks, recruited in the Far West, that turned the forests of France into lumber for the army's needs.

Each section of the army had its special work to do. One section looked after supplies, including food, clothing, medicine, motors, and guns; another looked after the training of the men; a third had to do with ships, a fourth with mail, a fifth with prisoners and spies, and so on through all the details that

together made up the organization which was preparing to fight.

And all of the organization rested finally on the shoulders of one man. General Pershing was everywhere. One could not tell from one day to the next where he might be found. He inspected all the training camps and villages where American troops were quartered, climbing into the lofts to see where the men slept, assisting the cooks in the kitchens with their menus. The stevedores at the ports and the truck drivers along the roads knew him. The Red Cross, the Y. M. C. A., and the various organizations connected with the army received a visit from him at one time or another.

And while he attended to these many things he kept in touch with the fighting on all fronts. Now he was with the British, now with the French, in their front line trenches, their training camps, at headquarters. His coffee-colored car, the only car with four stars on the wind shield, was known throughout France. It came and went like a whirlwind. After a visit from General Pershing, a training camp was always aware that something had happened to it. The drills had a little more snap to them. The discipline was more strict. Every man wanted to make good.

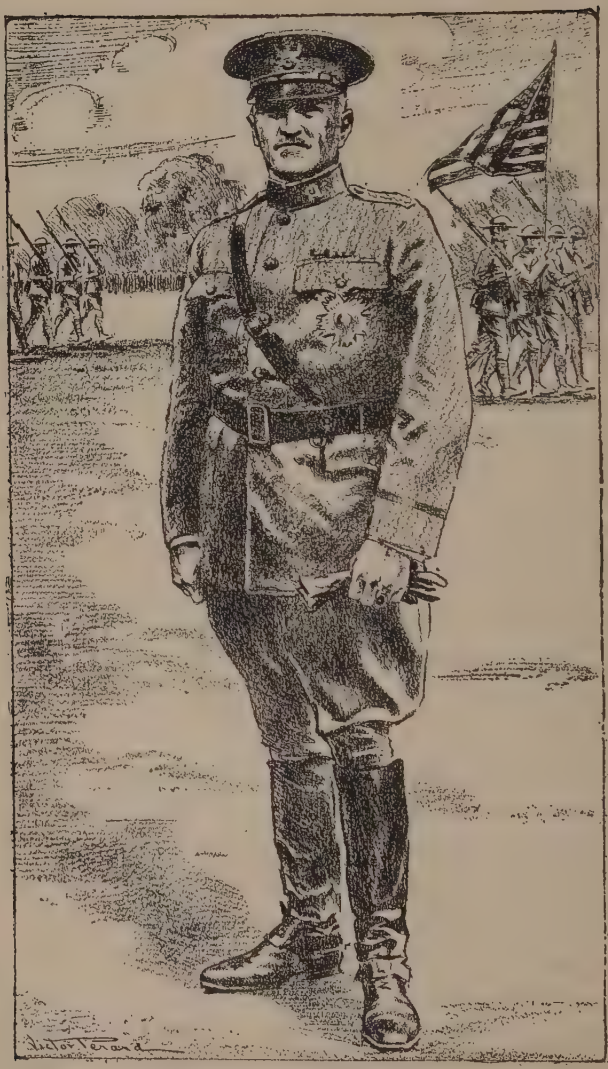
As a part of their training, General Pershing believed that his soldiers should have some experience in the front line trenches. In October of 1917, therefore, three American battalions took over a small section of the French lines near St. Mihiel, on the Lor-

raine border. Although there was no heavy fighting on the St. Mihiel front that winter, there were many raids on both sides which resulted in our first losses. Here the first men were wounded, the first prisoners taken, and in the little village of Bathlemont are buried the first American dead. Month by month our army was growing and becoming more efficient. In the spring of 1918 one American division was fighting with the French in Champagne and our line in Lorraine had been extended. Notwithstanding, the French High Command still thought the Americans insufficiently trained to engage in the heavy fighting of a great battle.

Then came the twenty-first of March and the German drives toward Paris. When the news went out, every American officer understood that the time for action had come. On the 28th General Pershing sought out General Foch, who had that same day been made the supreme commander, to offer him the American army.

He found General Foch in his garden at headquarters in the city of Doullen. Arm in arm, the two generals walked up and down the garden, discussing the situation. Finally, speaking in French, General Pershing said, "I have come to say to you that the American people would hold it a great honor to have our troops engaged in the present battle. I ask it in the name of the American people and in my own.

"There is at this moment no other question than that of fighting. Infantry, artillery, aviation, all that



General Pershing

ve have, is at your disposal. More are coming, as nany as will be required. I have come to say to you hat the American people will be proud to be engaged n the greatest battle in history."

General Pershing's offer of the American army tirred the hearts of the French people as nothing had ince the entrance of America into the war, for they ad not understood why it had taken so long to train ur troops. They knew only that the Americans had een in France for nearly a year without having done nuch fighting, while each month the toll of French ves rose higher and higher. Now the people living long the Toul-Paris route saw trainload after train-oad of khaki-uniformed soldiers pass through their ities and villages. "The Americans are going in," ney cried, and the news spread. In the suburbs of Paris children flocked to the trains, shouting and nrowing their hats and wooden shoes into the air, while from the car windows descended a shower of ennies, dimes, and quarters that turned the greeting nto a wild scramble for coins.

The men had received with cheers the news that they vere to go into battle. Each division hoped that it would be chosen. The honor fell to the First, a divi-ion of the regular army. At Chaumont-en-Vexin, n Picardy, the men of the First detrained and went nto camp for ten days, while they practiced maneu-ers and made their final preparations. After an in-pection by General Pershing and several French fficers, they were pronounced ready for the front.

Now they left the main roads and kept to the by-ways, winding among wheat fields and green hills. They joked and sang as they marched and the French people who saw them pass thought that the Americans could not possibly understand what a battle meant. A three days' march brought them to the battle area.

The first line consisted chiefly of holes scattered here and there, from which riflemen, constantly exposed to shell and machine gun fire, watched for any sign of a German attack. Behind them were the artillerymen, who also lived in the ground in hastily constructed dugouts near their guns. Taking over the line could be done only under cover of darkness. One night, therefore, two of our guns moved out and took the place of two French guns, and our infantry platoons crawled into the rifle pits to relieve the tired poilus who had been fighting for weeks. On the third morning there were no French left in that sector; our army had taken its place in the line of the great battle.

That line ran north and south near the city of Montdidier. Across No Man's Land, situated on a hill, was a town which the Germans held. From the heights of this town they looked down upon our positions and shelled them unmercifully. Our men crouching unprotected in shell-holes and rifle pits desired more than anything else to climb out of their holes, go over, take that town, and put a stop to the German shells. Eventually this was what they did for the name of the town was Cantigny. It was the taking of Cantigny, the first American attack upon

he German lines, that set at rest all doubts of how he army would fight.

But something was happening on another part of he line that quite overshadowed the capture of a ingle village. On May 27th, 1918, the Germans egan their third great drive. They struck just south f the city of Laon, and in five days they had advanced o the river Marne, driving a wedge into the French ines nearly thirty miles deep. At Château Thierry, he southernmost point of their drive, they were less han forty miles from the Paris forts.

For a second time since the beginning of the war Paris was menaced and thousands of people fled from he city. Our own offices of the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. prepared to move. The French army, veary with fighting and falling back, was unable to old the line, and a call for help was sent to the Americans.

All of our trained divisions were already in the ghting line, with the exception of the Third, a new ivision which was about to go into the trenches of quiet sector. Almost at the moment the men pre- ared to start the order was changed, and the new rder sent a thrill into the camp. The Third was to top the Germans on the Marne.

It would take several days, however, to move 7,000 men from eastern to central France. Mean- while there was one unit of the Third that did not ave to wait. This was the 7th Motorized Machine Gun Battalion. The men had only to jump into their

cars to be off. They were but one battalion, it was true; still they had guns and guns could stop Germans.

It was four o'clock on the afternoon of May 31st when the first lorries of the Motorized Machine Gun Battalion dashed into that part of Château Thierry which lies on the southern bank of the Marne. The machine guns were speedily set up in the houses and gardens bordering on the river, and the American gunners, looking across the city to its extreme northern edge, caught their first glimpse of the enemy. The Germans had just entered the town.

Though quantities of shells soon began to fall in the southern part of the city, not a shot was fired from the American side; our men only waited beside their guns. That night an American lieutenant, with twelve men, crossed the river and placed two machine guns in a street leading to one of the bridges. With the first light of morning the Germans made a rush for the bridge; then they discovered the Americans. From both sides of the river came the fire, driving them back to shelter or melting their ranks.

All that day these thirteen Americans held on the north bank, while the gunners on the south bank kept up an unremitting fire. It was the first of June. Since the morning of the 27th of May the Germans had pushed steadily forward. Victory had followed victory. They had crossed the river Aisne and the river Vesle. They had now but to cross the Marne and the way to Paris was open. It was inconceivable that a few American machine gunners could stop a victorious army.

But on that day they made no progress. Every effort to cross the river failed. The next day they tried again. They advanced shoulder to shoulder in the usual German manner, and singing. As before, the American fire met them. A few men reached the middle of the bridge, but no one got across. Most fell in the streets near the river. Whichever way one looked, the pavements were carpeted with dead.

While the machine gunners held the bridge at Château Thierry, other units of the Third Division and some of the Second were thrusting the Germans back at various points along the Marne. At no point were they able to establish a foothold on the southern bank. Finally the bridges were blown up. The Crown Prince had no choice but to end the drive; the road to Paris was blocked by green American troops, fighting their first battle.

Sterner work awaited our men. The Second Division, which had taken over the line northwest of Château Thierry, taken and held it against terrific assaults of the enemy, was now to retake from the Germans some of the territory so recently gained. Belleau Wood, Torcy, Bouresches, Vaux, — each is the name of an American victory. In Belleau Wood, where the 5th and 6th regiments of marines wrote their names in history, three fifths of the men and officers fell, but the remaining two fifths "got there." That forest is no longer called Bois de Belleau but the Wood of the American Marine Brigade.

For some time General Pershing had been talking

of an offensive in which the Americans should have an equal part with the French and the British, but General Foch thought that our men had not yet had sufficient battle experience. It was the victories of June that gave him confidence in the American army. Whatever our men might lack in training was made up for by their courage and the spirit with which they fought. Untried in battle, though many of them were, they did not retreat; they went forward, and General Foch agreed that an offensive might now be undertaken.

Of all the units at his command, General Foch chose for his offensive two American divisions and one French. The American divisions were the First and the Second, our trained regular troops. The French division was one of Moroccans which included the famous Foreign Legion. It was a compliment to our men to be chosen with the Foreign Legion, which was considered unequaled in attack and which had taken part in every offensive of the war.

In the forests of Villers-Cotterets, just south of the city of Soissons, General Foch gathered his army. This was on the western side of the triangle which the Germans had won in their third drive. On the eastern side the fifth German drive was about to take place. This was the Emperor's Battle, or the Battle of Peace, that was to end the war. From Château Thierry to the east of the city of Rheims the German artillery opened fire on the morning of July 15th and German storm troops once more attempted to cross

the Marne. On the south bank, the Americans and the French together held for three days, a rigid human wall against which the German waves struck and broke, and fell back again across the river.

During these three days the Germans ceaselessly watched the Villers-Cotterets forests. Their airplanes flew over the trees, looking for any signs that might reveal an approaching battle. They discovered nothing. The photographs which they brought back gave no evidence that any change had taken place.

Yet here General Foch's offensive was about to begin. His army remained undiscovered because it did not enter the forests until the night previous to the attack. It was 4.30 in the afternoon of July 17th when the army commanders received their orders. The attack was set for 5.35 the next morning. Between dusk and the coming of daylight all must be ready; everything needed for a great battle must be got into line.

The night, fortunately, was dark, and soon rain began to fall. Thunder cracked among the trees and lightning flashed, revealing men, men everywhere.

On each of the few roads in the forests a double line of traffic moved forward, limbers, gun carriages, transports, ammunition carts, and tractors hauling the big guns. Guides were stationed at intervals along the route to give directions and, if possible, to prevent collisions.

The men groped their way along muddy paths or stumbled through the forests, colliding with carts,

mules, and trees, and with each other. It was all but impossible for officers to keep their units together. Notwithstanding these difficulties, there was little confusion. The lines moved forward silently and in good order. There was no talking. Commands were spoken in whispers.

The men carried the usual battle equipment. All wore, strapped across their backs, packs containing a blanket, a pick, a shovel, extra shoes, and extra ammunition. From their shoulders hung gas masks, haversacks with water and rations for two days, and first aid packets. Bayonets swung from their ammunition belts, and some wore pocketed aprons filled with hand grenades. Each carried a rifle or machine gun parts.

Beside them, a little farther from the road, the engineers were struggling through the underbrush with steel picks, shovels, axes, saws, and rolls of barbed wire. Farther on marched the Foreign Legion and beyond, threading their way among the trees, rode the French cavalry, with lances tilted across their shoulders.

Here and there the procession was blocked by the slow-moving tanks, cautiously feeling their way over the uneven ground. Ahead of each tank walked a man, wearing upon his back a white towel, which served as a guide through the darkness and the wilderness of trees.

Hour after hour throughout the night this movement continued. As dawn approached, anxiety seized

the French commanders lest all the units had not arrived. The American Second Division was to lead in the attack. Like the "lost division" in the battle of the Marne, it could not be found. Runners were sent back. They brought word that the Second was thought to be too far in the rear to arrive in time.

At 4.35, exactly one hour before the infantry was to advance, the guns opened fire, and there followed such destruction as every bombardment makes; only this time it was the work of our guns. We were "striking back."

A quarter of an hour passed, half an hour. The Second Division had not appeared. The attack would have to be made without it, leaving a gap in the line. Of what might happen in consequence of that gap it was useless to think. The risk had to be taken.

The hour of 5.35 was fast approaching when word came that the Second was hurrying forward. It had been unavoidably delayed, but it meant to get there. Though heavily burdened with their equipment the men were running. The suspense increased as, minute by minute, the time grew shorter. Success or failure — all thoughts turned to the men hurrying through the forest.

Five thirty-five! The order was given. Behind the barrage the tanks moved out. Following the tanks went the infantry. Tired, hot, and breathless, the men of the Second staggered into line. Now, however, they need not run. Slowly, unwaveringly, the lines went forward.

The Germans had been taken completely by surprise. They flocked from trenches and dugouts with hands held over their heads and the usual cry of "Kamerad." Streams of prisoners began to move toward the rear. Through forests, ravines, and into villages our men swept on. Always before, machine guns, cleverly hidden, had checked a rapid advance, but now the tanks were looking after the machine guns. In an hour the men had reached their first objective. "Through to the guns!" was the cry. It had been a German war cry before the Americans made it theirs.

All day and all night they fought without stopping for food or water, and on the second day, looking ahead, they caught glimpses of the city of Soissons. The men were utterly weary. Some had not slept for three days. The fighting, too, was growing more difficult; the infantry had outdistanced the tanks and the enemy machine guns had to be taken in the old hand-to-hand way.

For five hard days they kept on; every division was needed, and there was none to take their places in the line. When, finally, relief came, they marched back to their billets, so tired that the road swam before their eyes but knowing that a splendid victory was theirs. Seven thousand prisoners, over one hundred guns, and an advance of seven miles — it was the largest gain the Allies had counted in a year. It was the victory which turned the tide of the war.

After July 18th, the Germans steadily retreated as

the Allies pressed forward. The Americans, continuing the advance they had made, fought their way northward across the river Ourcq and on to the river Vesle. One town was taken nine times in twenty-four hours, so desperate was the fighting that marked this whole advance.

On the 10th of August, the First American Field Army was formed, under the command of General Pershing. Although the number of our men on the fighting line was a million and a half, other American divisions continued to fight with the French and the British until the Second and the Third Field Armies were formed.

The month of September brought us a still greater task. In eastern France, near the city of St. Mihiel, the Germans had made a large dent in the French lines in the beginning of the war, a dent which had remained for four years because to straighten it had been considered an impossible undertaking. It was this enterprise, however, which now fell to the First American Army. Though the French had planned it, our army was to carry it out. If it failed, the responsibility would be ours.

What it meant to straighten the St. Mihiel line can be told briefly by the figures of our army reports. In preparation, 100,000 maps of the territory were made and given out to officers and men. Forty thousand photographs pictured the region under every possible weather condition. Five thousand miles of telephone wire were strung and to this the signal corps at-

tached 6,000 telephones after the attack started. One million shells were fired in the first four hours of the battle, which is the heaviest artillery bombardment ever recorded in history. Five hundred fifty thousand men were engaged.

The attack began on the morning of September 12th, and in twenty-four hours the First Army had taken 152 square miles of territory, more than 15,000 prisoners, and had liberated the people of 72 villages. One who came to express his gratitude to General Pershing was President Poincaré of France, whose own home near St. Mihiel had been occupied by the Germans for four years.

On September 26th, just thirteen days after St. Mihiel, came the battle of the Argonne Forest, the greatest battle America has ever fought. It was our battle of the Somme, against positions which the Germans had been fortifying not two years but four. Compare the thirteen days in which General Pershing prepared for the battle of the Argonne with General Haig's year of preparation before the battle of the Somme. Great changes had taken place in the manner of fighting. To take the enemy unaware with a sudden, bold attack was the new way, and there could be no surprise if there was much preparation. But the difficulties for the commander-in-chief and for the army were enormously increased.

Ever since the First Division had arrived in France, it had been known that the Americans were to attack in the Argonne Forest. The battle, however, had

been planned for the spring of 1919. It was now September of 1918. Winter was coming on. The chances of failure were many, yet so rapid had been the progress of the Allies that the situation demanded an attack on this front.

The line ran from the Argonne Forest to the Meuse river. All previous efforts to thrust the Germans from their positions had failed. They were considered so secure that they had been turned into a rest area, where soldiers exhausted from the fighting on other fronts came to recover. The Germans did not believe that they could be taken, but, more than that, so long as the German army remained in France, they must not be taken. There was no front more important than that from the Argonne to the Meuse.

To carry on the war Germany needed coal from northern France and iron from Lorraine, but the chief reason for the importance of the Argonne front was a four-track railway line that ran from Lille to Luxemburg, with branches connecting with Metz and Verdun. To cut this line was to cut the chief artery of supplies for the German army.

Three main lines or series of entrenchments guarded this railway. They were much like those the British took in the battle of the Somme, except that in place of timbers the Argonne trenches were constructed of masonry and concrete. Communicating trenches, which ran from the front lines to officers' quarters and supply chambers were roofed with iron, camouflaged, and covered over with steel.

The first of the series of entrenchments lay but a few hundred yards from the American positions. It was known as the Hindenburg Line. Roads crossing this line were blocked with stone walls and honeycombed with traps to prevent the tanks from reaching the German machine guns. A trap was a hole in the road, usually a shell hole, covered with weak timbers and a few inches of earth, which gave it the appearance of being solid. In crossing it, a tank simply disappeared into the earth and had to be pulled out by trucks at the cost of much time and trouble.

Behind the Hindenburg Line were others, the strongest of which was the Kriemhilde Line. It was the last strongly fortified position before the Belgian frontier. The fall of the Kriemhilde Line meant the withdrawal of the German army from France.

Such was the situation when the American army went into position on the 24th of September. Not only were the defenses opposing them as formidable as any known to military history, but they were guarded by the most highly trained troops.

Our army greatly outnumbered the German army. It was an army of civilians, men who had learned the business of war within a few short months. Of all the divisions that were to make the attack but one was a regular division. The battle lasted forty-seven days and before the end "there was not a township in the United States that did not have a son in it."[1] In all, there were 650,000 Americans engaged.

[1] *America's Greatest Battle,* Major Frederick Palmer, Collier's, March 22, 1919.

Preparations were made in haste and with the utmost secrecy. At night roads leading to the front were crowded with traffic of every kind; by day not a sign of activity appeared anywhere.

In the town of Souilly, where General Pétain had lived during the Verdun battle, General Pershing established his headquarters. His office was the same one that General Pétain had occupied, a bare upstairs room in the Town Hall. Into the courtyard cars came and went as busily as in 1916, but they were American cars and they were busy with a battle even greater than Verdun.

Five-thirty in the morning of September 26th was the hour set for the attack. Three hours before, the bombardment began, a violent thundering of four thousand guns on a front of some eighteen miles. Giant trees, bits of masonry, and pieces of steel, rising high in the air, were illumined by the flash of bursting shells. Above, hundreds of airplanes circled in the half-darkness, guarding our lines, and for the first six hours of the battle not a single enemy plane was able to get across.

The country over which the army was to advance was a series of rolling hills, dotted with patches of woods. Upon the western edge was the Argonne, a dense forest twenty-five miles long, situated on a high ridge.

A heavy mist hung over the valleys, a protecting screen for the infantry as the men went forward. Keeping to the hills, they endeavored to avoid the

machine guns concealed in the thick underbrush of the ravines. At first there was but little resistance, for the Germans, seriously outnumbered, had withdrawn from their front lines, leaving only scattered machine gun nests to check the advance. By noon the Americans were through all of the entrenchments known as the Hindenburg Line, and when night came they counted a gain of seven miles. The days immediately following saw no such marked advance and, on the last day of September, the first phase of the battle came to an end. The Germans had retreated to the Kriemhilde Line; before these new positions the Americans dug themselves in.

On the morning of October 4th the second phase of the battle began. The struggle for the Kriemhilde Line was to last until November 1st and was marked by most determined fighting. For the Germans to give up these positions meant that the end was near, and they threw into the battle all their remaining reserves in a last desperate effort to save themselves from defeat.

In the Argonne Forest, where the artillery only partly destroyed the defenses, our men had to cut their way through a formidable system of wire entanglements. Much of this work was done at night. Reaching a line of wire, which was nailed to the trees to a height of ten feet, the men would stack their guns or throw them over their shoulders, pull out their pliers, and cut an opening. The noise was apt to attract the enemy machine gunners and draw artillery

fire. Many men fell into the trenches in attempting to leap them and sometimes were injured. Those who got across reached another line of wire ten feet farther on, beyond this another, and so on to a depth of two and a half miles.

Gas was always present, particularly in the woods, where it lingered in the moist places and under the trees. Rain and cloudy days marked the battle throughout. The nights were cold, and the men had no shelter except underbrush or the "fox-holes" where they dug themselves in.

Compared with the French and the British armies, our army was still inexperienced in many ways and paid dearly for its gains. One division fought continuously for eight days and nights and when it came out only half of the infantry remained. The men stumbled along the road, with tired white faces and sunken eyes. All were foot-sore. Some were sick, and others were wounded. Nevertheless, they were determined to break through. "To drive and keep driving to the end," was the way the Americans fought best, and slowly the Germans' hold upon the Argonne was weakening.

By the 28th of October the Americans had reached a position but thirteen miles from the Lille-Luxemburg railway, and at this point the navy came into the fight.

Earlier in the year, when the news reached America that the Germans were shelling Paris with huge, long-distance guns, Admiral Plunkett had wanted to take

some of our big 16-inch navy guns to France. They were more powerful than any artillery the Allies had used, having a range of twenty-five miles. Everyone tried to discourage him but in the end he had his way. The guns were too large to go into the hold of a ship and he had them lashed to the decks. Arriving in France, he was told that the guns were too heavy to be carried over French railways. He said he would pay whatever damage resulted. Next it was found that the guns could not go through the tunnels. He fixed them so they could. Finally they reached the battle front and began shelling the all-important railway on October 28th.

Then came the last phase of the battle. When our guns opened fire on the morning of November 1st, only a feeble response came from the Germans. The infantry advanced, meeting little opposition, and on November 2d the Germans announced for the first time in four years that their line had been broken.

On the night of November 4th the Americans threw pontoon bridges across the Meuse and, in the face of vigorous fire, established a foothold on the eastern bank. Two days later the forces on the western side had reached Sedan. The end was now near but the effort was not relaxed. The men pressed steadily, doggedly on.

On November 11th everyone back of the lines knew that peace had come. The men at the front, however, did not; on both sides the fighting continued throughout the morning. Just at eleven o'clock a great salvo

was fired from all guns. Platoon leaders suddenly called out "Cease firing!" and the Americans were amazed to see the Germans spring from their trenches with white flags. Then, realizing that the end of the war had come, the men broke into a tumult of cheers.

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XI. WOODROW WILSON

One of the earliest memories President Wilson has is of an important event which happened in November of 1860. He was only four years old at the time, yet he remembers the incident clearly. He was swinging on the gate in front of his father's house when he saw two men approaching from opposite directions. They chanced to meet near the gate and one said to the other, "Lincoln is elected and there'll be war."

Five months later the war came. Though the Wilson family was living in Augusta, Georgia, at the time and Georgia was one of the states which joined the Confederacy, the war did not greatly affect the life of the household. Certain foods were scarce and prices were high. Also there was no school. Whether this was the reason that Woodrow Wilson did not learn his letters sooner is uncertain. At any rate he did not learn to read until he was nine years old.

His father was his only teacher during these years. They did not have lessons, but the two would sit on the floor and talk for hours. Once a week, usually on Monday, they went on an excursion to some point of interest in or near the town. One such excursion was to some machine shops, where his father showed him the process of forging steel.

Many books were read aloud in the Wilson family, and in this way Woodrow became familiar with the stories of Scott and Dickens long before he could read them for himself. But the two things in particular which he learned from his father were to use good English and to think clearly.

"My best training came from him," wrote the President years afterward. "From the time I began to write until his death in 1903, when he was eighty-one years old, I carried everything I wrote to him. He would make me read it aloud, which was always painful to me. Every now and then he would stop me. 'What do you mean by that?' I would tell him and, of course, in doing so would express myself more simply than I had on paper. 'Why don't you say so?' he would go on. 'Don't shoot your meaning with bird shot and hit the whole countryside. Shoot with a rifle at the thing you have to say.'"

Woodrow's father was pastor of Augusta's leading church, the First Presbyterian. The church, an old dignified building, stood in the center of a large wooded square, and the woods surrounding it were the first playground the President remembers.

Another member of the family was also a preacher. This was President Wilson's grandfather Woodrow, his mother's father.

Once his grandfather came to preach in his father's church. Mounting the pulpit, he discovered that he had forgotten his glasses and was at a loss to know how he should read his sermon. Several members

of the congregation offered theirs, but of these only one pair fitted his eyes, a pair so large that they would not stay in place and kept sliding down his nose.

To the small boy in the front seat, the sermon suddenly acquired a new interest. Watching the spectacles slowly traveling down his grandfather's nose, he expected every instant to see them fall and was amazed at the cleverness with which his grandfather always managed to catch them at the last minute, push them up, and go on with his sermon.

Some time after Woodrow began to go to school, the boys of the neighborhood organized a club which they called the "Lightfoot Club." It had two purposes, to play baseball and to hold parliamentary meetings. Except that he could run well, Woodrow was not a ball player. It is said that, as a young boy, he was always in too great a hurry to walk; he ran wherever he went. However, it was probably the parliamentary meetings rather than baseball that had attracted him to the Lightfoot Club. The meetings were held in the Wilson barn, to which a gaudy colored advertisement for deviled ham gave the air of a clubroom. All the boys knew parliamentary rules and conducted their meetings in the regular manner of a legislature.

A few years later Woodrow's first calling cards, which he printed himself, showed that he still had an interest in politics. They read, "Thomas Woodrow Wilson, United States Senator from Virginia."

At a place called Sand Hills, not far from Augusta,

lived a small cousin, named Jessie Bones, with whom he liked especially to play. He used to ride out often on his father's big black horse and spend the day, and, sometimes, when his mother was away from home, he would stay at Sand Hills for a whole summer.

As Jessie was not yet old enough to read, he used to tell her the stories he read, and in their play they would act them out.

One day, some time after Woodrow had begun to read Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales," two small but very savage looking Indians appeared in the Sand Hills woods. Their faces and arms were stained with pokeberry juice, they wore headdresses made of feathers, and they were armed with bows and arrows and tomahawks. Stationing themselves at a lonely point on the Augusta road, they lay in wait for their victims. With the first passer-by, they dashed out of the woods, yelling blood-curdling war cries and brandishing their weapons. But they never succeeded in getting a scalp. In the end, Jessie had to play the part of the victim, which was to run the gantlet and finally to burn at the stake.

At other times, when Woodrow was a hunter, it fell to Jessie to be a squirrel. Once, when she was sitting in the top of a tree the hunter quite unexpectedly made a direct hit with his arrow, and the squirrel fell limp and white at his feet. Terrified at the thought that he had killed her, he picked her up and carried her into the house, crying, "I am a murderer. It wasn't an accident. I killed her." But the squirrel soon revived and was found to be uninjured.

When he was fourteen, the family moved to Columbia, South Carolina, where his father became a teacher in a Presbyterian school for the training of ministers. At this time he was a tall, slim boy, somewhat frail, and more fond of books than of out of doors. Now he was reading the sea tales of Cooper and Marryat. Though he had never seen a boat except the river barges on the Savannah, he knew every kind of ocean-sailing craft and was as much at home among spars, yards, and sails as any seaman. He played that he was an admiral of the United States navy, detailed to hunt pirates in the south Pacific, and he wrote out the story of his adventures each day in the form of a government report. This game lasted for nearly a year.

At seventeen he went away to school for the first time. He entered a small Presbyterian college at Davidson, South Carolina, which, whatever it may have offered in the way of an education, did not provide its students with many luxuries. The boys took care of their own rooms, made their beds, filled their lamps, and carried water from a pump out of doors. Woodrow thought himself lucky to have a room on the first floor.

The English class at Davidson that year was studying the history of some of our common words. A discussion in class one day brought out the fact that the names of certain animals were of Saxon origin, but that the same animals, when converted into meat for the table, took on Norman names. The word "calf,"

for instance, the English teacher explained, was an old Anglo-Saxon word.

"But what is calves' meat when served on the table, Mr. Wilson?"

Mr. Wilson was unprepared.

"Mutton," he answered hurriedly, and "Mutton" he was called for the rest of his time at Davidson.

In his second year he was obliged to go home on account of illness and, when he recovered, he did not return to Davidson but spent his time tutoring in Greek and Latin, preparatory to entering Princeton College, as it was then called.

The following September found him again a freshman. One of his classmates says that the first thing he did upon arriving at Princeton was to rush to the library and take down a fat volume on philosophy, but this is just a good story. He did go to the library, however, and he did take a book from the shelves, but it was not a book on philosophy; it was a bound volume of an old English magazine which contained a series of articles on the lives of English statesmen. Though he had read everything he could find on government all through his school and college days, he has since said that the reading of these articles, more than anything else, helped to fix his purpose to enter public life.

From that time on he seems to have been perfectly sure of what he wanted and, so far as it was possible, chose his studies to fit in with his career. To enter public life required, among other things, that he should

know how to make speeches, and he began at once to study public speaking. He would learn some statesman's speech, then go out into the Princeton woods and practice it. At home, during vacations, he spent hours practicing in his father's church.

Once the opportunity came to him to try for a prize in English Literature. One hundred twenty-five dollars was offered for the best essay on the plays of Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. But when he learned that he would have to give considerable time and study to the subject, time which otherwise would go to the study of government, he gave up all thought of trying for the prize.

Though he was but nineteen when he entered Princeton, he had already gained his full height. He stood nearly six feet tall, slender and erect. His face was serious but his eyes were always aware of everything amusing that went on, and they lighted with interest whenever he talked. He had a frank, cordial manner that people liked. He joined a club and took part in all the regular activities of college life. For two years he was managing editor of the college newspaper, and, during that time, he also contributed many articles to the college magazine. He was also one of the managers of the athletic association, although he took no part in sports himself. In his work he maintained an average of ninety throughout the four years. In addition he learned shorthand to make his note taking easier.

But the thing which set him apart from his fellow

students was his absorbing interest in the problems of government. As he was always reading and thinking about government, so he was always writing about it. And it was this work, done outside of college requirements, that brought him fame when he was only twenty-three.

In August of 1879 there appeared in the "International Review," a magazine devoted to political affairs, an article by Woodrow Wilson on "Cabinet Government in the United States." Had it been written by a man with years of experience in the affairs of government it would have been counted an exceptional piece of work. For a college student to have written it, a young man of twenty-three, made it a remarkably brilliant achievement.

Success in itself, however, did not interest him particularly. He still wanted to know more about government and in some way make his knowledge count in public service. After graduating from Princeton in June of 1879, he entered the University of Virginia in the autumn of the same year to begin the study of law.

May of 1882 found him an established lawyer in Atlanta, Georgia. From a window in the second story of 48 Marietta Street hung a shingle which read "Renwick and Wilson," but the two young men of this partnership were to learn that it was difficult to establish a law practice in Atlanta without private means. They waited a year and a half for clients that did not come. Meanwhile Woodrow Wilson

went on with his writing and study of government. At the end of that time he discovered that, after all, it was the teaching of law rather than the practice of it which interested him most, and once more he returned to college to prepare himself for this work.

In the fall of 1883 he entered Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore. He had taken a long time to find out what he was best fitted to do; now he went ahead rapidly. Here, as at Princeton, he impressed his fellow students and his teachers with his exceptional mind. He was spoken of as one of the coming educators of the country and, before he had taken his degree, he was offered a professorship at Bryn Mawr College. He was in his thirtieth year when finally he began his chosen work of teaching.

The same year saw his first book, "Congressional Government," published. The book had grown out of the essay written in his college days, and was no less an achievement for a man of thirty than the essay had been for a youth of twenty-three. It remains to this day the best thing written on government in the United States and is counted President Wilson's foremost work.

For twenty-five years he was to continue his work of teaching and writing. From Bryn Mawr College he went to Wesleyan University, and from Wesleyan back to Princeton, his own college. He taught History, Political Economy, and Law.

During his first year at Princeton, the members of his class in Law tried to discover what it was that

made him such a successful teacher. The subject of law was not particularly interesting, yet the class was one of the largest on the university's records. One member thought that it was because he was a brilliant scholar. Another spoke of his literary ability. A third said, "That fellow seems to be a man," and the class agreed that this explained it. Booth Tarkington, the author of the Penrod stories, was the student who had found the explanation.

Year after year the senior class at Princeton voted Woodrow Wilson the most popular professor. Their choice was probably due to two qualities always present in his teaching, a sense of humor and a sense of fairness. There was, in addition, one underlying purpose that ran through all his teaching and all his writing. This was to wake up the youth of the nation to a sense of right and wrong in the affairs of government, to give to young men and young women about to take their places in the world an ideal of serving unselfishly in the interests of the community or the nation, rather than in their own.

In 1902 he was elected President of Princeton University. In his work as president he strove constantly to accomplish two things, to make the university more democratic and to raise the standard of scholarship.

One day a group of students were reading a list of the new requirements posted on the bulletin board, when one of them was heard to remark, "Look here, if we're not careful, Woodrow Wilson will turn this college into an institution of learning."

His position as head of one of our leading universities afforded him still greater opportunities for discussing public affairs. He was invited to speak in all parts of the country and his speeches attracted a great deal of attention, for they all had to do with the need for reform in schools, in business, in government. So generally was he thought to be a popular reform leader that many people urged him to enter politics. He considered it but had not yet reached a decision, when quite unexpectedly he was chosen the Democratic candidate for Governor of the state of New Jersey.

This was in September of 1910. He was playing golf on the links at Princeton University when the news of his nomination reached him. A touring car had been sent to take him to the Democratic convention which was then in session in Trenton, eleven miles away. The convention wanted to hear from its candidate what he would do if elected. He stated briefly the reforms he meant to carry through and they had the convention's approval. Every candidate promised reform; that was expected. Once he was in office, however, he would be guided by the men who had put him there.

Never had politicians so misjudged a candidate, for no sooner was Mr. Wilson inaugurated than he began to carry out his election promises. Many of them struck at the interests of the very men who had helped to secure his nomination. They accused him of ingratitude and went over to the side of his enemies.

On the other hand, those who had long suffered oppression from the money interests of New Jersey and those who believed, as he did, in the need for reform now gathered round him, Republicans and Democrats alike, giving him their hearty support. In the two years of his governorship, with the help of the legislature, he was able to carry out his reforms almost to the letter.

One improvement he secured was a law to regulate the corporations of New Jersey and to prevent get-rich-quick schemes from becoming established in the state, a law which was to save thousands of people from losing their money. Another provided for the insurance of laboring men against injury in factories. A third was the complete reorganization of the school system of New Jersey. There were others but these will show the kind of promises he had made.

Meanwhile his career as governor had attracted the attention of the whole country. In many sections people were coming to regard him as a possible candidate for the presidency. However, of the many Democratic candidates proposed, it was not thought likely that Governor Wilson would win the nomination.

This was the situation when, in June of 1912, under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt, a new party, called the Progressive Party, was formed. As it drew its members chiefly from the ranks of the old Republican Party, the division made it almost certain that a Democratic candidate would be elected.

The Democratic national convention also met in June of 1912. Though the Democratic politicians tried in every way to prevent the nomination from going to Governor Wilson, it became clear, as the balloting progressed, that Wilson was the people's candidate, and he was finally nominated on the forty-sixth ballot.

The election the following November gave Mr. Wilson an overwhelming majority of the votes cast and the Democratic party a majority in both houses of Congress.

When Woodrow Wilson came to the presidency he had very definite ideas of what the duties of a president should be. They were ideas so different from those of other presidents that they startled Americans as much as the ideas of Lloyd George had startled the British people. For many years it had been the custom for the president to leave the business of law-making, except for certain recommendations, to Congress. If he did not approve of the laws Congress made, he had the power of veto. President Wilson, however, believed that the office of president should mean something more than this. Not only should he recommend new laws to Congress, but he should use every means within a president's rights to see that his recommendations were carried out, that he should be the head of the government, not merely in name but actually, directing its policy and responsible for it, a representative of the people as a whole.

With these ideas, he set to work immediately to

bring about the reforms which the Democratic party had promised. On April 8th, a month after his inauguration, he called a special session of Congress. This had been more or less expected. The unexpected was the President's announcement that, instead of sending his recommendations in writing, he would go before Congress and read his own message.

The announcement caused great excitement. Only two presidents in the history of the United States had ever appeared before Congress, and these were George Washington and John Adams. For one hundred twelve years the practice of sending written messages had continued. To overturn it was considered by many to be revolutionary.

Doubtless President Wilson meant it to be, for in one hundred twelve years the significance of the president's message had sadly lessened. The custom had been for it to be read by a clerk, who usually performed his task in a monotonous, hum-drum voice, while members of Congress "for the most part, attended to other business." It was to give new life to an old custom that President Wilson now proposed to read his own message.

The scene in the House of Representatives on the appointed day was not unlike that in the House of Commons when Lloyd George presented his budget. The visitors' galleries were crowded, while outside the Capitol thousands waited in the vain hope of gaining admission. It was to be a joint session of the Senate and the House. The members of the House were the

first to arrive; then the Senators filed in, and hardly had they taken their seats when the President entered from a side door and took his place at the desk of the reading clerk. The house grew suddenly quiet.

"Senators and Representatives," the Speaker announced, "I have the distinguished honor of presenting the President of the United States."

Thus, after a century, a president once more addressed Congress "as a human being trying to coöperate with other human beings in a common service."[1]

. . . . . .

At the time of President Wilson's election the spirit of a new age was beginning to show itself in America, as it was also in England and Europe. Everywhere the working classes were striving to remove injustice and to bring about equality of opportunity. It was not political change alone that they sought, but better conditions of living, shorter hours of work, higher wages, the chance to be something more than cogs in the wheels of industry.

In accepting his nomination, Woodrow Wilson had said that America had at last awakened to the fact that "the rank and file of her people find life very hard to sustain," and in his inaugural address he had pledged himself in stirring words to "the cause of humanity." The recommendations which he now proposed resulted in new laws which were in keeping with this pledge.

First, there was a new tariff law which reduced the

[1] Woodrow Wilson. Address to Congress, April 8, 1913.

excessive profits certain manufacturers had enjoyed under the old tariff law and lowered some prices. Secondly, an act to establish Federal Reserve Banks greatly improved our money system and lessened the possibility of panics, such as occurred in 1907. Another law provided for a Federal Trade Commission to deal with the trusts and to prevent any one trust from controlling too many businesses. A Federal Farm Loan Law enabled farmers who had lost their crops through drought or frost to borrow enough money from the government to get a new start.

Each of these laws, which were only a few of those enacted, was a step forward in the direction of a more just and efficient government. Taken together, they constituted an achievement which no other administration had equaled in many years, yet in the mind of the President, they were but a start toward creating better conditions of working and living.

An Englishman[1] has said that, if one would understand Woodrow Wilson, one must not fail to recognize that the motive which has prompted his actions, both as a man and a president, has been an intense desire to bring a larger amount of happiness and prosperity into the lives of other men.

. . . . . .

Immediately following his inauguration, people desired to know what kind of man the new President was. They were shortly to find out, for no sooner had he gone to live in the White House than he took

[1] *Woodrow Wilson*, A. Maurice Low.

the public into his confidence; he said that ther were certain things about being president that h did not like. He did not like, for instance, being a na tional exhibit like the Washington Monument or th Smithsonian Institution. It was hard always to loo like a president.

"I can hardly refrain every now and then from tip ping the public a wink," he remarked, "as much as t say 'It is only "me" that is inside this thing.'"

There were also certain customs that a presiden was expected to follow that seemed to him very funny One was that he must leave the room ahead of hi guests. Good form also forbade his guests to si down while he remained standing.

"It is very uncomfortable," he complained humor ously, "to have to think of all the other people ever time I get up and sit down, and all that sort of thing so that when I get guests in my own house and th public is shut out, I adjourn being President and tak leave to be a gentleman. If they draw back an insist upon my doing something first, I firml decline."

President Wilson had already learned during th two years of his governorship that a man who enter public life must get accustomed to the public interes in whatever concerns him. When the newspaper first began to describe his looks and to feature him i cartoons, he got hold of a limerick which, he said, ex actly expressed his feeling in the matter. And h would quote it with a twinkle in his eyes:

"As a beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome by far;
But my face—I don't mind it,
For I am behind it;
The people in front get the jar."

President Wilson's private study in the White House is a plain room in the west wing, where many presidents before him have worked and thought over the country's problems. It contains simply a flat-top desk, a filing cabinet, and a few chairs. The filing cabinet is his own. No one touches it except himself. In it are the many notes and memoranda necessary to his work.

On the President's desk is usually to be found a black leather notebook, which contains the memoranda of the day. Sometimes the entries are made in President Wilson's clear, neat handwriting, but more often in shorthand, for the shorthand learned in his college days still serves to make note taking easier. He is also an expert typist and types his own speeches.

There is a story that, when he was the guest of King George of England, the servants of Buckingham Palace were greatly mystified by a strange clicking sound that seemed to come from the President's room in the late hours of the night. Fearing that something might have happened to their distinguished guest, they tip-toed to the door and listened. The sound, though louder, was none the less mysterious. Finally someone boldly rapped on the door.

"Come in!" a voice answered cheerfully. They opened the door to discover President Wilson clicking away on a little typewriter, which, he explained, he always carried around with him. To see the President of the United States doing his own typing was a shock, so the story goes, from which King George's servants have not yet recovered.

The business office of President Wilson is in the main executive offices of the White House proper, and it is here that he reports every morning precisely at five minutes to nine. The first business of the day is dictating letters. After this come the appointments. A list of the people he is to see, with the number of minutes allotted to each, is made out by his secretary and placed on his desk. Usually a caller receives five minutes of the President's time, sometimes only three; rarely do the minutes run to fifteen.

Following luncheon, the President goes to the East Room, where he receives tourists and people who come merely to shake hands with him. Whenever it is necessary he holds conferences in the afternoon, either with his cabinet or some member of the diplomatic corps. Later, he usually goes for a walk, an automobile ride, or has a game of golf. He often sees a baseball game and always attends the theater at least once a week. Many of the leading actors and actresses of the country treasure notes from the President telling them how much he has enjoyed their plays.

"There is a lot of the boy left in me," he once said.

"I've never forgotten how to play, never forgotten how to loaf. I get great relief as I go along by a sense of fun in things. There is a constant succession of funny things happening."

Dinner at the White House is at seven. After dinner the family usually gathers for a social hour. Sometimes the President reads aloud, selecting a story or a poem which he likes. Then he goes again to his study. This is the part of the day which he reserves for himself. His messages, speeches, and letters are generally written between the hours of nine and midnight.

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When President Wilson had been in office only a little more than a year the Great War came, with consequences so far-reaching that no country was left untouched by them. What it was to mean to America eventually, few people at that time could foresee. So swiftly and unexpectedly had it come that Americans had not had time to find themselves. To them it was like any other European war, a war of conquest between nations. The issue of right and wrong, which in the end made the Great War different from most other wars, was not very clear on the 1st of August, 1914.

President Wilson, whose problems until now had, for the most part, concerned America alone, was at once confronted with the very difficult problems of America's relations with the warring nations of Europe. There was no doubt in his mind about the course

America should follow. America was a peace-loving nation, unprepared for war, and had ever since her existence kept aloof from European affairs. Accordingly, on the 18th of August, President Wilson issued a proclamation of neutrality. The time would come, he said, when the European nations would need the help of some neutral nation to settle their differences, and the United States would be called upon to play the part of peacemaker. As the friend of all nations it was given to us, as it had rarely been given to another people, to serve mankind.

From the 1st of August, 1914, until the 6th of April, 1917, the President lost no opportunity to put before the people this idea that the destiny of America was to serve mankind. The principle of unselfishness upon which America had acted more than once in her relations with other nations was, he believed, the principle which should govern the relations of all nations with each other. Throughout the years 1914, 1915, and 1916, when war with Mexico seemed possible, this was the principle which had governed his own policy.

"We shall, I confidently believe," said President Wilson on one occasion, "never again take another foot of territory by conquest. We shall never in any circumstances seek to make an independent people subject to our dominion . . . The mission of America in the world is essentially the mission of peace and good will."

This, he believed, was the ideal of the American people. "I have tried to know what America is," he

said, "what her people think, what they are, what they most cherish and hold dear."

The proclamation of neutrality, however, had not made Americans neutral. From the first they were divided into three classes, those who were pro-Ally, those who were pro-German, and those who thought the war was no concern of ours in any way.

On May 7th, 1915, the *Lusitania* was sunk and many people thought that war with Germany would surely follow, but so divided was opinion in the country still that President Wilson did not believe that a declaration of war was possible.

Two years more were to pass before a united people finally sanctioned war. Those who, in the beginning, did not believe in war came to believe in this war. Germany's crimes against the civil populations of Belgium and France, together with her repeated acts of war against the United States — the destruction of our factories, the torpedoing of our ships — at last convinced Americans that, if their ideals were to be upheld, their country must fight.

On the 2d of April, 1917, President Wilson, addressing Congress in special session, reviewed the wrongs Germany had committed against the "principles of peace and justice," and asked for a declaration of war.

"It is a fearful thing," he said in conclusion, "to lead this great, peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more

precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts, for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free. To such a task we dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other."

To Americans to whom the principles of liberty and justice have always been the only things worth fighting for, perhaps it did not seem so strange that now they should fight in order that peoples of whom they had never heard might enjoy these things. But to the nations of Europe it was a strange and wonderful thing. "The history of the world offers no parallel to America's act in offering everything and asking nothing."

Once in the war, the President worked night and day to bring it to a successful end. There was hardly a plan concerning our army, navy, or industries that did not have to pass through his hands. Such problems as the management of the railroads, the price of coal and wheat, the draft law, labor difficulties, mili-

tary and naval coöperation with the Allies, all had to be thought out in his study.

That he was able to keep his health under the pressure of so much work and such heavy responsibilities was due to five things, says Admiral Grayson, the President's physician, "to his system of work, exercise, diet, plenty of sleep, and his sense of humor."

Instead of taking his exercise late in the afternoon he now took it the first thing in the morning, lest the day's work entirely crowd it out. Sometimes he played golf, but usually he went for a horseback ride. He chose from the White House stables a fine bay horse which he called Democracy. Occasionally on a Saturday afternoon he would slip away to the country with the family, carrying a picnic lunch and a book of poems. Or, if time permitted, he would spend the week-end on his yacht, the *Mayflower*. On these occasions he kept in touch with affairs in Washington by wireless.

In speaking of his responsibility in the war, the President said: "The awful and overwhelming thought was that the country trusted me. My determination from the start was to let nothing tempt me to override principles. I meant, if possible, to keep the country square with principles. I waited for clearer air. I made it a point not to read the details of what was happening in instances of personal suffering and what seemed individual outrage. I did not dare to do so lest I should see red. I feared to be overwhelmed by a storm of feeling.

WOODROW WILSON

"In handling national affairs feeling must not take precedence of judgment."

In March of 1918, when the Germans began their drives on Paris, President Wilson at once cabled General Pershing to offer the American forces to France. Although this decision was taken in agreement with the General Staff of our army, it was upon the President that the final responsibility rested. In the same way, too, it was his vote which finally decided the question of placing the Allied armies under one command. There is hardly any doubt now that, had he decided differently upon these two questions the war would have been greatly prolonged.

At the same time that he was calling for every resource America had in men, money, and materials, in order to win the war, he was preparing with no less zeal for the day of peace. When that day should come, he said, it should bring to "all peoples and nationalities the right to live on equal terms of liberty and safety with one another, whether they be strong or weak." Again and again he spoke of the war as the "final war for human liberty," which was to end oppression and establish justice in its place.

To the war-weary peoples of Europe his words gave new life and a new hope. They looked to him as leader and spokesman for the people's cause. His speeches were translated into almost every language, his picture found its way into the remotest villages, and the American flag became for oppressed peoples everywhere the symbol of their liberty.

The practical means of making possible a lasting peace was to be a League of Nations. Instead of the old policy, by which a nation got what it could at the expense of all others, the nations would enter into a relationship of a "common family," resting both their agreements and their differences on the final judgment of the League. The idea of a league of nations was almost as old as history; the plan was new only in not having been tried in modern times.

On the 3d of October, 1918, the German Chancellor had addressed a note to President Wilson, asking for an armistice or temporary truce. To this President Wilson had replied that the only armistice the Allies would consider was one which would leave Germany no chance of renewing the war, and throughout the month of October the negotiations continued. That month, however, brought one defeat after another to the German armies, and on November 5th, at the request of the German government, Marshal Foch presented the terms of the armistice. Following this last event, six days elapsed before word came that the armistice had been signed and that the Great War had come to an end.

The word reached President Wilson in his study in the White House. With the materials at hand, a lead pencil and a half sheet of note paper, he hurriedly wrote a proclamation to the people announcing the end of the war. Then word went out that at one o'clock he would read the terms of the armistice to Congress.

Again the galleries of the House of Representatives were filled to overflowing. The streets were lined with people and Capitol Hill surged with crowds, eager for a glimpse of the President. Loud cheering marked his arrival, and cheers greeted him again as he appeared in the door of the House. It was the President's day. Senators and members of the House who had disagreed with him on the day before and who would disagree with him again on the morrow heartily applauded his success in negotiating the end of the war. The President also was happy. With the autocratic governments of Europe overthrown, it remained, he said, " for America to aid in establishing a just democracy throughout the world."

A week after the signing of the armistice, President Wilson announced his intention of going to Europe to take part in the Peace Conference, and on the morning of December 4th, he sailed from New York on the steamship *George Washington.* Thousands of people lined the water front to see him off and, as the big liner moved slowly down the harbor, they sent up cheer after cheer and waved thousands of flags and handkerchiefs in farewell.

On board the *George Washington,* beside the President's party, were members of the American Peace Commission and specialists and advisers on European affairs.

Just after the departure two airplanes suddenly swooped down from the clouds and flew out to sea in advance of the President's ship. The naval escort

consisted of the super-dreadnought *Pennsylvania* and five destroyers, which were to convoy the *George Washington* to Brest. Twelve other destroyers accompanied the fleet to a point a hundred miles at sea.

The guns of the shore batteries and of the naval boats at anchor had fired the presidential salute, and the *George Washington* was about to slip through the gate of the submarine net into the open sea, when President Wilson caught sight of five hundred school children waving flags from the Staten Island shore. This was America's last farewell.

The sound of the Star Spangled Banner floating over the harbor of Brest was the first greeting of France. It was all but lost, however, in the uproar of shouting, singing, and guns thundering in salute.

Europe's welcome to the President was tumultuous. It was a welcome which came from the hearts of people who looked to him as the champion of a new order of things. For, out of the suffering of the war had grown the hope that there might never be another war, and this, the people knew, was also the President's hope. It was this that had brought him over seas. With flowers and gifts and cries of "Long live Wilson" and "Long live America," they expressed their gratitude.

At 10.30 on the morning of December 14th the President reached Paris. An American officer, writing from Paris, tells of his reception in the capital city of France:

"Early in the day of President Wilson's arrival,

went to get a look at the crowd outside the Hotel de Ville, where the reception was held. Instead of an awning over the entrance, it was canopied with the richest red velvet, trimmed with gold fringe. Stationed within were those magnificently uniformed Gardes de Municipale, their shining helmets, rich capes, and flashing swords reminding one of court days. And then the crowd! There were ladders twenty feet high that had been brought out for the occasion and every one was full; there were little carts like the tumbrils that had carried unhappy victims to the guillotine; there were kitchen chairs, tables, and benches, but over and above all were people, people, people on the roofs, in the trees, on shaky poles, on top of each other. I've never seen so many in my life.

"I managed to worm myself back to our offices, and, long before the procession passed by, we knew by the booming of the big guns in the presidential salute that the first man in the only land had arrived. The murmur that passed through the crowd was like the gathering of a storm; the people were crying, laughing, singing, roaring all at once — that's France.

"I had a wonderful place from which to view it all. When it came about time for the procession to reach the Concorde, I climbed out of our office window on to the ledge, from which I could almost touch the carriages as they passed. President and Mrs. Wilson, Clémenceau and General Pershing received the most applause. Several French people have told me that President Wilson made by far the best impression of

any of the celebrities. I've seen them all, and none of them looked as intellectual or so much 'man of the hour' as he did.

"One of the prettiest sights of the whole thing I obtained from the roof of our building just after the President passed. When the divided throng surged together in the Place de la Concorde, the light blue of the long columns of French soldiers, as they tried to wind themselves out of the crowd, stood out in sharp contrast to the somber hue of the civilians and the khaki groups of American and English soldiers."

Christmas Day the President spent with the American troops at Chaumont, our general headquarters. This was a visit to which he had looked forward very much, and he was up before daylight for the first glimpse of the camp from the car windows. After an army review he addressed the troops, expressing his pride in the achievements of the American army and in the spirit with which the men had fought. He ate Christmas dinner with General Pershing and his staff and that same night left for England.

The welcome of the British people quite equaled that of the French. The King and the Queen met his train in London and he was driven to Buckingham Palace, along streets lined with cheering crowds. "In the great open space before the palace," writes a correspondent of the New York Times,[1] "a crowd of 200,000 had gathered. It was an assemblage of all classes and ages. People up from the country for the

[1] Edward Marshall, New York Times, Dec. 26, 1918.

holidays rubbed shoulders with dwellers in Mayfair. Aged Chelsea pensioners hobbled alongside Dominion soldiers. Factory girls blocked the view of staff officers, and everywhere through the throng were American soldiers and sailors, watching a little curiously to see how their President was received. Several busloads of wounded Tommies were admitted to the forecourt of the palace, but they were the only persons for whom places were reserved.

"The first intimation that he was approaching was the boom of the presidential salute, echoing from the high buildings. Then came the sound of cheers. As the procession passed along Piccadilly, a quarter of a mile away, and turned down Constitution Hill, its course could be traced by the tide of sound which drew nearer and nearer. . . . The crowd held its cheers until the first royal carriage came by and then gave vent to its enthusiasm with full energy. Children were hoisted on fathers' shoulders, handkerchiefs and hats were waved, hundreds of little American flags were displayed, and men and women burst into rounds of cheers. The President was evidently much pleased. He bowed and smiled to right and left. His hat was not on his head for a second, and he kept waving it as some more than usually exuberant cheers caught his ear."

From England President Wilson went to Italy, and everywhere along the way welcoming crowds met his train, men and women beseeching him for peace. At Milan a delegation of wounded Italian soldiers pre-

sented him with a petition for a League of Nations, an incident which led him again to speak of the responsibilities resting on those about to make peace.

"I am very much touched to receive at the hands of wounded soldiers a memorial in favor of a League of Nations," he said, "and to be told by them that this was what they had fought for, not merely to win the war, but to secure something beyond, some guarantee of justice . . . . which would make it certain that they would never have to fight a war like this again.

"This is an added obligation upon those who make peace. We cannot merely sign a treaty of peace and go home with a clear conscience. We must add so far as we can the security which suffering men everywhere demand."

At Rome he stated what he believed to be the only way this security could be brought about. "There is only one thing that holds nations together, if you exclude force, and that is friendship and good will. . . . Therefore, our task at Paris is to organize the friendship of the world."

At the Peace Conference President Wilson, with Premiers Clémenceau of France, Lloyd George of England, and Orlando of Italy, constituted the Council of Four, upon whose decisions rested the settlement of all great questions.

Before the war had ended, President Wilson, in agreement with the Allies, had named fourteen conditions of peace, known as the "fourteen points." These were based upon the general principles contained in

the President's war message to Congress, the principles of liberty, justice, and the right of all people to choose their own form of government. Upon these conditions Germany agreed to the signing of the armistice.

At the conclusion of the war, however, there came to light some secret treaties, entered into by England, France, Italy, and Japan, which, but for America's entrance into the war, would have served as the basis for peace. Since many clauses in these treaties were directly opposed to President Wilson's "fourteen points," a compromise had to be made. For, while these questions were debated, the civilizations of the Old World were rapidly falling to pieces. Some kind of peace had to be made, if anarchy and revolution were not to spread over all Europe.

The peace terms, as they were finally written, therefore settled the questions of the Great War in a way that was neither the old way nor the new, but a compromise between them. What President Wilson's influence was, what decisions he made, just how much he succeeded in changing old systems, one cannot know until the history of the Peace Conference is written.

The provision for a League of Nations within the treaty, however, was chiefly the work of the President, and it is to the League of Nations that he looks for still greater changes to be brought about.

"Many terrible things have come out of this war," he said in his address to the Peace Conference on the League of Nations, "but some very beautiful things

have come out of it. Wrong has been defeated, but the rest of the world has been more conscious than it ever was before of the majority of right. People that were suspicious of one another can now live as friends and comrades in a single family and desire to do so. Men are looking eye to eye and saying: 'We are brothers and have a common purpose. We did not realize it before now, but now we do realize it, and this is our covenant of friendship.'"

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GLOSSARY

KEY

fāte, făt, ärt, fȧst, lạw.	sō, nŏt, ôr.
mē, gĕt, hẽr.	tōō, bo͝ok.
kīte, hĭt.	cūre, bŭt, fûr.

FRENCH NASAL SOUNDS

Syllables of French words having nasal sounds are numbered to correspond with the following approximate English sounds:

1 *an, en,* an as in want.
2 *in, eim, ain, aim,* an as in hang.
3 *un, um,* un as in grunt.
4 *on, om,* on as in don't.

Abu Hamed, ä-bū hä′mĕd
Abu Klea, ä-bū klā′a
Aisne, ĕn.
Albert, ȧl-bĕr′
Aldershot, ạl′dẽr-shŏt
Allah, ăl′a
Alpins Chasseurs, ȧl-pin′[2] shȧ-sûr′
Alsace, ȧl-sȧs′
Annapolis, ă-năp′ō-lĭs
Arab, ăr′ab
Arabic, ăr′a-bĭc
Arc de Triomphe, ärk dŭ trē-omf′[4]
Artois, är-twä′
Atbara, ät-bä′rä
attaché, ȧ-tȧ-shā′
Auteuil, ō-tû′ē

Barfleur, bär-flûr′
Bar-le-Duc, bär-lŭ-dūk′
Bathlemont, bät-lŭ-mon′[4]
Beatty, bā′tē
Beaumont-Hamel, bō-mon′[4] hä-mĕl′
Belleau, bĕ-lō′
Blücher, blû′kĕr
Boers, bo͝orz
Bois de Belleau, bwä dŭ bĕ-lō′
Bois de Boulogne, bwä dŭ bo͝o-lōn′
Bolo, bō′lō
Bordeaux, bôr-dō′
Borodale, bō′rō-dāl
Boulogne, bo͝o-lōn′
Bourbon, bo͝or-bon′[4]
Bouresches, bo͝o-rĕsh′
Brasenose, brāz′nōz
Brest, brĕst
Breton, Fr. brĕ-ton′[4]; Eng. brĕt′ŭn
Bryn Mawr, brĭn mär

Caillaux, kī-yō′
Cairo, kī′rō
Calais, kȧ-lā′
camouflage, cȧm′o͝o-flȧzh
Cantigny, kȧn-tēn-yē′
Capelle, kȧ-pĕl′

Carency, kȧ-rĕn[1]-sē′
Cassel, kȧ-sĕl′
Castlenau, kȧst-lŭ-nō′
Châlons-sûr-Marne, shȧ-lon′[4]-sûr-märn
Champagne, sham[1]-pan′[1]-ya
Champs Élysées, shamz[1] ā-lē-zā′
Charleroi, shär-lŭ-rwä′
Charleville, shär-lŭ-vēl′
Château Thierry, shä-tō′ tē-rē′
Château de l'Aubraie, shä-tō′ dŭ lō-brā′
Chaumont, shō-mon′[4]
Chaumont-en-Vexin, shō-món[4]-ten[1]-vĕx′in[2]
Chelsea, chĕl′sē
Chemnitz, kĕm′nĭtz
clément, klā-men′[1]
Clémenceau, klā-men[1]-sō′
Cologne, kō-lōn′
Colville, kŏl′vĭl
Commune, kŏ′mūn
Criccieth, krĭk-ke-ĕth
Crœsus, krē′sŭs
Crotta, krŏt′ta

datto, dä′tō
Dervish, dĕr′vĭsh
Dixmude, dēx-mūd′
Dongola, dŏn′gō-la
Donon, dō-non′[4]
Douaumont, dōō-ō-mon′[4]
Doullen, dōō-len′[1]
Dupré, dōō-prā′

École Polytechnique, ā-kŏl′ pō-lē-tĕk-nēk′
Eiffel, ā-fĕl′
El Paso, ĕl pȧ′sō
El Teb, ĕl tĕb′
Escadrille, ĕs-kȧ-drē′ya

Fère Champenoise, fĕr sham[1]-pĕn-wäz′
Fler, flĕr
Foch, fôsh
Fontainebleau, fōn-tĕn-blō′
Friedrich der Grosse, frē′drĭk dĕr grōs′sa

Gardes de Municipale, gärd dŭ mū-nē-sē-pȧl′
Garonne, gȧ-rŭn′
Geneva, jē-nē′va
Germain, zhĕr-main′[2]
Gibraltar, jĭ-brạl′tẽr
Gondrecourt, gon[4]-drŭ-cōōr′
Grosetti, grō-sĕt′tī
Grosvenor, grō′vĕn-ôr
Guaconayabs, gwä-kōn′a-yäbs

Hafir, hä′fĭr
Haig, hāg
Hamburg, hăm′bûrg
Hannibal, hăn′ĭ-bal
Heligoland, hĕl′ē-gō-länt
Hindenburg, hĭn′dĕn-bûrg
Hotel Crillon, ō-tĕl′ krē-yon′[4]
Hotel de Ville, ō-tĕl′ dŭ vēl′
Humbert, un[3]-bĕr′

Joffre, Joseph Jacques Césaire, zhôfr, zhō-sĕf′ zhȧk sä-zĕr′

kamerad, käm′ẽr-äd
Kerma, kẽr′ma
Khartum, kär-tōōm′
Kiel, kēl
Kimberley, kĭm′bẽr-ly
Kitchener, kĭtch′ĕn-ẽr
Königen Luise, kû′nĭ-kĕn lōō-ē′sa

Koran, kō-rän′
Kriemhilde, krēm-hĭl′da

Laclede, lă-clēd′
Lafayette, là-fā-ĕt′
Lafayette Escadrille, là-fā-ĕt′ ĕs-kà-drē′ya
Lancashire, lăn′ka-shēr
Lanao, lä-nä′ō
Laon, lan[1]
Lens, lans[1]
Lille, lēl
Llanystumdwy, lăn-ŭ-stĭmd′wĭ
Loos, lōs
Lorraine, Fr. lō-rĕn′; Eng. lō-rān′
Ludendorff, lōō′dĕn-dôrf
Luxemburg, lŭx′ĕm-bûrg
lycée, lē-sā′
Lyons, Fr. lē-on′[4]; Eng. lī′ons

Malvy, màl-vē′
Marche Lorraine, märsh lō-rĕn′
Marne, märn
Marquis de Chambrun, mär-kē′ dŭ sham[1]-brun′[3]
Marseillaise, Fr. mär-sā-yĕz′; Eng. mär-sa-lāz′
Maubeuge, mō-bûj′
Meaux, mō
Megan, mē′găn
Metemma, mĕ-tĕm′ma
Metz, mĕtz
Meuse, mûz
Milan, mĭ-lăn′
Mindanao, mĭn-dā-nä′ō
Mons, mons[4]
Montceau-les-Provins, mon[4]-sō′-lā-prō-vin′[2]
Montdidier, mon[4]-dē-dē-ā′
Montmartre, mon[4]-mär′tr
Morlaix, môr-lā′
Moro, mō′rō

Namur, nä-mūr′
Nancy, nan[1]-sē′
Nantes, nant[1]
Ney, nā
Nieuport, nōō-pôr′

Omdurman, ŏm-dĕr-män′
Orlando, ôr-lăn′dō
Ourcq, ōōrk

Palestine, păl′ĕs-tīne
Peiho, pā-hō′
Pekin, pē-kĭng′
Perpignan, pĕr-pēn-yan′[1]
Pétain, Henri Philippe, pā-tain′[2], an[1]-rē′ fē-lēp′
Picardy, pē-kär-dē′
Place d'Armes, plàs därm′
Place de la Concorde, plàs dŭ là kon[4]-kôrd′
Plancy, plän[1]-sē′
Pleur, plĕr
poilu, pwä-lōō′
Poincaré, pwain[2]-kä-rā′
Portmadoc, pōrt-mă′dŏk
Pyrenees, pēr′ĕ-nēz

Rennes, rĕn
Rethondes, rŭ-tond′[4]
Reuterdahl, roi′tĕr-däl
Rheims, Fr. răns; Eng. rēms
Rivesaltes, rēv-sält′
Rue Constantine, rū con[4]-stan[1]-tēn′

Saint Bon, sain[2] bon′[4]
Saint Clément, sain[2] klā-men′[1]
Saint Cyr, sain[2] sēr′
Saint Étienne, sain[2] tā-tē-ĕn′
Saint Gond, sain[2] gon′[4]

Saint Michel, sain[2] mē-shĕl
Saint Mihiel, sain[2] mē-ē-ĕl′
Saint Omer, sain[2] tŏ-mĕr′
Saint Quentin, sain[2] ken[2]-tin′[2]
San Diego, săn dē-ā′gō
San Juan, săn wän′
Santiago, sän-tē-ä′gō
Sedan, sā-dan′[1]
Seydlitz, sīd′lĭts
Seymour, sē′mōr
Shabluka, shäb-lōō′ka
Sirdar, sir-där′
Soissons, swä-son′[4]
Somme, sŭm
Sommesous, sŭm-sōō′
Souilly, sōō-yē′
Spa, spä
Staten, stăt′ĕn
Sudan, sōō-dän′

Tamai, tä-mä′ē
Tarbes, tärb
Tientsin, tē-ĕnt′sĭn
Timbuctoo, tĭm-bŭk′tōō

Torcy, tôr-sē′
Toul, tōōl
Transvaal, trăns-väl′

Valentine, văl-an[1]-tēn′
Vaux, vō
Vendée, ven[1]-dā′
Verdun, vĕr-dun′[3]
Versailles, Fr. vĕr-sī′ya; Eng. vĕr-sālz′
Vesle, vāl
Villa, Pancho, vĭl-a, pän′chō
Villers-Cotterets, vē-yā′-kō-trā′
vive, vēv
Vive l'Amérique, vēv lå-mā-rēk′
Vive la France, vēv la frans[1]
Von Kluck, fŭn klōōk′
Vosges, vōj

Wady Halfa, wä′dē häl′fa
Woolwich, wōōl′ĭch

Ypres, ēpr

Zanzibar, zăn′zĭ-bär

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